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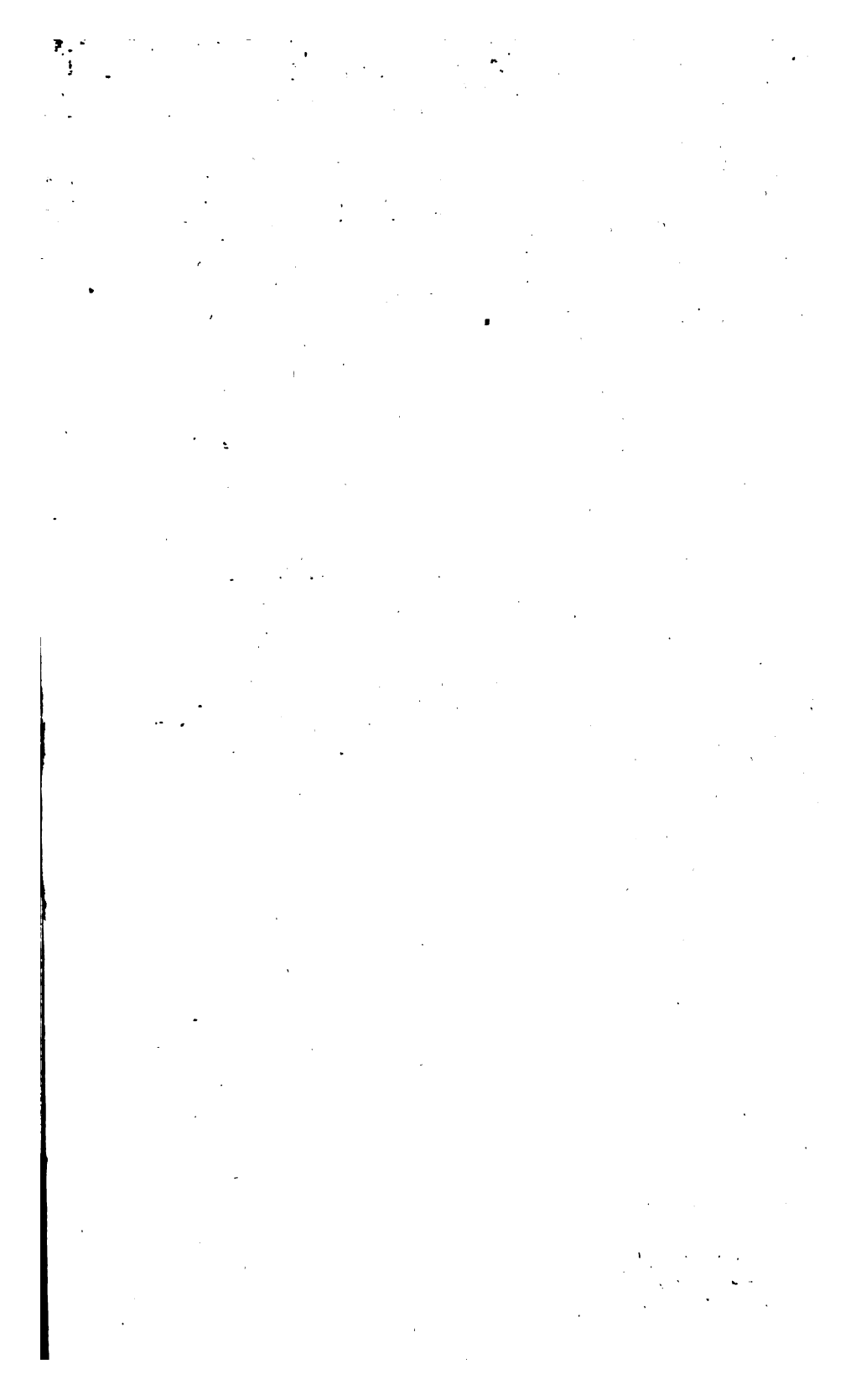
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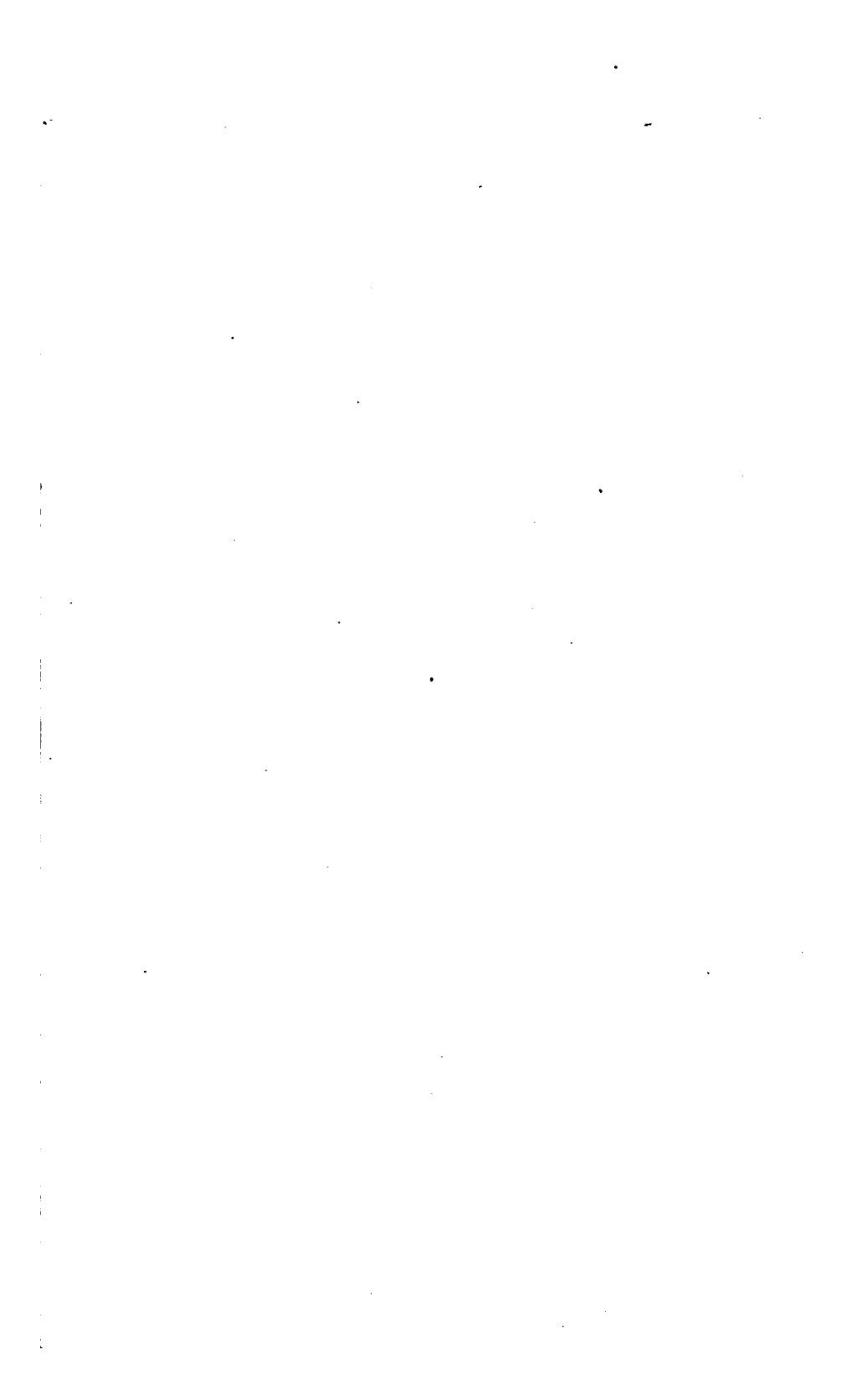
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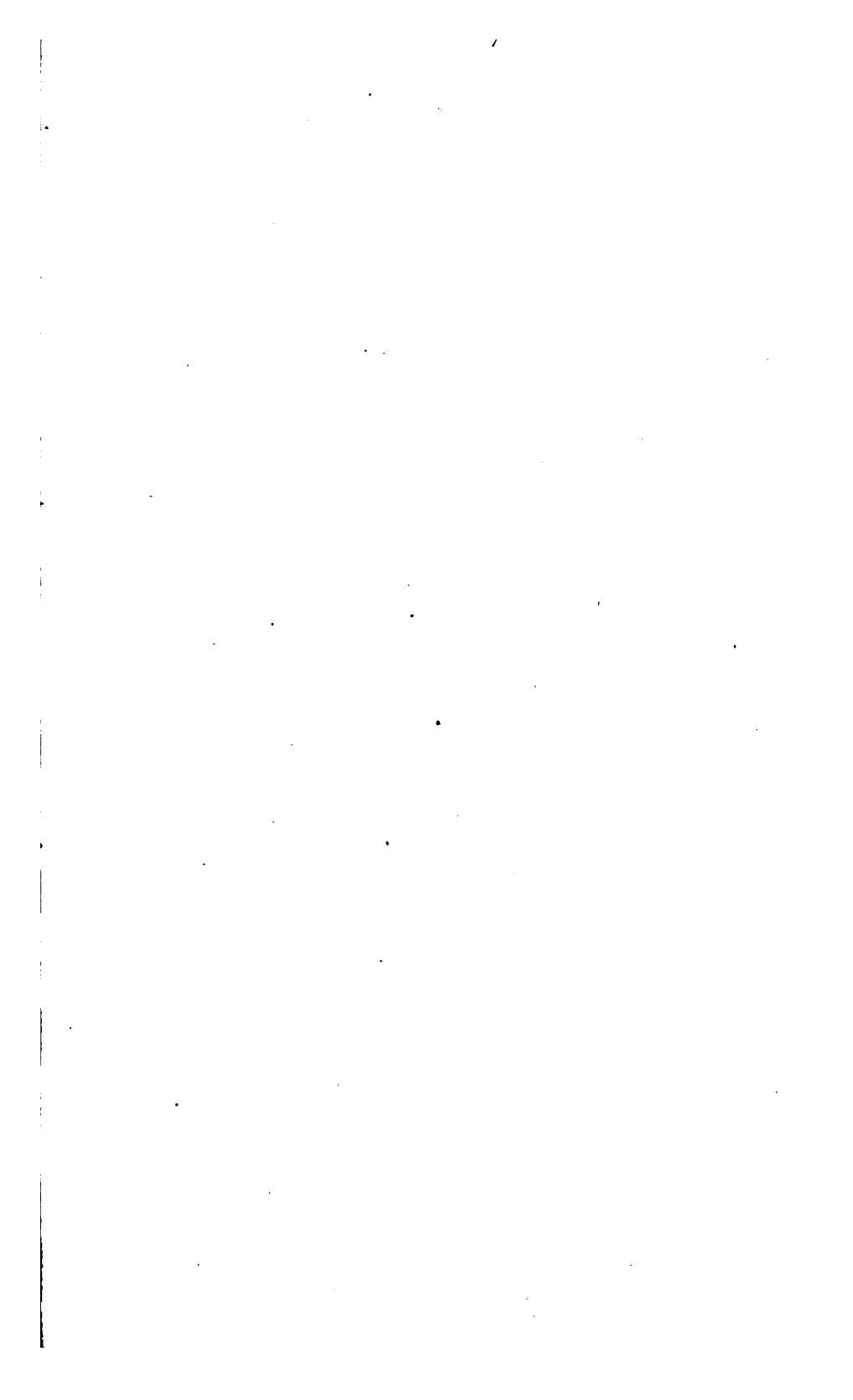


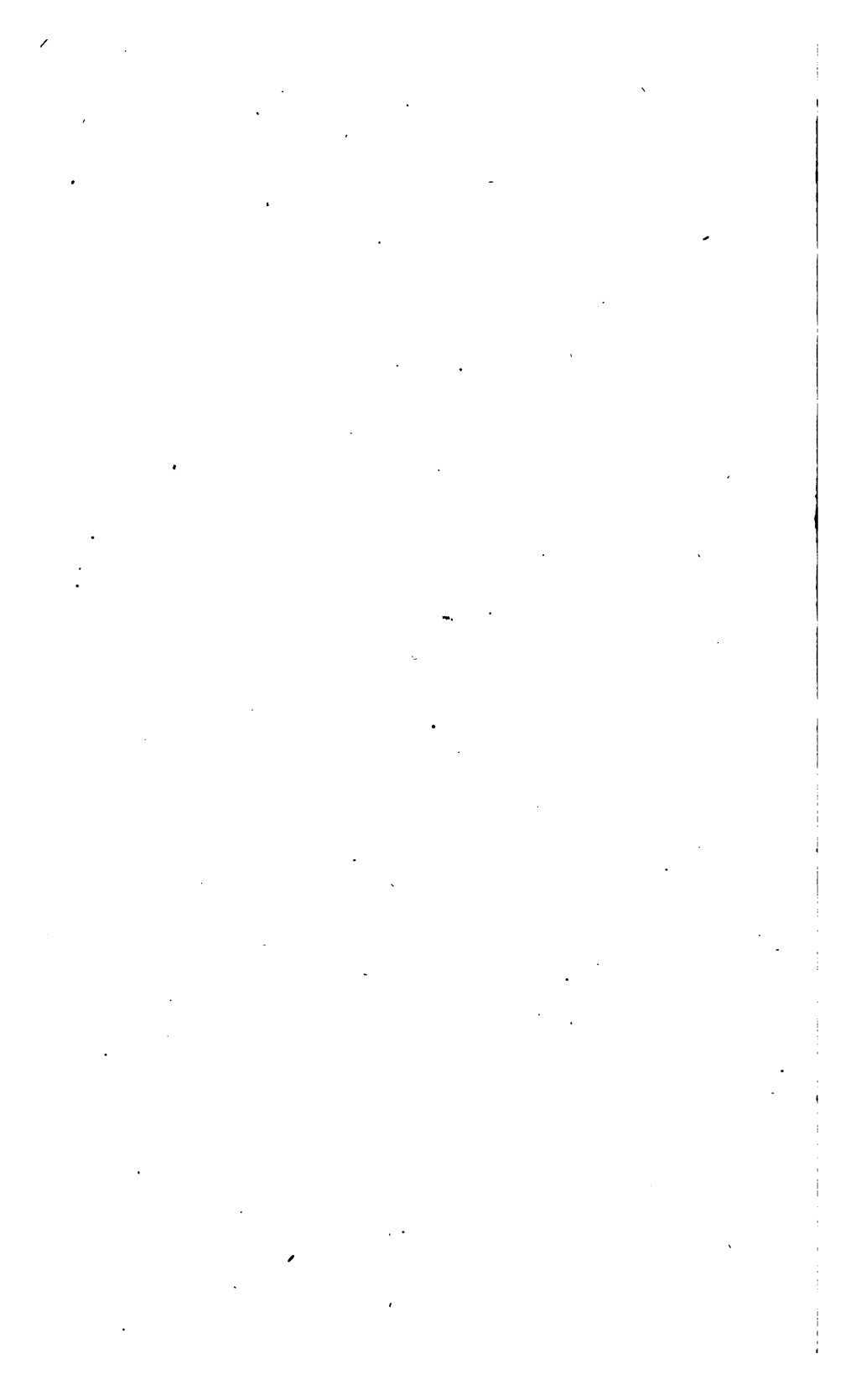




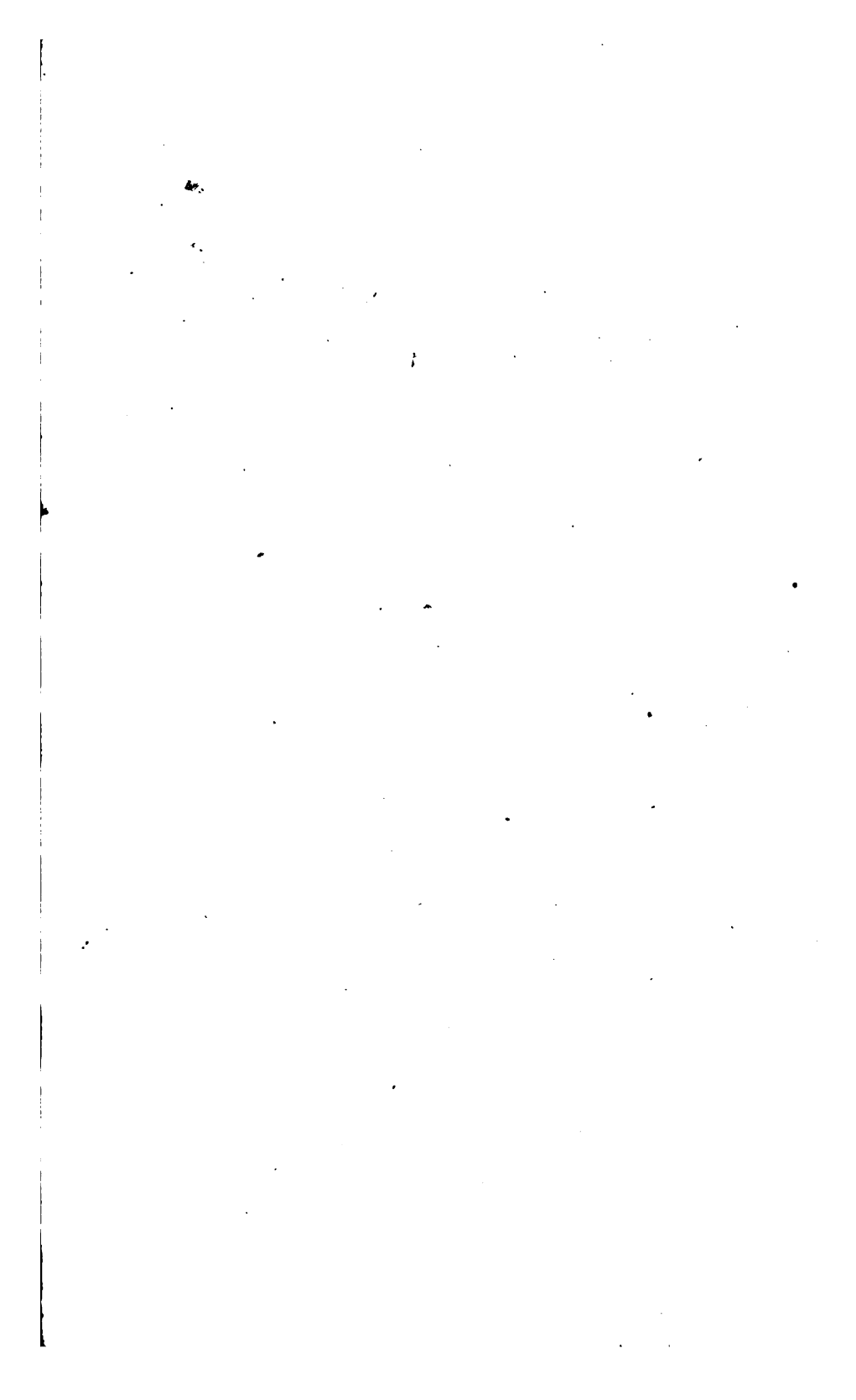
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THE  
SPORTING MAGAZINE  
OR  
Monthly Calendar

of the Transactions of

The Turf, The Chase  
AND

EVERY OTHER DIVERSION

*Interesting to the*

*Man of Pleasure, Enterprise, & Spirit.*

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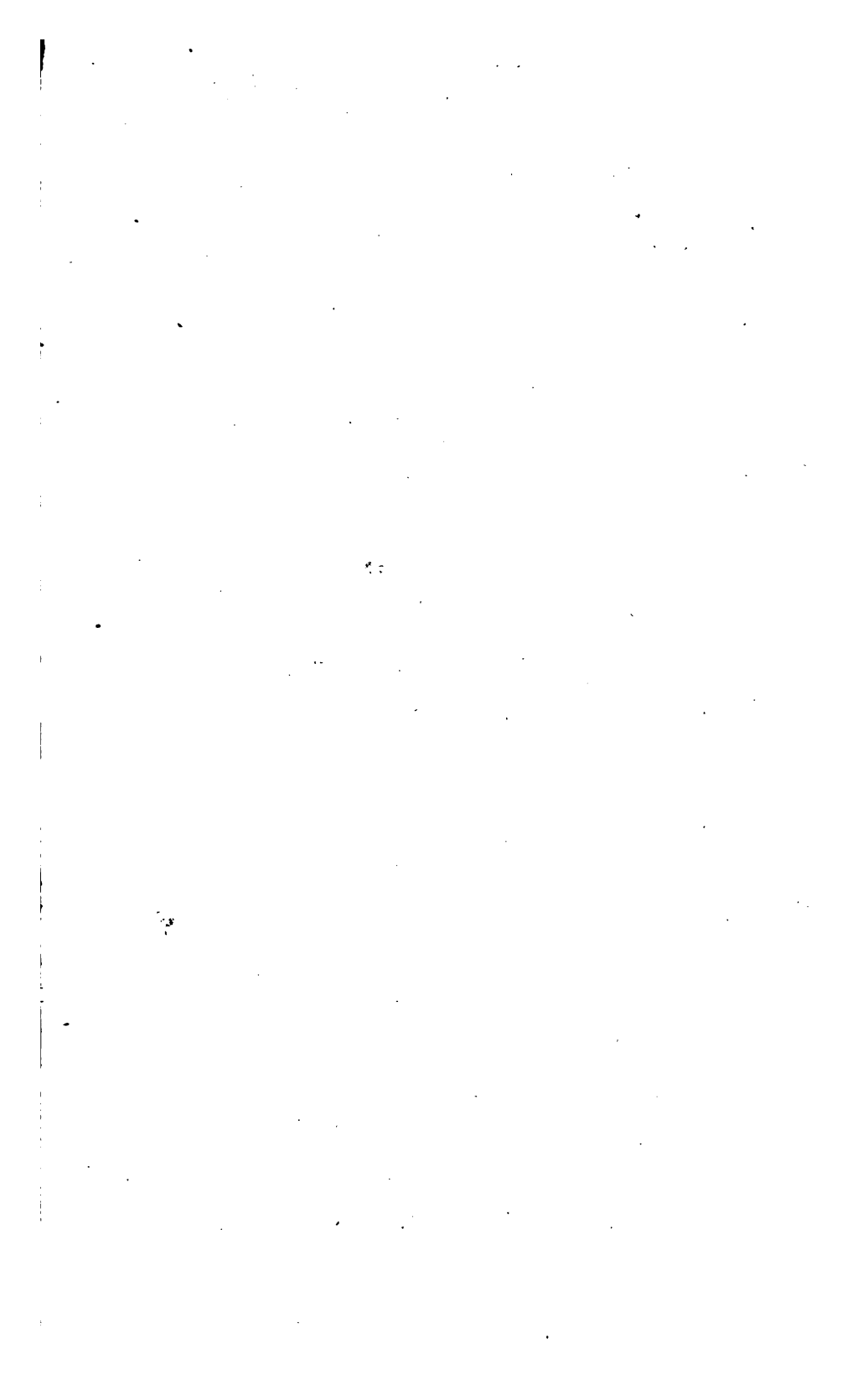
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1823.



ROYAL  
ARMY  
MEDICAL  
DEPARTMENT





BOXER.



# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII. N. S.

APRIL, 1823.

No. LXVII.

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Embellished with,

I. *A Portrait of BOXER, a Water Spaniel.*

II. REPRESENTATION of a SINGULAR VETERINARY CASE.

### BOXER.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

*Engraved by COOKE, from a Painting  
by A. COOPER, R.A.*

**BOXER** is a black water spaniel, bred at Yarmouth (in Norfolk), remarkable for his excellent nose, sagacity in retrieving wounded game, and tenderness of mouth in bringing it back to the gun. These qualifications, added to great general docility and readiness of obedience in the field, seem sufficient to render the subject of the annexed engraving interesting to every sportsman.

### MR. HOULDSWORTH, AND HIS HORSE SHERWOOD.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

**YOU** will greatly oblige me, by inserting the following letter in your next number.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, W. G.

TO THOS. HOULDSWORTH, ESQ. M. P.

SIR—Two or three London and provincial newspapers have asserted that you "had refused 2500 guineas for Sherwood, but that you were still open to an offer." With regard to the first part of the paragraph, nothing can be said; but as to the latter, I can-

not for a moment suppose that there is one word of truth in the assertion, and I therefore hope you will be both willing and able to contradict it. You cannot be ignorant of the dangerous consequences attending such an exposure: you cannot have forgotten the year 1814, when Belville was purchased at an enormous price (at somewhere from 3000 to 5000 guineas), by an association of blacklegs, merely to prevent his starting for the St. Leger, he being at that time the first favourite, and almost confident of victory. A later instance cannot have escaped your mind: I allude to Merlin, also the first favourite for the same race, who was likewise purchased, and not allowed to start, by a similar association, who had betted the odds against him to such an amount as would have made him cheap for their purpose, at thrice the amount given for him. What, Sir, I ask you, are 3000 or 4000 guineas to men who have risked ten or twenty times that sum against a horse, and that horse daily gaining public favour, and who has the highest probability of success? Sherwood has been backed to win the Leger to a very considerable amount, at the odds of from 8 to 10 to 1; and I am certain there are men now to whom Sherwood would be a cheap purchase at 5000 guineas, not for the value of the horse, but to make a certainty of winning their bets against him.

When these odds were taken against Sherwood, he had won two races in your name: you acknowledged him as your horse; and you afterwards entered him, in your own name, for the St. Leger at Doncaster. It was certainly on the understanding that you would keep

him in your training, and win the Leger with him (if you could), that these bets were taken, and that your horse was elevated to the proud situation of first favourite for the Doncaster Great St. Leger Stakes. I must confess it appears hard that a man cannot do what he will with his own property; but these hardships often fall on public men, and in this question you certainly must be considered one. I cannot think for a moment that you would sell Sherwood (in the situation he now is, as first favourite for the Leger), to *any man at any price*, who had not, to the best of your knowledge, the most honourable intentions towards him. But the owner of Belville, and I also believe the owner of Merlin, were completely deceived in the purchasers of these horses; and Sherwood stands precisely on the same ground as they did: I allude to the great stakes some men would win by any accident which would prevent his success. It is principally against *unfair play* that I would caution you: but, was the horse mine, and I had one quarter of Mr. Houldsworth's property, no man in England should purchase him; for, sell him to the most honourable man breathing, who bought him to win—to Lord Fitzwilliam, if you will—and the horse will lose many of the advantages he now possesses, by having to undergo a different system of training, a change of water, air, &c.

Keep Sherwood for the Leger, do him justice before, and put an honest and able jockey on his back, and, formidable as the entry is against him, I nothing doubt but that you will reap the laurels, and gain the honour of having won the first race in the sporting chronicles. I apologize, Sir, for the liberty I

have taken. I await the honour of your reply, through the *Sporting Magazine*, through which channel it will come with a more official intelligence than through any other; and I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. G.

April 14, 1823.

#### THE NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

THERE was a considerable drawback from the anticipated pleasure and profit of those who let lodgings at Newmarket, and delight in crowds, as the town was by no means full. This may be attributed to two or three circumstances—the meeting not falling on Easter Monday, as usual, when Parliament Houses and Public Offices are shut—and the great interest the Claret Stakes, and Sultan and Godolphin's Match, had created, causing many to believe that the town would be so full, there would be no such thing as getting a bed; for laying in the streets, or at best in a post-chaise, or carriage, is not much relished in this age of luxury. To this may be also added, that great numbers had provided quarters in the surrounding towns and villages: and a report had gone abroad ten days too soon, that Swap was "*queer*;" which, however, proved to be nothing but that *queer hill* at the end of his race, mentioned in the news from Newmarket in your last Number. This circumstance alone prevented some hundreds of Yorkshire people, besides many others, from attending.

The company on MONDAY was far from numerous. Fourteen horses only started for the *Craven Stakes*—a very small number indeed, con-

sidering how many horses there are in training. A little, ugly, three-cornered, Flibbertygibbet sort of thing, of the Duke of Rutland's, won quite easy, four or five lengths from Swap, and Swap twenty yards at least from the other twelve. But here the little bill out of Abingdon's Mile bottom evidently told upon him: still, as far as a flat mile goes, Swap is both a dangerous and troublesome customer. There were four other very easy races this day; but the only one worthy of mention was the *Ninth Riddleworth Stakes* for colts (first appearances). Out of twenty-two named, four only started, but these supposed the very flower of the age, when Mr. Udny's *Emilius* was declared the fortunate winner, and placed as high in the *racing world*, as the last senior wrangler at Cambridge stands in the *learned*.

The attractive list of TUESDAY drew together a most glittering and numerous assemblage of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians. Those who came to see the great race, as spectators only, between *Sultan* and *Godolphin*, must have gone home highly gratified, as nothing on the turf could possibly have been more beautiful. The size of the horses is similar, being each about fifteen hands two inches high; and they are also as equal in symmetry, muscular powers, and speed, as the human eye can trace these things. Some have discovered, now the race is over, that it was too bold a thing in Lord George to run a four-year-old horse against a six-year-old one, and that the best in the world: but perhaps the race itself might assist them in coming to this wise conclusion; for certainly there can be no doubt now, but the *two years* won *Sultan* the race, by enabling him to struggle

a little the longest. Sultan is a brown bay, rather dull in colour, with four white legs, and white face almost to his eyes—the very quietest, simple-looking animal in the world. Like many others of the white-faced creation, however, he has a great dislike to work, requiring every exertion in the rider, both in private and public, to keep him going. Godolphin is a most beautiful bright bay, shining like a new sovereign, with black legs [mind where you put your stops, Mr. Printer], is free from white, very animated, and runs with the most astonishing glee, freedom, and courage. As a racer, let those who do not fear him take care of their pockets.

There were five other races this day (Tuesday), all of them won easy. The *Ninth Riddlesworth Stakes*, for fillies, amounting to the greatest sum of the day, 200 guineas each, fourteen subscribers, Mr. Wyndham won; but the pace in this, and the other three stakes for young ones, appeared very moderate. The *Oatlands Stakes*, for all ages, handicap—now dwindled down (which all lovers of turf pleasures lament) to one race—in more prosperous days was divided into three classes; the winners of the three, with such of the beaten horses as chose to come in at 5lbs. less weight, forming a fourth race, and making a particularly interesting thing of it. Mr. Ord Powlett's Figaro won this easy: he is the same horse that ran second for the Derby last year, and was bought of Lord Lowther. This last performance places him in the first class of racers.

The *Claret Stakes*, on THURSDAY, filled the Town and the Heath, and emptied the pockets of those who would persevere, with their

eyes open, in believing that Ajax could run a length of ground, and Swap face a hill. The Royal owner of Moses, it seems, dared not back his horse, something being wrong about his heels: he, however, contrived so to use them, as to win his master a good stake, and gain for himself lasting honour.

The rest of the sport was of the poorest description, and likely to prove that this year of fine-looking young horses, will ultimately exhibit but a very short list of good ones.

OBSERVER.

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### COUNT BIEL.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

I Read with much satisfaction the letter from Count Biel, inserted in your last Number, having had the pleasure of his acquaintance when in this country.

The Count resided in England during a period of three years, and entered into all sports of the country. He was a great frequenter of Tattersall's, being very fond of race horses, and always on the look-out for a purchase. He was also a regular attendant on Lord Derby's stag-hounds, and a very fair rider. It is to be lamented that we have not a few more such foreigners as Count Biel come amongst us, who would leave a little of their money in this country, as a small counter-balance to the thousands—I might say millions—of ours which are expended on the Continent. The Count's description of the races in Mecklenburgh is very amusing; and his lively account of the sport shews how zealous he is in the cause. Had he been born an Englishman, I have no doubt but he would have made a first-rate

sportsman on the turf, as well as in the field.

The history given in another of these Noblemen's letters of the Dongolese horses, is by no means a flattering one, and sufficient to induce us to hope we shall have none of that breed here. It appears that, exclusive of other deformities, they are higher than they are long, which is contrary to all principles of shape and make.—Your humble servant,

C. T.

#### REMARKS ON LETTERS ON KENTISH FOX-HUNTING.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**W**ITH due deference I submit my opinion, that every thing relating to the noble diversion of fox-hunting should be carried on with the most perfect good humour; but I much fear, if the present correspondence continues much longer in the same recriminating style, some ill blood will be generated amongst these rival sportsmen. Kent and Essex are bad hunting countries, and therefore the more credit is due to any gentleman who may be at the trouble and expence of hunting them, with so many obstacles to contend with. Praise, where it can be bestowed, and candid allowance for faults when they appear, are certainly due, under such circumstances. Perhaps NIMRON, in your next, or at his leisure, may step in and reconcile these contending parties—whose communications would be more pleasing, when divested of every appearance of personal censure, or ill-natured comment. Excuse these few hasty lines from one devoted to fox-hunting, and every thing which pro-

motes health, sport, and good fellowship amongst men. A.

April 17, 1823.

#### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN THE FIELD.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**T**HE Duke of Wellington amused himself with the pleasures of the chase, on Thursday, the 3d inst. with Mr. Chute's hounds, which threw off at Popham-lane, between Basingstoke and Winchester; but being unfortunate in only finding vixen foxes, he was disappointed in seeing a run. His Grace met Mr. Villebois's (the H. H.) on the following Saturday, at Souper's half-way house, near Basingstoke, when a curious circumstance occurred. As the hounds were in the act of finding their fox, the Duke, accompanied by his two sons, and several gentlemen who were out, was seen galloping away at a slapping pace, quite in a contrary direction. Dick Foster, the huntsman, was requested to give him a blow of his horn; but he observed that his Grace was going up wind, and that he would not hear it. His groom was then desired to try and overtake him; but he declared it was in vain, as he should never catch him.

Various were the conjectures as to whither the Duke and his suite were riding; when some one observed, that perhaps his Grace had forgotten that he was hunting, and was gone to *take a position*. It appeared, however, that to Colonel Onslow was he indebted for this "lark;" for the Colonel having caught sight of some horsemen at a distance, which he took for some of Mr. Villebois's field, immediately "charged," and never halted till

he came up with them, after a chase of about five miles, when they were discovered to be some *Chuties* in distress, who had lost Mr. Chute's hounds, which had met, and were running their fox, in a neighbouring part of the country. On finding his mistake, his Grace made a good retreat, and was so fortunate as to fall in with Mr. Villebois's hounds again, towards the conclusion of a good run of an hour and twenty minutes, when they marked their fox to ground; and on digging to him, he was quite dead. The Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley were not to be headed, and succeeded in catching Mr. Chute's hounds.

The Duke appears to enjoy himself much in the field; but he cannot divest himself of the soldier. His Grace rides in a red coat, and *pantaloon*s. The latter would be dangerous in a more bruising country than Hampshire.

VENATOR.

### ON DANDYISM.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

I Fear the excellent remarks of your correspondent, the COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, have not had the desired effect, for fops and dandies seem to be on the increase. On Sunday last I was very much disgusted by seeing one of these effeminate creatures dressed in the following manner:—On his head was a hat turned up all round after the French fashion. Around his neck was a green silk handkerchief, in which were stuck two large shirt pins, one of them having a heart suspended from it by a golden chain. His upper waistcoat was of different-coloured stripes, and his under one of pink sarsnet. His trousers

were large enough for two Dutchmen; and at his heels were affixed a pair of huge yellow spurs: but, to complete the whole, the skirts of his great coat were lined with pink sarsnet, and were turned back over his thighs, to display the delicate hue. He was mounted on a very neat little horse, whose natural beauty formed a striking contrast to the affected and womanish appearance of this Miss-in-breeches. Pray, Sir, am I right in presuming that it is such creatures as these that the COUNTRY GENTLEMAN pronounced as only fit to carry guts to a bear? That they are a disgrace to Englishman, we must allow.

I never hear of the above elegant expression, but the following anecdote presents itself. A servant told his master that some person had "blown him up, sky high." "What did he say of me?" inquired the master. "Why, he said you were not fit to throw guts to a bear." "What did you say to that?" replied the master. "Why, I told him I thought he lied."

AN ANCIENT BRITON.

London, April 17, 1823.

### THE FALSE ALARM.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

SEEING an account the other day in the newspapers, of some second-rate firing into the window of a clergyman, at Selborne, in Hampshire, recalled to my recollection the following ludicrous circumstance, which happened to a reverend friend of mine some years back, during his Christmas visit to a relation of his in Wales:—The second night after his arrival, he was suddenly aroused out of his

sleep by something similar to, and, indeed, what he supposed to be, the report of a gun or pistol, discharged in at his window, having heard a tremendous explosion in his room, accompanied by broken glass flying in all directions. As may be supposed, he was not at first a little alarmed; but, upon getting up, and finding every thing in its right place, his apprehensions were in some degree abated, and he began almost to think that what he had heard was the effect of his imagination. Accordingly, without disturbing the house, he a second time retired to bed; and his ruminations on the wonderful phenomenon were, after some time, cast into oblivion by the powerful interposition of Somnus. The next morning at breakfast he related his night's adventure to his host, in which he was corroborated by the cook, who slept in the room above his, and who told the story in the kitchen, in nearly the same manner, with the exception of a few additions to it, one of which was, that she saw the flash, followed by a strong smell of brimstone. All was confusion and dismay. The house (as also were the outbuildings, &c.) was searched from the top to the bottom, but nothing could be found, either inside or out, to account for the extraordinary noise; and whatever the parson might have thought of the matter, the cook was thoroughly convinced that it was occasioned by something preternatural: and in this supposition she was backed, not merely by her fellow-servants, but by nearly the whole neighbourhood; for in few civilized countries is superstition carried to a higher pitch than in Wales. Some weeks elapsed ere this mystery was unravelled, during which time it was

thought an act of great intrepidity to venture near the place after dark. At length the old house-keeper, upon going to see how her ginger-beer came on, which was kept in a small cupboard in the room, and which was somehow omitted in the search, perceived that one of the bottles had burst. "The mountain was in labour, and brought forth a mouse;" and thus were hundreds terrified and astonished by the *bursting of a bottle of pop!* D.

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#### CROXTON PARK, THE MOSTYN HUNT, AND THE "H. R." RACES.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

THE sport was by no means good at Croxtton Park races this year, and the company not so numerous as upon former occasions, owing, no doubt, to the extreme severity of the weather. The Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and all the party from Belvoir, were present, including Lord Forrester and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lane Fox, &c. &c. as also most of the principal families in the neighbourhood.

The Billesdon Coplow Stake was won very easy by Mr. Mytton's Habberley, beating Mr. Peel's Pioneer; the Farmers' Plate, by Mr. Foster's brown horse; the Melton Handicap, by Mr. Massey's Scrambler, beating Kenilworth and three others. The Sweepstakes for hacks was won by Mr. Coke's Volunteer; and the forced Handicap by Habberley, beating Scrambler—decidedly the next best horse to Habberley at the meeting; and who also won the Ranksborough Stakes, 20 sovereigns each, with 20 added, at Exton Park, on the 3d instant. Mr. Mytton gave 500

guineas for this horse after the race; and he is likely to be the best cocktail in England.

On the day after the races, the Duke of Rutland's hounds met, as usual, at Croxton Park. This being what is called a *show day*, there were several handsome equipages in the field; but the best turns-out, in every respect, were Sir Lawrence Palk's and Mr. Christie's. The field was very numerous; and finding at Waltham Pasture, they had a very quick thing of about twenty minutes.

On the 7th instant, Sir Bellingham Graham gave permission to Mr. Osbaldeston to draw part of the Quorn country, and he met at Kirby-gate. He found a capital fox at Ashby Pasture, and had one of the most brilliant day's sport that has been witnessed this season. His hounds are considered very perfect, and gave general satisfaction to a large field, amongst which were several good judges. Hunting is now over for the season in this fine country, and Melton Mowbray looks deserted and melancholy.

The **MOSTYN HUNT** races this year afforded but little sport, and the company by no means numerous. The Mostyn Hunt Stake was won by a mare of Sir Henry Peyton's, rode in very good style by his son. The Thorough-bred Stake was won by Mr. Day's Swindon, and the Farmer's Stake by Mr. Foster. One of their best performers at this Meeting (Mr. Harrison) was absent, from indisposition.

The **H. H.** races took place on Wednesday, the 23d instant, on Winchester race-course; and although the day was very unfavourable, the sport was good. Four horses started for the Cup, which was won at four heats by Mr.

Thompson's brown horse Dominichino, beating the Honourable Mr. Gage's chestnut mare by Sir Oliver—Captain Shirreff's brown gelding by Sir Harry Dimsdale—and Mr. Villebois's bay horse Shuttlecock by Orville, who broke down the second heat, having won the first. Some of the first jockeys were up on the occasion, including John and Sam. Day, Dockery, &c. In the evening there was a splendid ball at the White Hart, attended by all the fashion of the neighbourhood. **NIMROD.**

---

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

#### INCLOSURE OF BOURTON-ON-THE-HILL TRAINING GROUND.

THE inclosure of Bourton-on-the-hill Common has at length been completed, and the roads are all formed. This has ever been looked upon as the best training ground, *for all weathers*, in England. Mr. West has taken a long lease of part of the further hill, where he is going to build stables for his own private use. This gentleman having hired Crouch, the trainer of two winners of the Derby (Smolensko and Gustavus), his horses may be said to be in the best hands, and it is expected he will turn up a trump in the course of the summer. His Rubens colt (Claude Loraine), out of Alpha's dam, who won the Two-year-old Stakes so easy last year at Warwick, beating eight others, is said to be much improved, and, no doubt, will be a favourite for the Leger. We are sorry to hear, that Sawyer, his jockey, died lately in Hampshire. We believe his death was in consequence of the injury which he sustained by a fall, last year, at Warwick.



# SHORT AND QUICK; OR, SO THEY WILL.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

I Take the liberty of submitting to you some thoughts on the subject of such "*grand sporting meetings*," by some so called, as in former days were not known in England, and which, from their resemblance to what often took place on the Continent prior to the Revolution, have their origin in foreign suggestion. The surprising quantities of game killed before that epoch, in one day, on the domains of some of the French nobility, are indeed exceeded, at times, by the slaughter effected on the estates of some of our great men; one of whom, as the papers inform us, went about in his carriage, on a certain occasion, telling every one he met that upwards of 600 pheasants were killed on his manors the preceding day. Many parties have I known commence their "*morning's sport*," as they term it, at two o'clock, and by four such havoc has been made with the game as is calculated to excite wonder.

A certain Nobleman, a few weeks since, after many waverings as to whether he should shoot or not for the day (for the sky was lowering), at length ventured forth from his mansion, accompanied by a keeper and a footman, having each a double gun, and an old pointer. Arrived on the scene of action, where the under covers and brushwood were literally full of game, the keeper, after delivering up his *piece*, was ordered to beat in a course outside the paling of the park, in which the mansion stood, parallel with that of his master within; and, with his helpmate the old pointer, he had enough to do. Each gun,

on being discharged by his Lordship, was handed to the footman for reloading, and in less than an hour and half nearly fifty head of game were laid at this Nobleman's feet.

This, however, is by no means equal to what has been effected by individuals of parties, who have rivalled each other in slaughter, where the game had been preserved in multitudinous abundance for this express purpose. Now, with all due deference to my betters—and I would rather add to than take from their respectability—not to speak a word yet of "*sporting*" in these doings, I do not see any grounds, on the part of the shooter, for boasting. So tame are game of all descriptions in many modern "*home preserves*," so unaccustomed are they to annoyance, that fear is a stranger to them. Their qualities as "*feræ naturæ*," seem at least suspended; and to shoot them by wholesale requires no pains, and but little art or skill—certainly not such as merits commendation or comment.

Doubtless it would be interpreted presumption to attempt intrusion on the free agency of any one who is possessed of game; but we may be allowed to observe, that the manner in which the pursuit of it is conducted—if pursuit it may be called—is, in many instances, totally inconsistent with the character of "*sporting*." When we separate the ardour, the uncertainty, the occasional inclemency of the weather, the numberless disappointments, and, in short, all the "*hardships*," as they may be termed, annexed to the chase—when, in order to compass the object, we frustrate all need of exertion in fathoming its resources, and placing our reason and experience, however unavailing at times, against the instinct of the

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animal—we take away the means to that exquisite sensation consequent on victory dearly purchased. Sport, to be rightly understood, should be “seen:” it loses by description. To have a spirit of enterprise in the field, which nothing can quell—to be patient and persevering under difficulties, however complicated; to feel interest without relaxation in what is going on; to entertain hope under all extremities—this is to have a temper for sporting. To feel your surmises were right, though opposed by an host, as it were—to succeed through such disheartening prospects as would have intimidated the less experienced; to attain the object or objects through such means as unquestionably do credit to the agent—this is to do and feel as a sportsman.

Did any one wish to libel and satirize sporting, he would do it effectually by advocating the post-meridian proceedings of such as are doubtful between picking their nails and taking the field.

“Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,”

Says the poet: so says the sportsman, especially of the old school. Our forefathers, after a hasty meal, taken commonly at day-break, hurried to the field, where they explored wilds and wastes in the true character of the thing—their patience and perseverance betokening their ardour, and their efforts continuing often till the period of the setting sun; and though their subsequent conviviality was commonly carried to excess, recourse was not so often had to the physician as now-a-day. Toilstrung their nerves, and habitual exposure “stealed” their constitutions. What a contrast in the present conduct and termination of things, when a waggon-load of game is compassed with

less exertion than is adequate, even for the time, to throw off that “ennui” so troublesome to certain persons of a certain rank in the world!

Much has been said of the sports of the field, as inducing those of large landed property to reside on their estates. From the present requisition, Noah's ark would hardly contain game enough for a shooting party during a season. The mighty preparations, the wonderful execution, constitute what many admire as the “style” of the thing; and, indeed, they may remind one of the pageantry of an “Aurengezebe” going forth, not bent so much on sport, as, according to the eastern notion, on slaughter. With all this ostentation, however, to a real sportsman there is more of what is worthy of notice and comment in the hunting prowlings of the savages of Northern America—vigilance, patience, perseverance, and all that is required in true sporting, being indispensably necessary to the inhabitants of the wilderness on these occasions, however hebetated their senses may be on others. As to the asylums or “preserves” in which such multitudes of game are kept for the short-lived purpose before mentioned, they are nurseries of temptation: they lure the idle and the profligate of the lower orders, to their utter ruin; and more victims to the laws are annually made through them, than all the game is worth in all the world.

SENEX.

#### ON GLANDERS.

(Concluded from Vol. XI. N. S. p. 309.)

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

THE French veterinary writers have recorded some cases of

glanders, with the mode of treatment adopted; but it does not appear that any of them were ultimately successful. Amongst these practitioners, Mr. St. Bel, the original Professor of the Veterinary College in England, published an account of some experiments made by him when at the Veterinary College at Lyons. The first case is detailed as follows:—“ Three horses, affected with the glanders, discharging copiously at the nostrils, one seven years old, another eight, and the third eleven, were all put into the same stable, and subjected to the following treatment:—Each was bled from the jugular vein. Their nostrils were injected with lime-water, in which was some vinegar and common salt. Their food was reduced one third. Each took six drachms of Kerme's mineral, and three of camphor, made into a ball with flour and honey. The injection was used twice a day; and the ball was administered on the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh days. On the eighth, in the morning, fasting, a quart of red wine, saturated with regulus of antimony, was given. One of the horses began to purge on the ninth day; the second was affected in his bowels, in a trifling degree; and the third seemed to be wholly unmoved by the medicine. On the twelfth, the running from the nose had rather abated in all, but the pituitary membrane seemed more inflamed. The Kerme's ball was given. On the fourteenth, the red wine, with regulus of antimony, was given. Sixteenth and seventeenth, the injection up the nostrils was repeated. From this period to the twenty-fourth, the injection and the ball were used. The discharge was much diminished in the first and second horses,

but was still abundant in the third. The lymphatic glands were much enlarged. On the thirty-second day the ball was continued. Injections were made with alum and vitriolated zinc dissolved in lime-water, to which was added a small quantity of vinegar. The remedies were continued till the thirty-fifth, when the running disappeared in one of the horses. In less than a week afterwards, the running ceased in the second. The bolus and injections were now continued every other day only. The general treatment was continued with the third horse till the fifty-fifth day: the discharge ceased in him also, after a treatment of two months from the first. A stop was now put to all medicines. The enlargement of the gland was removed also in one of the horses, and remained very little in the other two. Every thing seemed to promise a complete cure till the seventy-second day, when the running appeared again in one, and shewed itself, at the end of three weeks, in the second. About three months, however, elapsed before it returned in the third horse, but in all of them it was as violent as ever. The two former were first killed for investigation; when it appeared that the frontal and maxillary sinuses were filled with a purulent discharge in both; the pituitary membrane was also ulcerated in many places; but all the other parts appeared in their natural state. The third horse was afterwards killed and opened: in him, the frontal, maxillary, and zygomatic sinuses contained much bloody matter, the membrane was ulcerated to a great degree, the bones carious in many parts, and the lymphatic gland on the right side was become schirrous. In the

right lobe of the lungs five vomices were found, of the size of a pigeon's egg. No other part seemed to be morbidly affected."—There are several other cases recorded by Mr. St. Bel, together with the mode of treatment; but as none of them were successful, it would only waste the time of the reader to present them to his notice. One of them, it is worthy of remark, underwent a complete course of mercurial friction, which produced salivation, but without any good effect. Mr. St. Bel states that he restored many horses that were thought to be glandered by persons who had not sufficient judgment to distinguish the true glanders; but he confesses that he never succeeded, except in one instance, in effecting a complete cure of that disease.—Mr. St. Bel was induced at that period to ascertain the effect of inoculation of the virus of the glanders into the bodies of sound animals, as well as the production of the first disease by contact; and if the following statement is founded in fact, the result was extraordinary, and certainly contradictory to experiments at the College of a later date. The account is as follows:—"Two sound horses—the one fresh from grass, aged six years, and the other nine years, just taken from work—were placed near a horse that had the glanders. The former caught the infection, and had a discharge from the nostrils two days afterwards; the second caught the infection at the end of three months. A horse, thirteen years old, was made to drink the same water out of the same pail with a glandered horse, and continued to do so for two months, but he was kept apart from the diseased animal during that time,

and the result was, that he did not catch the glanders. A horse nine years old, in tolerable condition, placed by a horse that was in the last stage of the glanders, caught it at the end of forty-three days. Three old horses, destined for anatomical dissection, having been inoculated with the virus in the neck, did not catch the disease. The experiment was repeated on various horses, without producing any effect. It was also performed on an ox, a sheep, and a dog, without in the least affecting the health of those animals. The clothes and saddles that had been used on glandered horses were placed on several horses in health, and during the heat of summer, without producing any effect." The foregoing is Mr. St. Bel's statement of the experiments which he made on this important subject: but there are several which have been made at the Veterinary College at St. Pancras, which are in direct contradiction to those just mentioned. Inoculation with the virus of the glanders has been there performed, both on the horse and the ass, and infection has invariably been the result. Moreover, there are two or three lamentable instances where the human being has been infected by accidental inoculation, in dissecting the diseased parts, and has fallen a sacrifice to its virulence. In regard to the circumstance of some horses escaping the contagion, though standing in an infected stable and in close approximation with glandered subjects, nothing more can be drawn from it, than from analogous instances of several persons entering a chamber where there is a putrid fever, and some catching it, while others escape it. This may depend on some peculiarity of con-

stitution, which the most skilful physiologist can neither discover nor explain.

There is one great impediment to the making of experiments in the treatment of this disease—namely, that few persons are willing to keep a glandered horse on their premises, when they have once ascertained that he is infected beyond a doubt. But in barrack stables, where they have detached boxes for diseased horses, a course of experiments might be carried on by regimental veterinary surgeons, without any expence to themselves, and without much trouble. Still there is always more or less danger in keeping them on the premises, in consequence of negligence or inadvertence on the part of those who look after them, whereby the disease may be propagated; and while one horse was under process of cure, a dozen fresh ones might become infected. The best course, therefore, is to destroy them without loss of time.

The farcy, as I have before observed, is very nearly allied to the glanders, and would appear, by the experiments which have been made by inoculation, to produce the same disease, and so *vice versa*: thus matter taken from a farcy ulcer, and inoculated on the pituitary membrane of another horse, has produced glanders; while the matter from the glanders introduced into the skin, on any part of the body or extremities, has produced farcy. At all events, it is a disease of a very malignant nature, and not very easily cured. The distinction between the farcy and the glanders consists chiefly in this—namely, that the first is a disease which pervades the whole system, while the latter is generally confined to the head. The

old farriers had an idea that the veins were the parts principally affected: but such an idea is completely erroneous, and arose from a total ignorance of anatomy. It is, in reality, a disease of the lymphatic or absorbent vessels, which generally run along in the same direction as the veins, and hence the mistake most probably arose. There are two sets of these vessels, the one set deep seated, and the other superficial. These last run up on the insides of the legs, and are furnished at certain distances with small glands, which are not very perceptible when in a healthy state, but become enlarged and knotted when diseased. The chief cause of the farcy is supposed to be debility, brought on by a want of proper exercise, or by over-feeding, especially upon food of a bad quality. But it arises, more probably, from a defective action in the insensible perspiration, as well as from hot and crowded stables, and not being thoroughly curried and brushed: hence it prevails more among waggon horses and post horses, than any others.

It is a too common and villainous practice with stable men to ride these horses, when hot, into a pond, almost up to their backs, or to wash them all over with cold water, and to suffer them to stand in the open air to draw. If the poor animal has the good fortune to escape an inflammatory attack on his lungs or his bowels, he is nevertheless liable to all the bad consequences of suppressed perspiration, by incurring some chronic disease, such as the grease, or farcy. When the horse is first attacked by the farcy, he looks dull, his skin feels tight and dry, and there is generally some degree of swelling in his legs, particularly the hind ones. This

swelling often comes on in the course of a night, and increases to an enormous size, especially on the inside of the thigh. The lymphatic veins arise above the surface, and feel hard to the touch; hence, in the language of the common farriers, they are said to be corded. In this state they are extremely tender and sore when handled.

At irregular distances in the line of these vessels, are small lumps, or knots, which are called furcy buds. These are the small glands which become inflamed, and in a few hours suppurate, and throw out an ichorous and unhealthy discharge. The edges of these ulcers have a chancreous appearance, and are not to be healed by the common process of digestives, &c. as nothing but strong caustics, such as butter of antimony, and even the hot iron, will be capable of destroying their diseased surface and action. When the disease is not checked, the whole body becomes infected, and partial swellings arise in various parts, especially about the lips and nose, which last very frequently terminate in glanders. As it is a disease which spreads rapidly, and very soon infects the whole system, it is necessary that no time should be lost in applying the proper remedies. If the attack is confined to a single limb, and great swelling and inflammation have taken place, it will be proper to begin by taking about five or six quarts of blood: after which, the following purge may be given:—

Aloes Barbadoes ..... 9 drachms  
Castile soap ..... 1 drachm  
In a ball.

The above may be given with the usual accompaniments of bran mash, and water with the chill taken off to drink. The horse should be turned into a loose

box, where he may have room to move about, but he should not be exercised out of doors whilst the leg is inflamed, as the exercise would only tend to increase it. The swelled part should be fomented with a warm decoction of camomile flowers, and a rowel may be introduced at the lower part of the chest. When the disease has become more extensive in the system, it will be necessary to have recourse to those medicines which are calculated to increase the insensible perspiration. Therefore, when the intestines have been thoroughly cleared by purgatives, the following ball may be given night and morning:—

Campher ..... 1 drachm  
Emetic tartar ..... 1 drachm  
Asafoetida ..... 1 drachm  
Ginger ..... 2 drachms  
In one ball.

The diet to be bran mash and oats, and to have walking exercise, well clothed, for an hour every day. The foregoing ball may be continued for three or four days, and then miss a day.—Should the disease not yield to this treatment, it will become necessary to use mercurials, and the following ball may be given every night, gradually increasing the dose of sublimiate to two scruples, if necessary:—

Corrosive sublimiate ..... 1 scruple  
Emetic tartar ..... 1 drachm  
Opium ..... 10 grains  
Licorice powder to make the ball the usual size.

If any soreness or swelling arise about the mouth and throat from the use of these balls, some gentle laxatives may be given, such as eight ounces of Epsom salts in a drink, or two drachms of sulphur made into a ball with licorice powder and treacle. These medicines will prevent salivation, which would not be so advantageous in promoting a cure, as the more gradual and moderate introduction of

mercury into the system. Whilst the horse is taking these mercurial balls he should have nourishing diet, such as salt mash, carrots, or brown sugar, mixed with his corn, to the quantity of a pound daily.—The farcy sometimes attacks the lungs, producing a chronic inflammation which terminates in the formation of tubercles. When this takes place the animal very rarely recovers, as it almost always ends in consumption, not yielding to the usual remedies adopted in inflammatory attacks of the lungs.

There is another stage of the disease where anasarca or dropsical swellings of the cellular membrane arise. This is what the common farriers call "water farcy." This, however, is more the result of debility than specific disease. Active purges, diuretics, and cordials, are the most proper for cases of this description.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD LAWRENCE.

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### NOT QUITE THE THING.

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To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

A Doctor, who, according to his University degree, put not "M." before the D. accompanied by his son, was taking the diversion of fishing, when a sudden shower obliged him to put up his tackle, and to seek shelter at the residence of an acquaintance who was well off in the world, and who was distinguished for his urbanity, and peculiar snavity of deportment. The weather soon clearing up, a walk was proposed by the latter, in order to view certain improvements lately made on the premises. "Bless me, what an alteration since I was here last!" cried the doctor, as he entered a large garden.

"Yes," replied the gentleman, "the canal which so attracts your attention, finished at an expense which would surprise you, has lately been robbed of an fine young fry of carp and perch as ever came from a store-pond. After great pains, however, and the kind contributions of certain friends, whose reservoirs lay at a great distance from each other, I have at length got together wherewith to stock it afresh. Look," continued he, pointing with a finger to the further side of the canal, "at that brown streak near the surface: that is a carp, full of spawn. I have them of various sizes. Yonder is a youngster, darting here and there, as if he did not know what to do with himself. Further on, if you carry your eye, you will see a shoal of "*tenchlings*," as I may call them, of the length of one's fore finger: I would not lose the smallest of them for a guinea."

A party being expected, the doctor was pressed to stay dinner (which was served up in a large stone-floor hall, according to ancient custom); after which, and some apologies, he quitted, leaving the company so convivially disposed as to promise no speedy breaking up. On passing through the garden before mentioned, by way of shortening his return home, "Billy, my boy," said the doctor to his son, "I question not but the fish in this canal would bite: the air is warm, and it is exactly the time of the day for it." So saying, he fitted a worm to the hook. According to his prediction, the fish took the bait freely; and having caught several, he put them in succession into his great-coat pocket. A storm coming on, disconcerted his schemes, so that he put up his tackle, and in an unfortunate moment (for him at least) he returned to the mansion.

The glass having circulated pretty freely in the mean time, rosy were the cheeks, and merrily wagged the jowls of the company, as the doctor, after certain apologies and explanations, resumed his place at the festive board. Bumper on bumper being pressed on the doctor, in order that he may make up for his "lee-way," as they called it, at length a violent slapping was heard under the table, when, on casting down his eyes, "Heyday," cried the master of the feast, "what have we here? Some of my canal fish, as sure as I have this glass in my hand!" The doctor puffing and blowing on the occasion, one of the party, rather far gone, recommended a little fresh air, which, added he, "can be enjoyed," pointing with his finger, "to perfection, outside of yonder door." The doctor took the hint, and the sequel need not be told. CHRONICLER.

#### ANECDOTE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

EVERY one has heard of the pertinacious adherence of each to his respective calling, as evinced by a currier, a carpenter, and a mason, as to their best device towards fortifying a town against besiegers. On my late inquiries, as about to apprentice a son to some creditable business, I have experienced something similar thereto. Communicating for this purpose with a reputable linen draper (who, by the bye, asked an enormous premium), and hinting my equally approving of the trade of a grocer, "A grocer!" retorted he: "Pray, Sir, have more regard for the credit of your family." On my applying to a grocer, and mention-

ing my thoughts on the business of a draper, "What," said he, "put your child to the maiden-harry employment of a man-milliner!" A hatter being subsequently addressed, who was a great politician, and the oracle of an evening club in the neighbourhood, "Fye on it! fye on it!" quoth he, after hearing of my former applications, "by all means, whether you study the profit or the respectability of the thing, put your child to a hatter. Independent of other and weighty considerations, recollect a hatter provides for and protects the intellectual part of man; and, as such, he has things after his own way—he is, without a doubt, the *patron of genius*."

A FAMILY MAN.

#### REMARKS ON FOX-HUNTING IN KENT.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I had reason not very highly to estimate the sporting remarks of A CONSTANT READER in your Magazines, yet I was not prepared for the extreme degradation to which that personage has been contented to sink. I once before had occasion to remark on the lucubrations of another of your contributors; but the letter in your last Magazine (February) is evidently by an inferior hand, who, without the slightest pretension to the strength of the serpent, can exhibit only the slime of the venom. Under this impression, it did not at first appear to me at all necessary to answer so very gross, but (as I thought) so very feeble, an attack on the fox-hunting in East Kent.

I could wish to answer fully his remarks on the general hunting in



Kent, but from the conviction that the pages of your Magazine are too usefully filled to render the fruits of such a task admissible. I shall therefore reserve myself until another time, confining myself at present to A CONSTANT READER'S remarks on Mr. Oxenden's hunt.

Your correspondent says, with *much truth*, that Mr. Oxenden pays *great attention* to the *preservation* of foxes, but blames him for departing from the old blood, and trying experiments in breeding from hounds which he knows but little of, and that he seems to consider horses and hounds good in proportion as they are large.

It is evident YOUR CONSTANT READER *has never seen Mr. Oxenden's hounds or horses*, nor the packs of Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, or Warwickshire, or he would never make so false and ridiculous an assertion, as "that the hounds of Mr. Oxenden are too large, and that he is wrong in departing from the old blood." If he is only a bit of a sportsman, he must admit, that you may pursue a favourite system too far, and that it has proved so in several instances, by which many a gentleman, who has adhered too strictly to the old blood, has injured most materially his pack. Question any sportsman on this point, and he will answer you directly, that the old sort had no dash, and that the blood has degenerated, although they were *remarkable for stoutness*. If you see any pack of the *old blood* (and there are some I make no doubt), you will see them (to borrow the language of NIMROD) *mouseing* a hedge, or *creeping* under the bars of a gate; on the other hand, the pack at present possessed by Mr. Oxenden will be found *topping both the one and the other*. These defects in the old

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*pack* have been in a great measure remedied by Mr. Oxenden, by judicious crosses from kennels of the *first-rate* packs: indeed, the judgment Mr. Oxenden has shewn in *breeding* and *drafting* hounds, would reflect the highest credit on the most experienced sportsmen.

I really, when hunting with Mr. Oxenden's pack—although no subscriber, a *perfect stranger* to him, and no *pretended* Kentish man—fancy myself with the Pytchley or Cotsmore hounds, as I see not a pin to choose, either for *symmetry*, *speed*, or *bottom*, between Mr. Oxenden's hounds, and these two crack packs. They all run hard enough to kill the best fox that ever was unkenneled; and, with a good scent, will keep all light weights at their best, when mounted on cattle equal to any hunt; and they very seldom miss killing. They are held in such estimation, that I would not advise A CONSTANT READER, or any Leicestershire gentleman, to try Mr. Oxenden's pack, unless he comes mounted on a horse that can do the *trick*, and THEN he will be sure to find Mr. Oxenden mounted on a *bit of blood in a right place*.

YOUR CONSTANT READER'S remarks on the country are completely erroneous, as that part of the country lying to the east of the Dover road (about two days' draw) is as fine as any ploughed country can be, being interspersed with a few small covers, rides light, and is at present uncommonly well stocked with foxes.

In short, this pack has had a succession of almost unequalled sport, considering that the season throughout has been most unfavourable, and given complete satisfaction to the country.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Canterbury, March 25, 1823.

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### ROUGH WAY OF KEEPING HUNTERS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

IN your Number for February there is a letter from an Old Sportsman, on the rough way of keeping hunters, with hints, that any horse with a good skin would be lucky if he saw the tails of his horses in a run with his dwarf harriers! Although this may excite a smile on the countenances of your sporting readers, yet his letter induces me to state a fact, and afterwards to ask a question, which I should be glad to be answered by the Old Sportsman, or some one equally knowing.

First, then, as to the fact. A Nobleman, now advanced in years, who keeps fox-hounds south of the Humber, has generally as large an establishment of horses in as good condition as the master of any hounds in England; but it has generally happened that he has had some whose legs would not stand in the stalls, and this description of horse he has been in the habit of keeping in the rough way, just such as your correspondent, the Old Sportsman, would be tickled with; and the Noble Peer's servants have always been carried by these rough horses to their own satisfaction, as well as their master's.

Now, Mr. Editor, my question is—How these horses should be treated after a day's work, both that night and the next morning?—Yours, &c.

ESAU.

P. S. Perhaps, if your correspondent is inclined to be communicative, he will inform you what his plan of exercising is, to get his horses into such extraordinary wind.

### KENTISH HUNTING.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

I Promised, in the Magazine for February last, that I would give an account of the sport each pack of hounds had had through the season. It is nearly as follows, up to this time, the sixth of April. The East Kent (*id est*, Mr. OXENDEN's) hounds have killed 25 brace of foxes; the little hounds 12 brace; and Mr. LADD's, Mr. WILKES's, and Sir T. DYKE's, have together killed somewhere about 10 brace, including bagmen, and cripples.

Although I do not agree with Mr. OXENDEN in his breeding, I must do him the justice to say he does the thing very well; and his whipper-in, Tom, is a clever fellow, and knows well what he's about, both in the field and in the kennel. When I made the comparison between the hounds as they now are, and the hounds as they were in Pettitt's time, it would have been no more than fair in me to have mentioned, at the same time, how great an improvement has been made in them since they have been under the management of Mr. Oxenden, for the which much credit is due to him. Their sport has not been so generally good this year as in most seasons, principally on account of the weather; and the foxes have not in general shewn so good a country. The little hounds did not begin to hunt regularly till November, and, when their country is considered, their achievements do them much credit. Of their master, and of their huntsman, Mr. Willes, my opinion has been before given.

There seems to have been, in all ages, so natural a disposition

amongst men towards detraction, that one must consider it in some manner essential to the happiness of the human race. If it were necessary to prove this general fondness for defamation, we need only remark, with how great an avidity all satirical and other writings, conveying censure and abuse, are bought up. Publish a book which takes to pieces the characters of those who have characters to lose, and publish one full of the best sentiments, bearing instruction in each line, and mark the sale of each: it will shew, in a very short time, the tendency in the disposition of man to hear and read, with pleasure, revilings and sarcasms. We may remark with what eagerness we listen to the tale which brings the little oddities, eccentricities, and errors of our acquaintance, sometimes our friends even, to light; and we may remark, on the other hand, with what apathy, indifference, and inattention, we listen to the tale of praise—though, by the bye, our patience (Heaven knows) is but seldom tried that way. Nor is this so much to be wondered at, when we consider the vast importance of self: for as things are raised or depressed in estimation by comparison, so detraction from the merits of others, I suppose, is considered advantageous to the idea of self. Now sportsmen are more exempt, I think, from this vice, than most other classes; but there does exist in many of them the disposition—though their ill speaking amounts generally to no more than the abuse of a man's hounds or horses, or the manner in which they may be ridden or hunted.

Every man, when he goes out with hounds, goes out, of course, for his own pleasure: he ought, therefore, to consider himself a little

obliged to him who is at the trouble and expence of managing a hunting concern. He should consider what an easy thing it is to find fault and to be dissatisfied; and should consider, at the same time, that it does not shew the best of dispositions to sneer at the exertions of one who has been doing all he could to contribute to his amusement. I never think the situation of one who keeps hounds at all enviable. He is subject to many mortifications. He must do things that he could never so much as think of doing, as far as his own amusement was concerned, lest he should be thought to do the thing shabbily, and gentlemen would not disgrace themselves by going out with one whose concern and turn-out were not neat. He must hear with patience his huntsman, whipper-in, and himself, abused for being at covert too late, too soon, wrong casts, bad scents, foxes running a bad country, and innumerable other misfortunes to which all sportsmen are liable—all this he must hear, and bear with patience, and be content with the pleasure of thinking he spends a considerable sum of money a year, to be called master of the hunt; but, in my opinion, nine times in ten he would much more properly be called the slave of the hunt.

Having said something of detraction, it may be supposed that what I have written on the Kentish hunting, has been written by me for the purpose of gratifying some evil passion; but I can declare that I really have been actuated by no malicious motive whatever. I have given my advice, if it be worthy of the name, that each pack of hounds may be less exposed to the censures of those who go out with them; and I hope the Farningham

gentlemen will see their own interest in establishing a pack of fox-hounds there, and that Sir T. Dyke and Mr. Wilkes will do their best to promote it. I hope Mr. Oxenden will duly estimate the blood of such hounds as Tamerlane; and I hope Mr. Whittaker will not, for the sake of number, keep hounds that spoil the appearance of his pack—for of course he must know that strength consisteth not in numbers: and, lastly, I hope that Mr. Ladd, as he seems fond of hunting, will have the good sense to get his hounds a better huntsman.

I will say something, in your next Magazine, of the encouragement given to hunting by the gentlemen of our sporting county.

YOUR CONSTANT READER.

April 7, 1823.

### RIDERS.

"It is a pleasant sight to see  
 "Him ride at such a speed,  
 "And keep his seat so gracefully  
 "Upon that gallant steed."

- To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,  
**G**OOD riders have always been esteemed, and bad ones have ever been numerous. It is beyond a doubt, that there is not more difference in men's style of *oratory*, than in their style of *riding*; and if any one, who has not before noticed this fact, will give himself the trouble of noting the first forty or fifty horsemen that he meets, I am sure he will agree with me that men do indeed differ in more things than religion and politics.

"Man differs more from man, than man from brute:"

and only think how many sorts of horsemen there are between the up-and-down clumsy butcher, and

the neat wind-cutting jockey within smell of the ending post!

From the stories which we meet in old books, we are sometimes led to believe that there were more skilful riders in ancient days than we have at present; but we may well doubt some of these stories, particularly when we find them united with the most improbable and unnatural descriptions of the steeds themselves. Thus we are told, that the famous horse of Alexander had a head inclining to the shape of a bull; and that one of Cæsar's horses had fore-feet like the hands of a man, his hoof being divided in the form of fingers. These animals were, doubtless, highly and deservedly celebrated in their day; and perhaps the old writers thought the only way of distinguishing them above their species was by giving them a form which their fellows had not. How honoured these two steeds were by their illustrious owners, will appear, when we remember that Bucephalus had a city erected to his name; and that the Imperial Roman dedicated the statue of his horse to *Venus*. One reason for the excellence of ancient horsemen may be given, by noticing the fact, that in many States the gentry were compelled to ride, whether they liked it or not.—Thus we find in *Xenophon* a law forbidding any man, who could afford to maintain a horse, from travelling on foot. The wise lawgiver of that day knew very well that riding on horseback would prevent the chief men of the State from becoming effeminate and cowardly—an evil which was guarded against in early times with much care and solicitude. It would be well if in the present day something were devised to maintain (or indeed re-

store) the manly character of the superior orders of the people. King Cyrus, we find, made a regulation among the *Parthians*, that the freemen should ride on horseback, while the slaves went on foot; and the men thus privileged to ride performed all their offices and ceremonies, both in war and peace, whether public or private, held conferences, made bargains, and took the air, all on horseback.

Among the Saxons, good riding was much esteemed; and we find that a famous commander (*Horsa*, who was brother to *Hengist*), took his name from the figure of a horse which he had on his coat of arms, the adoption of which heraldic honour was doubtless occasioned by his great skill in horsemanship.

Though we are told that the ancients were extremely careful and fond of their steeds, yet, as in our own time, it was necessary now and then to inculcate the doctrine of humanity and justice towards the noble horse. Plutarch's observations upon the claims which an old steed has upon his master when his services are done, prove that it was not always the custom among his countrymen to be just and merciful. Still I cannot help thinking that in those *heathenish* days the horse fared better than he does in these *religious* ones. Truly, what can be more repulsive to good feeling, than to look upon the animal in his decay, given over to the care of a far greater brute than himself, who inhumanly flogs the last pace out of him. At such a sight it is almost impossible not to think of the pride of his younger days, when the description of the poet might have applied to him, though perhaps the verse is not altogether right in stating what a horse should be:—

"Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks  
ahag and long,  
"Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and  
nostril wide;  
"High chest, short ears, straight legs,  
and passing strong,  
"Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock,  
tender hide;  
"Look what a horse should have, he did  
not lack,  
"Save a proud rider on so proud a back."

And with a good rider, it may be safely affirmed that there is nothing under the sun so sure-footed and safe in his journey through this world, as a well-managed and healthy steed. There is an old English proverb—"It is a good horse that never stumbles;" and a similar one among the French, "*Il n'y a bon cheval, que ne bronche.*" Here our favourite animal is duly esteemed; and in noticing that even he *sometimes* stumbles, the proverbs intimate to us that there is no creature that ever went upon four legs but has made some false step or other; and that every mother's son of us, who goes upon two, has his slips and imperfections—a fine moral in all this, against a want of charity in judging the actions of our brethren!

NIMROD (and he may now be quoted, as other *established classics* are, by his name alone, without the introduction of "your correspondent," &c.) very justly observes, in one of his late spicy descriptions, that a man can never be a good horseman, without he is in possession of that rare quality—courage. There can be no doubt of this; for, after all the training and instruction of the best riding masters, some there are who could never be carried safely over a brook, or a rasper, unless their breeches were glued to the saddle. An old French writer, speaking of riders, insists upon the great requisite of courage towards making a good one. He

says, "I do not think that, for graceful riding, any nation in the world excels the *French*: though a good horseman, according to our way of speaking, seems rather to respect the *courage* of the man, than his *address* in riding." The same author, noticing the great respect anciently paid to horses, observes, that when the Spaniards first landed in the *Indies*, the inhabitants had so high an opinion both of the men and horses, that they looked upon the first as gods, and the other as animals ennobled above their nature; so that, after they were subdued, coming to sue for peace, and to bring them gold and provisions, they failed not to present the same to the horses, with the same kind of harangue to them they had made to the other, interpreting their neighing for a language of truce and friendship. We are likewise told that the Duke of Muscovy was anciently obliged to pay this reverence to the Tartars—that when they sent any one embassy to him, he went out to meet them on foot, and presented them with a *mazer*, or goblet of mare's milk (a beverage of greatest esteem amongst them), and if in drinking a drop fell by chance upon the horse's mane, they thought themselves indispensably bound to lick it off with their tongue.

It is quite unnecessary to speak more of the skill in horsemanship of the ancient nations. As I noticed before, it was encouraged amongst them for national purposes—that men might keep their vigour, and be better able to defend their country. Plato, we find, recommends riding on horseback for the promotion of health; and Pliny says it is good for the stomach and the joints. Another lover of this exercise observes, "I do not wil-

lingly alight when I am once on horseback; for it is the place where, whether well or sick, I find myself most at ease." And now let me, Mr. Editor, seriously recommend all your readers who can afford it to keep a horse, and ride it often. Ten to one that it does not add a little to their lives: at any rate, it will contribute to their stock of health and good humour; and that will be no small blessing to themselves, and comfort to those who have to do with them; for it may be safely said that no men in the world are such cheerful companions as those who are often on horseback. The ill-will and the moroseness exhibited by those who are pent up in close cities, do not, generally speaking, belong to the horsemen. A parcel of evils wait upon the sedentary man, which a pleasant canter would frequently shake off. An old friend of mine often says, that when he has found himself crabbed and crusty in the morning, a ride has done more than any thing else to correct his ill-tempered vice.

For a specimen of the different sorts of riders, I cannot do better than point the reader's attention to the turn-outs which the Metropolis so abundantly furnishes. Hyde-park, on a fine Sunday, will give the observer a plentiful sprinkling of the queer sort, mixed with a few whom it may be well to look at for their grace and skill. An old jockey, who is now laid up in ordinary, but whose love for riding is as great as ever, often delights me with his descriptions of cockney and other horsemen. "Twas as good as a play to me (says the old man), to see Epsom on a race day—some of the queerest blades on the ugliest hacks that ever stood on four legs." The old one, I may re-

mark, always gave the reverse of the picture, and proves to me yet that he will "feel the ruling passion strong in death."—Yours, Mr. Editor,

A FRIEND TO A CANTEK.

#### VETERINARY SURGEONS.

- "Those half-learn'd widdings, num'rous  
in our isle  
"As half-form'd insects on the banks of  
Nile,  
"Unfinish'd things, one knows not what  
to call,  
"Their generation's so equivocal."

To the Members of the Veterinary College.  
GENTLEMEN,

ALLOW me to ask the favour of one of your learned body to answer the following queries. I believe it is the general practice of those persons who carry on the profession of veterinary surgeons, to give their opinion on horses before purchase, placing themselves in the character of a judge between the buyer and seller. This is certainly a difficult situation, and a man must hold the balance with a very steady hand, to give satisfaction to both parties. The profession, when conducted in a respectable manner, is a most useful one, *even to man and beast*; and I am always glad to see men of liberal education and enlightened views in this capacity. You have many men amongst your ranks, who in their early days have been brought up *surgeons*—Who so well calculated for the practice, whose bent of genius calls them from the study of *man*, to that noble animal, the horse? To keep your list of members respectable, you should never take shopmen from behind the counter, whose abilities extend to selling stay-tape and buckram, and dub them members of your order.

There is at the present time a

man who calls himself a veterinary surgeon, carrying on also the business of a "*licensed dealer in horses*." That every man is liable to be influenced in some way or other (and especially where horses are concerned), all must admit. For the sake of argument, we will suppose this *judge* between the buyer and the seller, this honest servant of the public, is employed to examine the horse of another *dealer* (remember, he has horses to sell), do you not think it one hundred chances to one, if this "*licensed dealer in horses*," this veterinary surgeon, this *judge* between the buyer and seller, will not insinuate there is something amiss (perhaps, to use a cant phrase, some *incipient disease*), either in the colour, figure, eyes, feet, hocks, or whatever the d— may put into his noddle, and especially if he has a horse of his own to screw into his employer, likely to suit? With as much propriety may a physician carry on the *business of an undertaker*, as a veterinary surgeon that of a "*licensed dealer in horses*."

I leave you, Gentlemen, to make your own conclusions, and remain, with great respect,

AN OLD JOCKEY.

P. S. A few *printed certificates* would be very useful to country practitioners. "*The Young Man's Best Companion*" is a great assistance to them in the art of letter-writing. I saw an instance lately, not twenty miles from this city, where one of these written documents caused much mischief. It stated, in the first place, the animal to be *sound and free from blemish*, but concluded by noticing, in pointed terms, a defect, which, if founded in fact, would d—n the sale of the best horse in England.

The writer, for aught I know, may be very learned as regards the anatomical structure of the horse, but he proved himself a very illiterate scholar.

Bristol, April, 1823.

### SINGULAR VETERINARY CASE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

SOME account of the following extraordinary case, its treatment, and, as I am now led to hope, its cure, will doubtless prove highly interesting, and, I trust, beneficially so, to your numerous and humane readers, by delaying the death warrant of an useful and deserving animal:—A sad dictum, too often pronounced either from idle motives, or from the yet more unworthy feeling of a supposed 'good economy,' when that generous and noble animal, the horse, so eminently useful to, and so beneficently bestowed on man, yields his life to the inconsiderate order of a proprietor, to whom his services might have proved greatly advantageous!

In the month of December last, my very good friend, Montague Grover, of Beveney, in the county of Bucks, Esq. having kindly allowed me to send my little mare for a run, during the winter, in his pasture, with a gelding about eleven years old, the mare, being in high health and spirits, very playful, and perhaps not approving the morning salutation of the aged gelding, unfortunately kicked him on the under lip; and, although she was without shoes, the blow had the effects described in the communication made to me by Mr. James Siddall, veterinary surgeon, of Windsor, to which I shall refer your readers: and it is due to his zealous, persevering, and skilful attention, to

make this mention of him, and, by means of your widely-extended and highly-respectable publication, to give such deserved notoriety to his name.

From my observation of the liberality and excellent tact manifested in the plates, in the course of the *Sporting Magazine*, I feel confident of your affording to this very peculiar and interesting case that accurate attention and good handling so requisite to its effective illustration.

For the foregoing reasons, I have much satisfaction in transmitting you the following account, with a drawing of the case, which, in the month of February, I made "*ad vivum*."—I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant, T. S.

### MR. SIDDALL'S STATEMENT.

"January 5, 1823, went to see Mr. Grover's bay horse, which had been kicked on the under lip by a small pony. I found the gums on that side of the mouth considerably swelled and inflamed, and two of the teeth were a little loose: the appearance on the outside, where the blow had been received, was very trifling, the skin not being cut through. I considered it a trifling case, and thought that a mild dose of physic, scarifying the gums, and keeping the mouth clean with any gentle astringent solution, would effect a cure. During the operation of the physic, and for several days after, it went on very well: the horse fed well, was quite lively, and the inflammation and swelling of the gums were considerably abated.

"About the 12th of January, I found a sort of fungus thrown out from the gums at the part where the blow had been received: I scarified it, as I had the gums, and,



*S. J. and son's ad.*



**SINGULAR VETERINARY CASE.**

*Published by S. J. and son.*



after the bleeding had ceased, I touched the whole of the fungus with lunar caustic; but on every succeeding day I found it much larger than before. On the 18th it was about the size of an egg. I thought that by cutting it off I should come to some detached bone underneath, which I considered to be the cause of the fungus rising, but I could not discover any: after it had bled a considerable time, I gently touched it with the actual caustery. In two days after this, it increased to nearly the same size, and I again cut it off, but it still rose again, and extended more to the front of the mouth. I kept removing it several times, but without any good effect. I washed it repeatedly in the course of the day with caustic solutions, but it still increased, and had now got to a considerable size: the whole of the teeth were loose, and the lip was forced quite back on the jaw. I suffered it to remain in this state several days, without doing any thing to it. At this time the drawing was made, the fungus measuring, in circumference, over the largest part, on the near side, *ten inches and a half* from the upper to the lower lip, exclusively of the part towards its root, *within* the mouth. On the off side it was smaller, and permitted the action of the tongue outside the mouth, with which the horse licked in the hay, and on which he has mostly been able to feed, as well as on mashes, &c. I still hoped that the bone would begin to exfoliate, but not finding any appearance of this, I made up my mind once more to use the knife, and the substance I now removed weighed *more than four pounds*. The parts bled profusely, so much so, that I was fearful lest

the horse should sink under the effects of it.

"After I had removed this substance, I found that two of the teeth were quite detached, and forced away from the jaw. I removed them, and then applied the actual caustery to the surface of the parts: still I could not discover any loose bone.

"On the 1st of March, the fungus having again considerably increased in size, I again removed about half as much as upon the last occasion, and two more of the teeth; and, on removing the part where the injury was received, I found a kind of abscess, and several portions of detached bone. The horse continued at this time in good spirits, feeding well on mashes and soft meat.

"As I found the fungus again increase, though in a much smaller degree than formerly, on the eighth of March I again removed a small part of it, weighing about one pound, and one tooth, which had been detached from the jaw (adhering only to the fungus), and some more portions of detached bone.

"In all the intervals, after using the knife and the actual caustery, I daily dressed the parts with tincture of myrrh.

"On the fifteenth of March, the horse continued in as good spirits and fed as well as at any time from the beginning. The fungus had not again increased, and the parts where it had been cut away assumed a healing appearance: the fungus, however, again gradually increased, but not in any great degree. On the fifth of April, I again removed the fungus from the horse's jaw: it weighed nearly three quarters of a pound. I also extracted the remaining tooth. The horse did not shew any symptoms

of pain during the operation; but the discharge of blood (which was greater than at any former cutting) made the horse rather faint: he, however, soon rallied, fed, and continues to feed, quite as well as before; thus affording the best hopes that a cure *will* be effected."

(Signed) "JAMES SIDBALL."

"Note.—Although the fungus was so vascular that at each operation the hæmorrhage was very considerable, yet it was apparent that the tumour was not painfully sensitive."

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#### ON COCKING, AND THE RATIONALE OF SPORTING IN THE VIEW OF FAIRNESS AND HUMANITY.

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To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

I Am sorry to find your spirited and intelligent correspondent, AN AMATEUR OF THE COCKPIT (last Number, page 298), declaring himself "a sportsman of the old school," because, as I have proved by numerous examples in these pages and elsewhere, during a course of many years, the old school was savage, unfeeling, unreflecting, barbarous, unfair—and because, as the new school has clearly evinced, this vicious character of sport is utterly unnecessary, and, rightly considered, even destructive of enjoyment—and because a line may be, *and has been drawn*, by which a due compromise may be made between sport and fairness, or justice, and our sports be rendered morally lawful. I beg also, Sir, to caution your correspondent from mistaking me for a straight-laced Methodist; for I was bred a Church of England man of the old school, and im-

bibed early a full portion of the freedom and heartiness which have ever distinguished that persuasion.

I must take leave further to differ from the cocker, on the merits of Mr. Martin's late Act. On what kind of ground does he attempt to fix the character of Methodism particularly, on that just and humane law? Are Erskine, Burdett, Hume, Fergusson, Mackintosh, Hobhouse, and the majority of the just and feeling supporters of the Bill in Parliament, Methodists? An opponent of the Bill, indeed, and seemingly a very determined one, Lord Eldon, may, in all probability, be of the Methodist Church. With respect to Mr. Martin, the father of this most expedient and truly-merciful measure, and its practical supporter, I will not retract a syllable of what I have said in his commendation, feeling more and more convinced that he has deserved well of humanity and his country, and that his name will descend to posterity among those who have done honour to human nature.

Your correspondent ventures to state—"the ignorant have taken the alarm, and an Act has passed, to restrain the lower classes of society from the enjoyment of their *rightful* diversions." Are, then, the cold-blooded and deliberate tortures of animals, commonly called baiting them, *rightful* diversions, for either the higher or the lower classes? Or ought not that unnatural and vicious state of the human mind, in which the infliction of the most ingenious and excruciating agonies affords a pleasing gratification, to be purified by instructions, and restrained by law? I trust, indeed, as the cocker says, "the ignorant have taken the alarm," and will be both intimi-

dated and instructed by Mr. Martin's Bill, which, in truth, has left all fair and legitimate sports untouched and unrestrained, as he found them; and no otherwise interfered with the treatment or management of animals, than duly to protect them from wanton or oppressive barbarity. In fact, it is only from the defect of a cool, deliberate, and impartial view of the question, that any man of sense and human feeling can for a moment dispute the rectitude and necessity of a law for the protection of our domestic animals—indeed, for the prevention and punishment, when possible, of brutal cruelty in any shape.

I have professed to be of the "new school;" and the public of England, of Germany, of the East and West Indies, and of New South Wales, have long known this school in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, which, during nearly thirty years, has, on every needful occasion, both perseveringly and successfully advocated the important duty of fairness and mercy to brute animals. And can any man say, that *hypocrisy*, pretence, or fastidious, weak and sickly sympathies, are to be found here? Are such implicated in RACING, HUNTING, COURSEING, SHOOTING, COCKING, FISHING, PUGILISM, FIVES, SINGLE STICK, FOOTBALL, and CRICKET? If there be Methodism in all, or any of them, we of the new school are the staunchest Methodists, and beg to pay our most humble devoirs to Mrs. Hannah More, assuring that good lady of our orthodoxy. Our golden and absolute rule, however, must not be omitted—the indispensable duty of rendering all sports as free as the nature of the case will admit, of cruelty, and wanton infliction in the exercise.

Your correspondent, whose sincerity and good intentions I assuredly shall not attempt to question, seems to be misled by a very common error, grounded in the usual sophistry. It subsists in the identifying of *moral* with *natural* evil; between which, in reality, although both of the same genus or family, there is a grand and impassable dissimilarity of relationship: for the latter is of necessity, therefore unavoidable; but the former may, and ought to be, avoided. To exemplify:—Nature has imposed the obligation upon uncivilized or original man to HUNT and FISH for his subsistence, or *starve*. These acts have followed in the civilized state, under the guise of diversion or sport, as conducive to recreation and health, as well as subsistence. They may be followed with mere temporary, and even not always very severe inflictions on the game pursued, and a fair and merciful treatment towards the animals used in the pursuit. But even if practised in the least defensible mode, the sufferings of the most timid animal, of the poor half-killed bird, or of the fish upon the hook, as your correspondent has pathetically described, they are, at the utmost, of temporary and short duration, in conformity with the inflictions which they suffer from each other; and, compared with the slow and lengthened tortures to which animals are subjected under the idea of sport, or from cold-blooded interest in the way of business, their sufferings in the sportive field, or in the waters, can scarcely be rated higher than scratches and flea-bites. How are these, in the view of humanity or common sense, to be compared with the horrors of the old school, or of the present unlawful school?—the delightful

tortures, for example, of a cat in a bottle, or of the tame and harmless bull, cut and wounded, and his wounds filled with burning and excruciating caustics, in order to enrage and urge him to the fight; and, when exhausted in combat, by the number of savage dogs brought against him, loosed, driven the streets, beaten, cut, maimed, by a mob of infuriate brutes in the human shape, a real militia of hell, torn down and dragged to a bridge, over which his quivering remains are thrown into the river! Such were the constant annual delights of the old school, and so little concern or sympathy did they excite in the breasts of sportsmen generally, that the very pleasant spectacle of "throwing the bull over the bridge," was adopted as a turf phrase, which passed current many years, its signification being, the management of a *cross*. All *baiting*, which it is a lamentable misnomer to style *sport*, is of precisely similar character, and is grounded on the foul and unnatural propensity to experience gratification in the cowardice and wicked torture of animals. Granting, as simpletons and the cold blooded in all times have contended, such barbarity ought to be tolerated, in order to steel the heart and inflame the courage of man, and fit him for a defender of his country, I say, on that grant, the presumed advantage would be gained by the foulest injustice; and such logic points to the high road of rendering robbery and murder legitimate and allowable means, under a sufficiently weighty inducement from human interest.—But never was there a more futile and groundless notion engendered in the wayward brains of man, than the presumption that hardihood and courage

are to be imbibed from a source like this. It is from *russianism*, indeed, that these virtues are to be acquired; and that ancient British peculiar practice ought to be encouraged, regulated, and preserved from the contamination of barbarity. Its present grand defect is, the too usual concomitance of bull-baiting. With respect to the conduct of an English boxing-match, it is of the very essence of every thing that is fair and just between man and man. It is truly to be lamented, that, in these combats, now and then, a fine fellow is suddenly dispatched to his long home, which indeed might have happened from a tile falling on his head—and then, what lamentations, what reproaches, what threats from soft-souled and pious Christians, who yet, with their next breath, would pray for a war (the cause or its justice immaterial), in which hundreds of thousands might fall on each side, cities be bombarded, burnt, sacked, with all the attendant horrors and sufferings to men, women, and children, the aged and the infant, and a land covered with blood and devastation, for the sake of a rise of price in commodities, of extending the sale of beef and bacon, and making a useful riddance of surplus population!

Let those who are still wedded to the old opinion, attend at a bull-bait, or any similar rightful sports; or in the vicinity of Copenhagen House on a Sunday morning, or at the "Westminster Pit," lately under the patronage of certain of our liberal newspapers, where monkeys and bears, and other wretched animals, are kept for the express purpose of torture, and behold the defenders of their country in high training—a beastly and contemptible rabble and *boulevard*, perfectly

well accomplished and qualified to rob a hen's roost, pick a pocket, stab a man in the back, or fire a barn! Such is "the hardihood," such the virtues acquired, at exhibitions of sporting barbarity! Is not, then, the very principle of those a fit object for legislative interference and interdiction? This question may be answered with the greater effect under the gallows-tree, the shame and disgrace of vanquishing Britain. I appeal once more to my Lord Landerdale and Lord Chancellor Eldon. The noble Earl would "not legislate for morals," treating the affair like a question of political economy. If his Lordship, then, will pardon a joke, I will say, in the language of his countryman Smollett, "the ganner to his linstock, and every man to his trade." But surely the domestic animals—the bodily feelings of which are perfectly, and the mental, so to speak, in due degree, similar to our own, and their use to man absolutely indispensable—must, in *foro conscientia*, be entitled to our compassion, and, as a fair sequence, to legislative protection: and without the latter, all experience has proved the former to be but a name. If aggression and wanton cruelty be a crime, and punishable, why are the base passions of man to be indulged in one mode more than in another? It is strange that the subject has been so superficially considered, and little understood, even by men of profound intelligence in other respects. But illegitimate, mean, and selfish interests, and the prejudices of the nursery and school, must continue to have their sway, in spite of the genuine dictates of rational nature. Our courtiers, our aristocracy, our mobocracy, cannot consent to give up their "vested interests" in ani-

mal misery. The poor horse is the saddest and the most lasting victim; and a prying examination into the miseries which he suffers, the greater and more accumulated always in proportion to his inability and decrepitude, is enough to dissolve the heart that is endowed with real sympathy. What, then, is there no such thing as fairness and justice in this case? Has Nature left a void there which cannot be filled up? No such thing. The chasm subsists mainly in our defective system of education; and young master, instead of being taught early the compassion and justice which are due to the beasts placed by Providence under our protection, is indulged with a *terrier*, with which to maim and tear in pieces every forlorn and harmless cat, or other animal, within his reach or his power. He is not taught that such is not fair and lawful hunting, of which the domestic animals under the guardianship of man cannot be the proper object. The seeds sown in youth will produce in manhood their congenial fruits. I was informed, last autumn, by a gentleman much concerned in horses, that about three weeks previously, a dealer, resident in or near the Kent road, engaged in trimming a horse, which, from being pinched or tickled, would not, or rather could not, stand still, by a stroke with the butt end of a heavy whip beat one of the animal's eyes literally out of his head! The use of Mr. Martin's Bill will be various, important, and effective. It will act, by punishment in all cases within its reach, by the force of an established custom in the case, and, gradually, by moral influence through the diffusion of right moral principles.

VOX HUMANITATIS.

## CONDITION OF HUNTERS.

(Continued from Vol. XI. N. S. p. 251.)

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

AS the mariner, at the expiration of one voyage, repairs his bark for the next, so should the sportsman, at the conclusion of one season, set about getting his horses into good tune for the one which is to come. The present season being nearly closed, and the labours of hunters at an end, I shall now confine my remarks to the treatment of them in the summer. I do this in compliance with the request of your correspondent "H." in your last Number; though, on reference to my former letters on this subject, he will find I have already stated some of the most material points to be attended to at the approaching period. The correspondent I allude to is, indeed, entitled to my notice, for the very flattering terms in which he speaks of my humble efforts to impart to others what I have found to be beneficial to myself; and he or any other of your readers may command my services in any way in which they may be useful. Indeed, I cannot be insensible to the increasing testimony which your various readers have given to the truth of what I have already written in the *Sporting Magazine*, and can assure them that, although my pursuits in life have ill qualified me for an author (if I may so pollute the name, by applying it to such productions as mine), yet, if it continues to meet with the approbation of your readers, I can assure them, that from the practice and observation of the last twenty

years, I have collected matter enough to write upon for some time to come.

Without taking credit to myself, I cannot help observing that good has already arisen out of NIMROD's letters. They have called forth others on similar subjects, which no doubt will accumulate with the march of time; and the *Sporting Magazine* will become, what I have before observed it ought to be—the circulating medium for all that is worth knowing in the sporting world. Your agreeable correspondent VAGUS will, I hope, resume his pen, and treat us with another start for the francs, over the *Champs de Mars, on a Sunday*. Your Devonshire friend may, next season, give us an account of a fox well found, and handsomely killed, without saying a word about the sack. Your Kentish correspondents will, in time, and without much flattery, let out all the secrets of the hard-riding "men of Kent;" and the *Old Sportsman*, as Nestor did before him, will try to make us believe we know nothing, and that mashed potatoes and Swedish turnips will alone do the trick. Had he not better go to Melton Mowbray, before the season is at an end, where, by getting a good start, with a good fox, by the side of Messrs. White and Maher (not *Maker*,\* as erroneously printed in my last), he might at once decide the point?

It is a common observation amongst sportsmen, not only that it is a pity the season is at an end, but that it should conclude now their horses are in such fine condition, and have been carrying them so well—the invariable consequence of several months' good keep and

\* Errors of the press, in proper names, will creep in, when the writer is at a distance. Thus, for Maxee, in my last, read Maxse.



strong work. Is it not then to be lamented, that, for the consideration of a little trouble and a few bushels of oats—or for the sake of about three months' run at grass, which I think I have proved to be most prejudicial to him, for more reasons than one—a hunter should be deprived of such signal advantages? Having, however, given my opinion so decidedly on this subject before, I shall proceed to state how I should recommend a hunter to be treated when the season is at an end—supposing him to finish it, as your correspondent observes, “sound, and well up to his mark.”

The first step I would take would be to put him into a loose box, if convenient, and, by degrees, diminish his corn, giving him an hour's walking exercise every morning, as usual. I should then give him two doses of physic, which would not only cool his habit of body so as to prevent the danger of inflammatory attacks, but would have that effect on his legs as to enable me to see what injury had been done to them in his work:—whether there were any ligamentary enlargements—any injury to the joints or sinews—any callous substances, produced by blows—or, in short, *any thing going wrong*. The clear state of his legs which this treatment will produce, would prevent the possibility of working in the dark, as they will become *finer*, to use the language of grooms, in three weeks, than they would at the expiration of a three months' run at grass in the summer.

When writing on this subject, I cannot but be aware that I may, in some degree, be encroaching on the practice of the veterinary profession; but I can assure your readers, that such is the esteem in which I hold that highly-useful

body of men—every *real* member of which is a treasure in the neighbourhood in which he resides—that so far from it being my wish to take a guinea out of their pockets, I should prefer putting one into them, or giving them any encouragement, to which they are so justly entitled; and I have no hesitation in saying, that it would answer to any sportsman who keeps hunters, to call in the assistance of one of them, to look over his stud at the end of every season, and to submit them to his treatment and superintendence, during the summer months, which would repay him well in the end: for whatever may be the experience of a gentleman, or his groom, in such matters, the veterinary surgeon, from his anatomical knowledge of the animal, is enabled to see defects which are not observable by others, and to meet the danger before it becomes insurmountable. As I proceed, I shall illustrate what I say by an example in my own stable.

A few years ago, I had a remarkably clever grey horse, for which I gave 220 guineas. At the end of the season, when only six years old, he lost his action, and went like an old post horse—being, to all appearance, groggy. With the most perfect feet and legs, and without a visible sign of any thing wrong, I became alarmed, and could only account for it by supposing that I had given him a shake at a leap with a considerable drop into a road which was hard, on the last day of hunting him. I determined, however, not to rely on my own judgment, and sent for the nearest veterinary surgeon of eminence in his profession (Mr. Samuel Palfrey), who was at first as much puzzled as I was; but, on a minute examination of his legs, he disco-

vered two incipient splints, as they are termed, very little larger than peas, growing out just under the joints of the knees. These being removed by the operation of two mild blisters, the horse recovered his action, and my alarm was at an end.

Now, it is very probable that had this horse been in the hands of a groom, he might have been put to all kind of torture in the stable; or, what is more likely, if in the possession of many persons, he would have been turned out to grass, with the hopes of that being the catholicon for all such cases, and with the assurance that he would come up sound at the expiration of his three months' run. What, however, would have been the consequences? Why, the splints would have grown, though perhaps the lameness might have disappeared, and when the horse came into work again at the commencement of the next season, inflammation would have returned, and it would have been more than probable that half the season might have passed away before he could have appeared by a covert's side again. Here then is the old adage verified—"a stitch in time saves nine."

Indiscriminate blistering of hunters' legs has been generally resorted to, previous to their being turned out, or thrown out of condition for the summer, under what I may venture to call the old system of management, now pretty nearly exploded. In my novice I followed this practice myself, and have since been an observer of it in the stables of others, but have long since pronounced it to be a waste of drugs, an unnecessary torture to the animal, and not once in twenty times of the smallest

benefit. On the contrary, I have frequently seen it highly injurious—distending the vessels so much beyond their natural state, as never to recover their proper tone again: and, indeed, this is almost certain to be the case, if applied when any active inflammation is going on in the limb. My experience, indeed, has led me to place but little faith in blisters to horses' legs, unless the injury to which they are applied has been of very short duration. As to their reducing callous substances, and obstinate splints and curbs, to which they are too often ignorantly applied, a sponge with cold water is equally effective, and divested of the torture. As, preparatory to firing, in some particular cases, and in all those of incipient excrescences of bone, such as splints, curbs, and *bone spavins* just budding, the timely application of a blister will, nine times out of ten, effect a cure; and when to these you add their use in diverting inflammatory attacks of lungs, bowels, eyes, and feet, when applied externally to the body, you close the catalogue of their virtues—by no means a scanty one.

The following is the most effectual method of blistering, when the occasion for it is serious:—Let it be applied, without any corrosive matter in it, in good time, in the morning; and early on the following day let the leg be washed in warm water, with soft soap, and the blister repeated. A liberal allowance of water, with two ounces of nitre, or a very mild urine ball, will be found safe and efficacious during the operation.

For injuries to horses' legs, when they are serious, or of long standing, firing, with time, is my favourite remedy. Previous to my publishing these letters in the

*Sporting Magazine*, I had intended to have written a small treatise on these subjects. The latter would have given me room to explain myself better on matters of this nature; whereas the former, on account of the narrow limits of the work, cramp me much in detail. I must not, however, neglect to find space for one observation, and that is—that I have ever been sparing of punishment to horses, when it could be avoided, not only on the score of humanity, but from a natural regard which I have always had for so noble an animal. I must take heed, therefore, how I speak of firing a horse being a “favourite remedy” with me, or I may have some canting moralist on my back, and be set down for the greater brute of the two.

Perhaps there are few sportsmen who arrive at a good old age, without having themselves experienced the *potential* canter. When applied to a horse's leg, it is called the *actual* canter, being administered in the form of a red-hot iron. In both cases, the operation is severe; but the impression on my mind is, that horses suffer more by severe blistering, than they do by firing. In the first place—when fired—they are unconscious of what is being done to them; and in the next, they are so alarmed by being thrown down and confined, and are so exhausted by struggling, that I do not think they feel nearly so much as might be apprehended. I will not, unless further called upon by any observations on what I have asserted, state my reasons for this opinion, but I will endeavour to support it by other examples in my own stable.

Just about this time twelve months, I had a hunter of mine fired in both his fore legs. Previous

to the operation, he was blistered, as I wished—besides strengthening his legs, which appeared about to give way—to reduce a callous substance that had formed on one of his tendons. Being of an irritable temper in the stable, he suffered much by the blistering, and was so uneasy, that I was obliged to have a man to stand at his head, with a small switch in his hand, for six hours, to prevent his rubbing one leg against the other, by which he would have blemished himself. When ready for the operation, I sent him to be fired, with orders to my servant to lead him gently home afterwards. Being a resolute horse, he struggled much on being thrown; but when down, and secured, he did not appear to feel any thing. When he got up, and his head turned towards home, he was so full of play, that the servant was obliged to ride him, or he would have broken away from him on the road. The same operator fired another hunter for me the following week, for a young ringbone. He merely put a twitch on his nose, and *he never stirred a foot from the ground*. The consequences of these operations were, that the ringbone on one horse was stopped in its progress to lameness; and the enlargement on the tendon of the other, although of more than twelve months' standing, has quite disappeared, and his legs are all in place again. Now all the blistering ointment that ever was made would not have effected one of those cures, if it had the other; and with respect to what I have said of the relative suffering caused by the operations of blistering and firing, I have only to observe, that the effect of firing is merely local, whereas the anguish of a severe blister deranges the

whole system, and often produces stranguary, and other spasmodic affections. I shall conclude this part of my subject by observing, that I have never fired a horse, when I thought other means would answer the end; but I would do it on the principle that I would go to a dentist, and have a tooth drawn, rather than suffer protracted pain and illness from temporary or palliative measures. The operation, in both cases, is severe, but soon over; and I shall never think we are debarred of inflicting a certain degree of pain on animals given to us for their services, if those services cannot be available on other terms.

Your correspondent "H." will now be able to glean, from what I have said, all that is necessary to be known respecting the treatment of a hunter's legs, at the conclusion of a season. Having given him his physic, and the liberty of a loose box, his legs will be reduced as nearly to a state of nature as can be expected, after what they have gone through, or after the injuries they may have received. He must then exercise his reason, and use his own judgment; or if he doubts it, which it may be wise in him to do, he should call in professional aid. If no ligamentary enlargements, or callous substances on the sinews, or on the tendons, should appear, he may congratulate himself that his horse has been so fortunate to escape them, and his legs may go on for another year; but they should be minutely inspected, and by one who knows the evils when he sees them (no mean accomplishment), and, having found them, circumstances alone must direct as to which of the two remedies must be applied. If blistering will reach the cause, it has, cer-

tainly, the reputation of being the milder operation of the two; but if the injury is considerable, the parts where it exists material, and of more than one or two months' standing, nothing but the actual cautery can be depended on. With those horses which carry high weights, firing is too often a *sine qua non*; for when once nature gives way under such circumstances, nothing short of so violent a remedy will restore the injured parts. Curbs, splints, and, above all, blows on the legs, are frequently very obstinate to deal with, often requiring repeated blisters, followed by firing, to get rid of them.

As to the diet of a hunter in the summer, I think I have little to add on that head, to what I have already said. Let your correspondent only observe the golden rule, and he will be right. Having once gotten his horse into good condition, let him keep him so. He may give him some vetches, mixed with hay, in his loose house, and some grass, if he likes, by turning him out at night into his dry paddock: but let him give him two good feeds of oats every day, and nothing else, so as to prevent his accumulating a load of bad flesh, which must be got rid of again at the expence of his legs. Let him keep him, to use his own words, "sound and up to his mark;" paying constant attention to his legs and feet, having them often examined, that he may be aware of incipient disease.

With respect to horses' feet in the summer, there are two opinions amongst good judges as to whether the fore shoes should be on or not—the hoofs, in the latter case, being often rasped around the toe, to prevent them chipping or splitting. For my own part, I pre-

fer the tip, or half shoe, leaving the frog to press on the ground. A few nails around the front of the hoof cannot be injurious, provided the heel be left free from them. If a horse's foot is inclined to become convex, or pumice, then he should go without his shoes, on the same principle as the inside of the blacksmith's hand becomes hard by the constant use of his hammer. I had a fine hunter with this sort of feet, which I restored to their proper form by making him stand on flags all day for three months in succession. The internal part of the foot, which had, as it were, dropped from its proper place, was forced back to it again, and the disease, if I may call it such, did not return. I shall now conclude this subject for the present; but, as the "dead months" will soon be here, when I shall have more leisure, I may return to it again.

I must say a word or two, in my turn, to the Old Sportsman, who has favoured us with by no means an unamusing letter, in your February Number, which has also been noticed by your Parisian friend, VAGUS. Supposing it to be a *bonâ fide* description (which I see no reason to doubt) of the old gentleman's hunting establishment, I take him to be one of the old school — a master of a pack of harriers, which he has dignified with the appellation of *dwarf fox-hounds*, a term I could never rightly define. If it means fox-hounds which do not "come up," as the term is, to the size of the pack they are bred for, I have one of them now in my eye which I have walked for a neighbour of mine; but as young hounds seldom grow much after the month of April, I doubt her ever being big enough to be entered. Nevertheless, a pack such as herself

would make mince-meat of a hare, though they might come under the denomination of dwarf fox-hounds. If, however, by dwarf fox-hounds, the Old Sportsman means *well-bred harriers*, with some cross of fox-hound blood in their veins, let him call them such, and draw his pen through the other words. The poles themselves are not more wide, than is the difference between a pack of harriers and a pack of fox-hounds; and for God's sake let them never be confounded in the same breath!

Despite of steamed potatoes, Swedish turnips, birch besoms, and open sheds, with a belly-full of water, that horse must be foaled for the purpose, that could carry a huntsman well up with such a pack as he describes ("remarkable for their speed"), through every chase, for four seasons. I must conclude, then, that these "dwarf fox-hounds" are a regular pack of psalm-singing harriers, to follow which I dare say it is not necessary to have a horse in condition; for as puss is pretty sure to come home to die, and, at all events, there is no fear of her going out of the parish, his rider can always give him a pull. Humanity, however, could forbid the Old Sportsman from turning out a hunter that had followed a pack of fox-hounds through the fatigue of a good day's sport, into a cold shed, to fill himself with cold water, and nothing more done to him to make him comfortable, than brushing off the dirt with a besom.

The Old Sportsman makes a comparison between his horses and his dairy-maid. The rude health of a dairy-maid is proverbial; and I dare say the old gentleman likes the look of a bit of good flesh and blood; but the comparison is not

a good one. VAGUS is also facetious on this subject, and wishes to know how I manage a filly of this description, if I keep one. I can inform him that I keep two; but never having handled them, I am no judge of their condition.

As I respect an old sportsman, though he may be but a thistle-whipper, I hope he will take in good part what I say. He may follow his own plan; but he must excuse my robbing my pigs and cattle of food so proper for them as Swedish turnips. I have been always used to see hunters fed upon hay, oats, and beans; and general custom is common law. I never admired paradoxes, but always acknowledge the respect due to general opinion.

Another of your correspondents ("C. S.") demands a word from me. He says that I assert that nine horses out of ten are short of quick work, and that I recommend training for hunters. That my first assertion is true, the experience of my own stable has convinced me; but if "C. S." will read my last essay on the condition of hunters, he will find that I only recommend training with proper allowance for the relative nature of the work the horses have to perform, &c. How many horses "C. S." has seen out with hounds, that have been trained, and have, according to his account, invariably tired when all other horses have been quite fresh, I cannot pretend to say; but I do not exactly approve of such *sweeping clauses*. For my own part, I never rode but one hunter which was actually in training, and he shall bear the result. I won some hunters' stakes with him in October, and kept him on in his work for another at Tarporley in November, which did not fill. The conse-

quence was, he came from Hedgeford stables into Warwickshire, and the third day after his arrival, I rode him with hounds. We had a remarkably sharp burst for five miles over a fine part of the vale, when we came to a steep hill, called Magna Hill. My horse went up it with the hounds, but all the rest of the field either walked their horses, or led them in their hands. When at the top, I came to a fence, the only part of which that could be leaped was the gate into a road. Seeing it was chained, I called to a waggoner who was passing to open it, but he could not, and my horse took it in his stroke. I soon found myself alone with the hounds; but a check presently ensued. When Mr. Robert Canning came up, he exclaimed, "So much for training!" Perhaps this one anecdote is sufficient to prove that there is no rule without an exception. He also tells us he does not think hounds go faster now than they did thirty years ago. Will he have the kindness to inform us with what hounds he hunted at that period, and what pack he now attends? We can then judge a little for ourselves.

NIMROD.

(To be continued.)

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#### ANECDOTE OF O'KELLY AND HIS HORSE BOUDROW.

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To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

BEING lately at Tattersall's, I accidentally heard of an old acquaintance, whom I had missed for many years, and whose fate, after he had performed his duty on the course, I could never learn: it was *Boudrow*, by Eclipse, bred by that eminent personage the late Dennis O'Kelly.

One evening in the year 1780, when Boudrow first started, we were congregated around old Jack Medley's coffee-room—O'Kelly, Dick England, Irish Tetherington, Hull, and others of the honest men of that day; and, I believe, both Daisy Walker and Sir Charles Bunbury, who now and then stepped in, were present. The conversation was of the facetious kind, and England said to Kelly, "For God's sake, Count, how came you to give this colt such a strange outlandish name?" "Why now, sure," answered the Count, "jontlemen—and I am going to give you the chapter and varse of the affair—in sweet Ireland, the proper tarm for — is boudrow, only they spake it *botheroo*." O'Kelly, however, spoke out, *ore rotundo et ipsis literis*—e. g. *menta grandis, longa et superba*! This we leave every gentleman to English for himself. By the bye, it is a grammatical curiosity in the language of the ancient Romans, that the *ecce signum masculinum* should be classed in the feminine gender. However, to make common sense some amends, they have left us a synonym which is always masculine. No doubt Botheroo had great reason to be proud of his superb qualification, and, could he have obtained a temporary gift of speech, like the inspired donkey of old jockey Balaam, the use he would have put it to, it may be presumed, would have been to chaunt a stave of the old Irish ditty, with the change of only one word—

*The mares they all love me, and would you suppose it,  
And all for the sake of my lango lee.*

Boudrow, it seems, covered in Herefordshire, and was, a few years since, in the hands of some person within six miles of Hereford. He had great speed, and

considerable goodness, and won O'Kelly large sums. He was a chieftant horse, one of the largest sons of Eclipse, and, for size and substance, very well fitted for the shafts of a brewer's dray. We breed fine great horses now-a-days, but, I think, few having the substance which distinguished some of the sons of Eclipse.

#### A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

#### THE PUGILISTIC RING.

COOPER (THE GYPSEY) AND CABBAGE.

THIS battle was fought, for fifty sovereigns aside, in a field near Twickenham Common, on Wednesday, the 26th of March.—Cabbage was defeated by the *Master of the Rolls*, three years ago; but not till 75 rounds had occurred, occupying one hour, eleven minutes and a half. The Bristol hero, however, defeated Parish a few months since, which circumstance, added to the Gypsey's paying forfeit of 25l. to him, tended to place Cabbage rather in a prominent point of view with the amateurs. The Gypsey was the favourite at 5 to 4. At one o'clock, Cooper, attended by Spring and Shelton, threw up his hat in the ring, and, in a few minutes afterwards, Cabbage, waited upon by Belcher and Harry Harmer. Cabbage went up to Cooper, laughing, shook hands with him, and hoped he was well.

#### ROUNDS.

1. Both of the men on stripping, appeared in fine condition; and, generally speaking, it was considered an equal match.—Some little sparring occurred before any hits passed. Cabbage hit short with his right hand. Cooper got away from another well-aimed blow; but some exchanges took place, and the

Gypsy received a severe hit in the throat, and went down.—“Well done, Cabbage, that’s the way to win it!”

2. Some sharp work: the Gypsy *napt pepper*, and in a close received a tremendous cross-buttock.

3. The Gypsy came up to the *scratch* bleeding at the nose. *Mill-ing* on both sides till Cooper went down from another cross-buttock.

4. Cabbage had also the best of this round, and fibbed the Gypsy down. “*It’s poundable*,” was the cry; and several persons offered 2 and 3 to 1 against Cooper.

5. Both of the combatants were not exactly *steady* enough to do severe execution: they ran at each other, when Cabbage missed a hit at his opponent’s *nob*, and the Gypsy was equally *at fault* in return. In closing, Cabbage had the best of the throw, and Cooper received a rare hoist before he came to the ground.

6. The Gypsy now seemed eager to go to *work*; and with his left hand he planted so tremendous a blow on Cabbage’s forehead, that it was distinctly heard all over the ring. The Bristol boy soon *shook* it off; when he rushed in and gave Cooper another cross-buttock.

7 to 20. Nothing could exceed the fighting in these rounds, for punishment and valour on both sides; but Cabbage hitherto had the best, nobbing his adversary repeatedly.

21. The Gypsy had decidedly the best of this round: both down.

22. The face of Cabbage looked confident in the extreme. He gave the Gypsy a *facier*; and also had the best at close quarters, till both down.

23. The Gypsy went down, from a hit.

24. This was a severe round: hit for hit.

25. Ditto, repeated on both sides. Cabbage, in going down, hit the Gypsy on his nose, who was likewise in the act of falling down, and produced lots of *claret*.—“Brave, good little men!” from all parts of the ring.

26. Both sides of the question had previously anticipated, from the *smashing* qualities possessed by the combatants, that the fight would not last above thirty-five minutes; and it must have been over in that time if the pugilists had fought at *points*. It is true both were *determined* enough; but in their *haste*, numerous blows were thrown away. This feature was prominent in this round, till both were down.

27. Cabbage, very gay, soon sent his opponent down.—Loud shouting for the Bristol hero, and high-odds betted on him.

28. The Gypsy hit down by a blow on the temple. The backers of Cooper looked very *blue*, and had almost made up their minds that the *transfer* suit must be their portion.

29. In this round Cabbage received an ugly blow, and fell on his head so hard, as to leave an impression on the ground.

30 to 34. All hard fighting, with alternate success.

35. This was a good round; but at the close of it, in struggling to obtain the throw, the Gypsy challenged Cabbage with acting unfairly towards him, endeavouring to take hold of his thigh; and “*foul, foul*,” “*fair, fair*,” loudly resounded from all parts of the ring, and Spring immediately went up and appealed to the umpires upon the subject.

36. Hard blows, Cabbage down.

37. The Gypsy had not reco-



vered his weakness; and the general observations were, "It's any body's battle." Cabbage received a tremendous blow just above the temple, and he went down: the *claret* profusely followed the blow. A tremendous shout from the backers of Cooper.

38 to 42. Both contested the matter gallantly, but the Gypsey now shewed best, and 3 to 1 was offered.

43. The Gypsey was fast recovering his wind. Cabbage was hit down from a severe hit on his *listener*.

44. The *game* of Cabbage was as good as when he commenced the battle; but his right hand was gone. He also betrayed symptoms of distress: nevertheless he threw the Gypsey.

45. In this round the Gypsey was applauded from all parts of the ring, on account of his manly conduct. After some sharp fighting on both sides, Cabbage staggered, and being on the ropes in a defenceless state, Cooper walked to his seconds without administering a hit.

46. The great fault of Cabbage appeared to be in leaning too far back, by which means he often missed his opponent. He was also wrong by endeavouring to *out-fight* Cooper, when he might have done so much execution if he had preferred *close quarters*.

47. Cabbage came smiling to the *scratch*, and his confidence never left him. The Gypsey hit him down again by a blow near the ear. 5 to 1. The *Cabbages* now began to *droop*.

48. This round was a scrambling one, but completely to the disadvantage of Cabbage.

49. The Gypsey was more able to fight than when he commenced

the battle. Cooper was determined not to lose any time, and as soon as Cabbage appeared at the *scratch*, he attacked him right and left, until he got the Bristol boy down.

50. Cabbage again came to the mark with the most determined resolution to win it. He, however, had no *chance*.

51 and last. Cabbage again fought like a man; but when in close quarters, he received a sort of choking hit across his throat from the inner part of the Gypsey's right arm, from which he went down quite stupefied. When time was called, he got upon his legs; but in so distressed a state, that Belcher said he should not fight any more. The Gypsey, with much generosity, went to Cabbage, and, taking hold of his hand, said—"You are a brave man, Cabbage, and I will give you 10l. out of my money." It was over in an hour, all but a few seconds.

OBSERVATIONS.—Cabbage was full of grief at losing. To his *hands*, ALONE, he attributes his defeat: "If they had not *given way*," says he, "I could not have lost the battle." The youth and strength of the Gypsey brought him through the piece. It was a truly brave fight, and the Gypsey did not win it without receiving some severe *punishment*.

A. BELASCO AND PAT. HALTON.

THE match between these pugilists was fought at Arpenden Common, near St. Alban's, for fifty sovereigns aside, on Tuesday, April 8.—Halton, according to report, had defeated his numerous opponents in Ireland in first-rate style. He is in height five feet eleven inches, and under eleven stone in weight.

Aby. Belasco arrived on the ground in a barouche and four, supported by some swells of his tribe; and at one o'clock his seconds, Richmond and Ben. Byrne, threw up his *topper*. In a few minutes, Pat. Halton, arm-in-arm with his backer, a sporting Irish Captain, followed by Randall and Josh Hudson, repeated the token of defiance. The odds were guineas to pounds on Belasco. The colours, yellow for the Jew, and green (*à la Randall*) for Halton, were tied to the stakes.

#### ROUNDS.

1. On stripping, the *skeleton* appearance of *Paddy* astonished his backers beyond description: his ribs were bare, his legs and arms were thin, his countenance pale, his lips white, and, in fact, he was as light as a *cork*: his frame possessed no *millling* points whatever, and, as before stated, he was under 11 stone. The Jew, on the contrary, was never before in such prime trim. Some little squaring at each other occurred, when the Jew gave his opponent a tap on the cheek: Paddy returned without effect. Halton again missed. A long pause. Belasco planted another *facer*, without any return. Halton's right hand missed the Jew. At length some exchanges took place, and Belasco hit Halton as he was going down.—Murmurs from the *Patlanders*, "Foul," &c.

2. The Irishman shewed the first blood, as he had *napt* a clumsy thump on his left ear. After a few exchanges, in a close, the Jew fibbed his opponent; but Halton got the throw, and Belasco was undermost.

3. The Jews were in raptures, and the judges of *millling* had made up their minds as to the result. Belasco hit his opponent on the

body without any return: a *facer*, ditto. This conduct made Halton angry, and he missed the Jew. Belasco gave another bodier without return; also a nobber. Halton missed: in fact, he did not come near enough to hit his opponent. Belasco again fibbed his opponent at the ropes; but Halton got the throw. Six to 4 on the Jew.

4 and 5. Belasco *bodied* his opponent several times, and got away with the greatest ease. In the latter round, Belasco caught hold of his adversary by the hip or thigh. Randall said, "Foul! and if Belasco did so again, he would take Halton out of the ring."

6. It was evident the Irishman had not a chance. He went down from a hit.

7. Belasco received a severe lunging hit on the side of his head. The *learniness* of the Jew was peculiarly *striking* in this round. Belasco gave Halton a body blow, and got away cleverly; repeated this *liberty*; tried it on a third time with equal success, when Aby. burst out into a loud laugh. Halton endeavoured to return, but his hits were all out of distance—nay, a yard off the intended place.

8. Halton missed numerous hits. A short rally took place, and the Irishman's head was sent out of the ropes, but he got it in the ring again, when his left eye was nearly hit up. A pause. Halton missed his adversary, when the Jew gave him clearly a knock-down blow.

9. This was a sharp round; and Belasco received two or three hits on his body and arms. Some exchanges took place, and as the Jew was endeavouring to get away, he received a hit on the chest that floored him, but he jumped on his knees instantly. A rare shout for Halton.

10. The Irishman's face was *clareted*, and he had *napped pepper*: he never had a chance of winning. Some exchanges took place, but to the disadvantage of Halton, although the Jew went down. Murmurs from Halton's party; and exclamations, "The Jew went down without a hit!"

11, and last. On appearing at the *scratch*, Halton's *noë* was materially altered, from the *punishment* in the last round; and Belasco made an attempt at *finishing his work*. Some sharp blows passed between the combatants, and the Irishman went down. Belasco, in falling, touched the face of his opponent with one of his knees. Randall called out "foul!" and said he would take his man out of the ring. Halton said to the umpires, "It is foul!" The latter replied, they saw nothing unfair; and desired the fight to proceed. Randall, however, took his man out of the ring, regardless of their decision; and when timewas called, Belasco appeared at the *scratch*. Hudson, who had not left his post, and in the bustle had lost sight of Randall and Halton, was looking after them; but the Jew, having no opponent to meet him, was declared by the umpires as the winner. Considerable confusion ensued; and a most comical scene *tied up* the matter, producing roars of laughter from the spectators in the waggons. The roped ring was instantly filled with persons of every description, all eager to learn the event; and a *Babel row* commenced, followed by a general fight; and many *blows* were *given and received*.

## OBSERVATIONS.

It was the general opinion that Halton could not have fought two  
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rounds more. However, all the bets, or nearly so, are paid, and the stakes given up to the winner (Belasco), upon the stakeholder's receiving the undersigned document:—

" TO THE STAKEHOLDER (THE  
P. OF THE D. C.)

" SIR,—We, as umpires of the battle between Halton and Belasco, give it as our decided opinion, that Belasco won the fight fairly, and is entitled to the stakes. " J. H.

" April 9, 1823." " J. B. C."

Halton could not have won the battle, if he had twelve hours to do it in. The pretensions he exhibited to prize-milling were not above mediocrity. The Jew had not the slightest mark any where about him. The battle was over in 27 minutes.

## CURTIS AND WARREN.

THESE men fought, on Wednesday, the 16th of April, at Moulsey Hurst, for twenty-five sovereigns a side. It was the general opinion of the *ring-goers*, that Curtis must win the battle; and 2 to 1 was betted against Warren. Peter had been defeated by Curtis in 20 minutes, on Tuesday, July 23, 1822, in ten rounds; but the friends of Warren were determined to give him another chance, more especially as Peter was not half satisfied, and attributed his failure to an accident. At one o'clock, Curtis, followed by his seconds, Richmond and Josh Hudson, entered the ring. Warren soon afterwards appeared, waited upon by Ward and Rogers. Warren, on entering the ropes, went up to Curtis, and shook hands with him.

## ROUNDS:

1. Curtis looked well to outward  
F

appearance, but complained to his backers of indigestion. Warren was well and confident. At setting to, Curtis put in two blows on Warren's head, when a long pause ensued. A few slight hits exchanged, and another pause, neither seeming disposed to commence action. At length they closed, and both went down, Warren undermost. Seven minutes had elapsed.

2. This round commenced with severe counter hits, and Dick got away in style. Curtis put in a severe blow on Warren's chin, and no return. Some sharp counter hitting, when Warren went down from a severe blow.—Great shouting for Curtis.

3. The left eye of Curtis was bleeding, and nearly closed. Dick put in two facers, and planted a severe hit on his adversary's throat; but the counter-hits of Warren again told, and Dick's right eye was damaged. More counter-hits to the advantage of Warren. The latter felt tired, and put down his hands. Dick received a *nobber*, and had the worst of it. In a struggle, both down.

4. Great fears were now entertained for Dick. Hitting was equal, till both went down.

5. Counter hits again. In a struggle, Curtis threw Warren.

6. Warren's nose received a sort of slitting hit in the last round, and the *claret* was strong upon it. Warren got away, and after a long pause he put down his hands again. So did Dick; and both looking at each other—"I'll take no advantage of you," said Warren. "Never mind!" replied Dick: "I shall catch you presently." Two severe counter hits. Warren made two good stops, when he rushed in to *mill* Dick, and both went down.

Warren fell over his opponent. Even betting; several having Peter for choice.

7. Dick exhibited the most punishment. Both down.

8. Up to this period, Warren had decidedly the best of the battle; but he did not make the most of it. Peter would never go to work till Dick had made play. More counter-hits in going down, Curtis fell on his opponent.

9. Dick had now recovered himself; counter-hitting; in closing at the ropes, some sharp work occurred—till both went down.

10. This was a severe round; but Dick's blows were, directed with more talent. However, Warren's counter-hitting was excellent; and generally told. Both down—"Dick will win it now," was the cry.

11. Curtis in this round seemed a little like himself. The *nob* of Warren also began to shew Dick a specimen of his *handy* work; and at the ropes Curtis nobbed him; and had the best of it till both down.

12th, and last: Warren appeared an altered man: he had received considerable punishment. Warren *boxed* in upon Dick, and drove him to the corner of the ring. Here Curtis was balancing on the bottom rope, and could not get down; his head touching the ground on one side, and his feet on the other. Warren holding him up with his left hand, and with his right kept pummelling Dick on his back. The sensation was so great, that the crowd rushed in, and the whips of the ring-keepers were exerted to keep the spectators away from the men. At length Curtis got disentangled from the ropes, and was placed on the knee of his second; and in this situation Warren, on

missing Curtis from the ropes, jumped up and struck him on the side of his head. "Foul, foul!" and in a moment of irritation Richmond hit Warren, "for acting improperly," he said, "towards his man." Warren went down from the blow, and laid on the ground for some time in an exhausted state. The confusion that ensued beggars description; and we shall therefore close with stating that the umpires decided Curtis had won. The battle lasted 37 min.

**"B." IN REPLY TO "VAGUS," ON  
KEEPING HUNTERS IN CON-  
DITION.**

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

I Certainly did expect, when I wrote you a letter under the signature of A CONSTANT READER, which you did me the favour of publishing in your Magazine for February last, that, containing as it did principles so foreign to modern stable discipline, it would excite some animadversions; but I had no reason to suppose that it would be unfairly dealt with.

Your correspondent VAGUS seems to insinuate, that I recommend Swedish turnips as the sole food of a hunter. Now what I actually did say was this:—their food, that is, the food of my horses, consists of a peck of oats per diem, given with hay and straw chopped, and twice a week a feed of steamed potatoes or Swedish turnips. I believe that the advocates for hot stables find it essential to the health of their horses, to give them occasionally bran mash: the intent of this is, to open, and thereby to cool, their bodies. I give Swedish turnips and potatoes with the same

view. I know that if a horse were to be kept upon Swedish turnips and potatoes only, that he would soon become foggy; that after half an hour's exercise his sweat would be like soap-suds, and he would be totally incapable of any exertion. The same thing would happen, if he were to be kept entirely on bran mash: but as dry food has a tendency to render horses costive, and as no animal that is so can be in perfect health, bran, or turnips, or potatoes, are occasionally given, merely for the purpose of correcting this disposition; and a man would be as unwise who should give more of such food than is requisite for that purpose, as he who, finding them to be so, should abstain from giving them altogether. Mr. Beckford, in his "Treatise on Fox-hunting," recommends that hounds should have cabbage given them twice a week in their food. If VAGUS were to meet with this passage, he would not be so perverse as to construe it, that Mr. Beckford advised hounds should be kept altogether upon cabbage.

VAGUS very properly observes, that horses rode in Northamptonshire, and other crack counties, are unnaturally used, and that they cannot go the killing pace they do, in a state of nature. I am well aware that game cocks, and boxers, and race horses, and all other animals required to call their powers into extraordinary action, find it conducive to the exercise of them, that they should be subjected to a course of training, and that indeed without it they would have no chance of success against an opponent who had had the benefit of it; but I have yet to learn, that we have attained the *acme* of perfection in

any art or science. I have yet to learn that the training of game cocks, or of boxers, or of race horses, cannot be improved upon. Thirty years ago, if a medical man had ventured to recommend the window of a room to be opened, in which lay a patient covered with the small-pox, he would probably have been ridiculed by the rest of the faculty for subjecting his patient to cold quarters; but, old as I am, I do not despair of living to see the day, when body-cloths and physic, unnecessarily administered, will be no longer considered essential to getting a horse into condition, and be deemed the rage of the day, founded upon the absence of all true knowledge respecting the constitution of the horse.

I agree with VAGUS, then, that condition is necessary to animals required to use extraordinary powers. But what is condition? Not a sleek coat; for a horse may have a very sleek coat, and not be able to gallop a mile: but condition is that state of body, in which the animal is capable of exerting his muscular powers with the greatest effect, for the largest possible space of time that the most improved constitution will admit of, without injury to his health; and it is usually the result of invigorating diet, and regular exercise. Now, let me ask VAGUS whether my definition of condition be correct; and, if so, whether such diet, and such exercise, cannot as well be given to horses kept in open sheds as in confined stables?

It is not worth my while to notice the witticism of VAGUS about slow foxes. My hounds are not suffered to run fox: I confine them to hare. I hunt a down country,

where the hares run unusually strong, and where there is a great plenty of game. The consequence is, that we have frequently a succession of three or four runs, with an interval of a few minutes only between each, every one of which would make the tail shake of any hunter taken out of the stable of Melton Mowbray. It has been during these runs that I have had an opportunity of making my observations upon the performances of horses subjected to cold quarters and birch-besoms, and those taken out of hot stables, with all the advantages of modern stable-discipline. When VAGUS shall have tried both ways of keeping horses, as I have done, then he will be qualified to give an opinion as to which a preference ought to be given, and I shall be happy to hear his admission of his errors through your Magazine; but, in the mean time, I strongly recommend him to extend his sporting excursions beyond the precincts of Northamptonshire, when he will probably see the system I have recommended adopted by as good sportsmen, and as hard riders, as himself.—I am, Sir, yours, a constant reader,

B.

April 26, 1823.

P. S. I find that my suspicions concerning the deleterious effects of salt upon dogs are confirmed by Dr. Marshall. I hope that sportsmen will be careful how they admit it into their kennels.—I forgot to mention in my last, that I have for some time past been accustomed to give my hounds every day, during the summer season, a rack-full of long grass, which they eat, and which appears to keep them in health and condition.

## FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

WHEN the late Duke of Norfolk was engaged in any of his electioneering contests, he was always attended by his chaplain, a very athletic man, and who made such good use of his fists on several occasions, that he acquired the name of "the fighting parson." The late Mr. Dauncey having once to examine him as a witness on a trial, asked him, facetiously, whether he were not the gentleman who was called "the fighting parson?" "I believe I am, Sir," said the divine; "but if you want any further proof, and will step out of court, I will give it you *under my own hand*." It is needless to observe, the lawyer called for no further evidence.

A low termagant woman, who had a notorious large mouth, having applied for board and lodging, was asked by the mistress of the house to be seated. During the interview, the daughter of the latter came into the room to inquire what meat she should bespeak for the ensuing week, for that the butcher was at the door? "Why," replied the

mother, "now that we are going to have an *extraordinary mouth*, you must provide accordingly." "Extraordinary mouth!" quoth the enraged applicant: "Whatever my mouth may be, I suppose I eat no more than others; and sooner than swallow a morsel of your providing, I'd fret my guts to fiddle-strings."

A country fellow, who had been called in to assist whilst a neighbour had his leg taken off, being afterwards under the hands of the surgeon who attended on that occasion, was very pressing from time to time for his account. Some time after receiving it, he called on the "doctor," as he styled him, to settle matters, when the fellow's set-off against the surgeon's bill amounting to two pounds two shillings, ran as follows:—"To assisting in taking off L——'s leg, Two Guineas." On being remonstrated with for such an outrageous imposition, "Quits, quits!" cried he, as he walked off: "I don't see why I should work for less than you, Sir; and I'll be d—d if I would do it again for the money!"

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## THE TURF.

NEWMARKET.—Never was there a more numerous company than at the late Craven Meeting, and apparently never more enjoyment and satisfaction. Money circulated freely, and we have heard of no levanting. The number of horses engaged, and in training, was perhaps greater than at any former period

which can be named. Every thing of repute, or promising, in this line, commands and readily obtains a good price. The weather, though cold, was dry, and on the whole agreeable, and the turf in fine order. Add to these *agremens*, that the entertainment at Newmarket gave general satisfaction, with regard to both provision and charge; although beds,

whether at the inns, or private houses, could not be obtained for all, and many a sportsman, *littered* down on his great coat, snored away before the fire that part of the night which could be spared from the social circle.

A great deal of money was betted on the Claret. Goodison jockeyed Moses, the winner, and never appeared to greater advantage. At the run in, he put the few elders on the course, who could remember his father, in mind of old Dick, riding one of his quarter-mile races on the Duke's Rocket.

The races between Mr. Thornhill's Scud colt, and General Grosvenor's Troy (a dead heat), and between Encore and Mr. Smith's colt, were of the highest interest, both on account of the exertions and true running of the horses, and the exquisite nicety and skill in jockeyship of the riders. It was head and head the course through. These short courses, the favourites of the late Sir Charles Bunbury, certainly afford more eye-gratification to the spectators than the B. C.; and assuredly are far better for the horses.

It is said that Mr. Charlton, not thinking Henry quite up to his mark at the Craven Meeting, was induced to pay forfeit to his first match with Sultan, which, considering the great undertaking he has in hand, was deemed prudent. It is supposed Sultan will be a great favourite after his race with Godolphin.

Sawyer, the jockey, died on Monday, the 12th inst. at his house at King's Somborne. He was much esteemed as a rider, and his integrity was never suspected.

Brighton races are fixed for July. His Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify his intention of giving a Gold Cup, value 160 guineas, to be run for the first day.

*Epsom Races.*—There will be no Hunters' races this year, owing to some dissensions.—A match for 50gs. aside, p. p. Mr. Charlton's Melvina, against Mr. Bowl's Duck-

ling, catch weights, is to be run on Thursday in the Epsom race week.

York races are again altered by the Stewards to the old time, May 19, in consequence of the complaints of several of the leading turf gentlemen stating that the notice was too short.—*York paper.*

At the YORK CRAVEN Meeting, Tom Paine was rode, in both his races, by Captain Ramsden, of the Royal Navy, who steered him along in the most brilliant manner, and whose horsemanship was much admired. The meeting, a novelty at York, went off with the greatest *eclat*. It originated with the spirited officers of the 2d Dragoon Guards, who were joined in aiding the meeting by several members of the neighbouring hunts. The managers of the stand very liberally contributed, and every one connected with the Course did their duty towards affording one of the most pleasant days of diversion ever recollected.

The celebrated stallion Poulton, the property of Bolton Peel, Esq. of Dosthill Lodge, near Tamworth, died very suddenly on the 20th ult.

Mr. Peel has purchased the Earl of Stamford's colt Adventurer, by Cervantes, at the price of 600gs.

The metropolis has been pretty well filled with country horses, and although the best of them were bought dear, there seems not to be much complaint of the sale prices in town. Useful middling and ordinary horses obtain rather a fair price, but probably in favour of the purchaser.

*Stapleton Park Races.*—The Hon. E. Petre is forming, under the judicious directions of Mr. Lockwood, Clerk of the Course, Doncaster, a race course, at his seat, Stapleton Park, at which annual meetings will be held. The shape of the course is about an oval, but with no additional start, which will give nearly a straight run of half a mile. The distance is one mile and a quarter. We understand the races will take place the week preceding those at Doncaster.



GAME LAWS.

At the instance of Lord Cranbourne, a Committee of the House of Commons this month examined into the state of the Game Laws; and, on their report, a Bill has been brought in to legalise the sale of game.

RACING MEETINGS APPOINTED FOR 1823.

Newmarket .....	April 28
Chester .....	May 5
Irvine .....	7
Newmarket .....	12
York .....	19
Manchester .....	21
Epsom .....	28
Ascot Heath .....	June 10
Buxton .....	11
Bibury .....	24
Bridgnorth .....	July 3
Newmarket .....	7
Preston .....	8
Nottingham .....	15
Cheltenham .....	16
Derby .....	22
Knutsford .....	29
Winchester .....	29
Abingdon .....	Aug. 5
Newcastle-under-Line .....	7
Oxford .....	12
Burton-upon-Trent .....	19
Warwick .....	Sept. 2
Pontefract .....	3
Lichfield .....	9
Northampton .....	10
Doncaster .....	15
Leicester .....	17
Margate .....	17
Newmarket First October .....	29
Newmarket Second October .....	Oct. 13
Newmarket Houghton .....	27

BETTINGS ON FORTHCOMING RACES.

The public running at Newmarket has caused great alterations in the betting; and as several of the colts and fillies which are entered in the Derby and the Oaks have not yet appeared in public, but which are expected to come out in the First

Spring Meeting, we may expect still further variations; but those well informed on the subject pronounce that nothing can have any chance with Emilius: time will shew.

*Tattersall's, April 21, 1823.*

THE DERBY.

- 5 to 2 agst Mr. Udny's c. Emilius, by Orville—Emily.
- 7 to 1 agst Fanatic, by Soothsayer.
- 12 to 1 each agst Cünder, Paptina, and the Aladdin c.
- 17 to 1 agst Tancred, Brother to Pacha.
- 20 to 1 agst Lamia c.
- 20 to 1 agst Web c.
- 20 to 1 agst Talisman, by Soothsayer—Pope Joan.

OAKS.

- 5 to 2 agst Zinc.
- 5 to 1 agst Whalebone f. out of Sister to Wanderer.
- 8 to 1 agst Tint.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

- 5 to 1 agst Sherwood.
- 9 to 1 agst Tinker.
- 14 to 1 agst Miss Fanny.
- 20 to 1 agst Palais Royal.

*April 24.*

DERBY.

- 2 to 1 agst Emilius (taken).
- 10 to 1 agst Charcoal (taken).
- 12 to 1 agst Brother to Moses (taken).
- 12 to 1 agst Pantina (taken).
- 14 to 1 agst Fanatic.
- 14 to 1 agst Brother to Pacha (taken).

OAKS.

- 2½ to 1 agst Zaida.
- 4 to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham's f.
- 10 to 1 agst Tint.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

- 6 to 1 agst Sherwood.
- 9 to 1 agst Tinker.
- 11 to 1 agst Miss Fanny.
- 20 to 1 agst Palais Royal.
- 25 to 1 agst Mr. Armstrong's c.

HUNTING.

We hear that Sir BELLINGHAM, GRAHAM has resigned Leicestershire, to Mr. OSBALDESTON; and that Mr. CHARD is to succeed Mr. WALKER, in the Hambledon country.

On Easter Monday, the Royal Hunt met at Farnham Common, and, long before the deer cart arrived, a numerous concourse of people of all ranks had assembled, to witness the,

deer being turned out. About half-past ten one of the whippers-in arrived, and immediately a fine deer (known by the name of Hempstead, from his having been taken close to Hemel Hempstead last season) leaped from the cart, and proceeded at an easy rate across the Common for Hedgeherley, followed by a considerable body of horsemen, who did not wait for the hounds coming up. He proceeded through Mr. Shord's grounds to the back of the Duke of Somerset's park, and up to Gerrard's Cross Common, where the hounds came in view, and were whipped off. He went very leisurely across the Common and down into the Aylesbury road, just by Mr. Hibbert's Lodge, when he began to mend his pace, and proceeded rapidly along the turnpike road, near to Chalfont; crossed the fields to Horn Hill, and nearly on to Chorleywood Common; turned to the left, and crossed the Rickmansworth road, about three miles from Amersham, and down to Latimer's, through Lord George Cavendish's park to Mr. Elliott's mill, where he lay down in the pleasure-grounds. The horsemen were obliged to go up by the house to get access to the park; and it was curious to observe a herd of fallow deer run all round in front of the hounds, without their taking the least notice of them. Immediately that the hounds went into Mr. Elliott's grounds, he leaped from his hiding place, and broke away in fine style, passing along Chesham water side, leaving Chesham on the left, into Chesham bottom, up which he ran with great speed to Rothway, the seat of — Sutton, Esq. High Sheriff for Herts, who, with the greatest hospitality, offered the gentlemen any refreshment his house afforded. There were but few who would venture to accept it, as the hounds were running, and the deer considerably a-head. He crossed from Rothway down to Northchurch, where he ran along the towing path a mile, then crossed the canal opposite Berkhamstead Castle,

and up the hill into the pleasure grounds, where he again lay down, but was soon dislodged, and obliged to make the best of his way across Berkhamstead Common, where the hounds were again whipped off, more in consideration of the horses than to give any relief to the deer. There were only eighty-seven mustered here out of two hundred, which it is supposed had started. After waiting a few minutes, the hounds being laid on, took across to Frieseden and Nettleden, where he was again viewed, and ran into a cover. Here the hounds unkenelled a fox, and ran him within three miles of Dunstable, before the mistake was discovered, when the hounds were beat back to the cover, where the stag had been resting himself: he then broke away to Gaddesden Row and Gaddesden Bottom to Eastbrook Hay, about four miles from Hempstead, and three from Market Street, where he was ran into in high style, only one huntsman, one whipper-in, and about eighteen gentlemen, who left Farnham Common, being present. The deer ran four hours and thirty-five minutes; and the distance was computed at upwards of fifty miles from where he was turned out. The huntsmen with the hounds did not get farther than Rickmansworth in their way home; and the greater part of the hunt were distributed at the different inns in the country which they had passed through; and it is feared some valuable horses have been lost.

(*From a Correspondent.*) — On Friday, April the 4th, being the last day of the season, the King's hounds turned out at Bedford's, Longford, and after giving the deer the usual law, the dogs were laid on. The day being showery, the scent was good, and they went off at a tremendous pace, so much so, that if the hounds had not been stopped, half the horses must have been beaten to a standstill. The deer went away to Harrington, by Bull's Bridge Field to Hayes, across the open country to

Harro, by West End, where he was viewed. The dogs were then stopped, after one of the severest bursts ever remembered. The deer then went away to Pinner Church-yard, where he was turned; from thence, by a circuitous route, through Harrow Church-yard, to Preston, Kingsbury, Neesdon, and Stone Bridge, across the country, to Kilburn, where he was taken, after one of the sharpest runs of the season, the principal part of it being over strong heavy ground, where the knowledge of the country and the goodness of the horses were both put to the test: and certainly out of a field of nearly three hundred horsemen, I must confess I never witnessed fewer "slow tops," as your invaluable correspondent has so well described them. The turn-out was, on the whole, equal, if not superior, to any ever remembered.

The annual festival of a stag-hunt, on Epping Forest, was celebrated on Easter Monday, as usual, and was not only attended by the *Cockneys*, but also by many of the Essex *Nimrods*. Mr. Thomas Poole, of Waltham, who hunts Mr. Tufnell's harriers, was present with ten couple of the worthy 'squire's hounds, which, joined by those of the Forest, became the pack of the day. About one o'clock, a fine hind, kept up for the purpose, and which has been hunted for three years, was turned off on Fairmead Bottom. The motley group instantly followed; some not quite so fast as they could wish, and others rather faster, insomuch that they lost their seats, and their snorting steeds appeared to better advantage than their riders. The circuit taken by the fleet animal gave to many an advantage which they had on former occasions regretted the loss of, the deer taking for the King's Oak; then for Epping Thicks. Here the hounds came to fault, but the huntsman, with the assistance of Mr. Samuel Gooch, who was also present, soon put them right, and the deer took a circle by High Beech, crossed the Forest to Loughton, and back to the accus-

tomed place of refuge when pressed, Golden Hill Pond, from which the animal was taken alive, after a most excellent chase, which lasted three hours. The hunt then retired to Mr. Rounding's, where they regaled themselves with the good cheer that sporting victualler had provided on the occasion.

*Colchester, April 15, 1823.*—SIR—If the following account of a remarkably severe run can find room in your Magazine, it may perhaps be gratifying to several of your Essex readers:—On Saturday, March 29, Mr. NUNN's hounds met at Stour Wood, on the Harwich road, which, together with Stone Wood, and several other covers, they drew, without finding. They then tried Bentley Hall Wood, from which, after running one ring in cover, a gallant old fox went away. He made his point for Mistley Park (Mr. Rigby's); and for 45 minutes, with a burning scent, did the hounds hold to him, without a check, when they threw up for a few minutes in a small grass close, which gave some *roarers* time to come up. From there they ran him to Lawford turnpike, where they hunted him within two yards of a farm-house door: here reynard was viewed, dead beat; but so game was he, that he faced the open country again, and was killed in a cow-house, in Wigwell Street, close to Manningtree. This brilliant affair is allowed to be the best run, and best-managed thing, seen for some years in our country. The dash of this beautiful pack, the ardour of their master who hunts them, and the steadiness of his *aide de camp*, the celebrated old James Turr, who once hunted the Huntingdonshire country, and has whipped in most of the crack packs of this kingdom, were this day most powerfully felt during this severe run of an hour and forty minutes through a very heavy country, with bad fences. But few gentlemen saw the end of this gallant old fox—at least of those who stuck to the hounds; although the first check, and another short one at Lawford, let in a few skirthers.

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On Monday, the 24th March, the fox-hounds of SAMPPSON HANBURY, Esq. had a remarkably brilliant chase. The fox was found at Hadham Park, Herts, instantly broke cover, and went away to Wickinghall, crossing the Bishop's Stortford road, leaving Platons on the right, and pointed for Madans, but could not make it. The hounds pressing him hard, he turned back, and, after running over a great extent of country, regained Hadham Park, by Eastwood, thence again through Hadham Park to Bailey Hills and Farnham Green, where, for the first time, there was a short check. The huntsman, however, instantly made a successful cast, and recovered his fox, and, after a gallant burst, ran in to him at Arsybury, near Manuden. The distance was accomplished in 56 minutes.

*Extraordinary Hare Hunt.*—A short time since, the hounds of CHARLES CHICHESTER, Esq. of Hall, were out for a day's sport, in the parish of Swimbridge, Devon; when, after two or three hard runs in the early part of the day, a little after two o'clock, a hare was turned out at Hurstcott, in the said parish, and, after running two or three rings, she took off across the country by Hutchinson and Sandick, to Hole, from thence to Deane and Deane Cleaves, where, turning to the right, she crossed the cover a little below Stoke Mill, and ran up near Stoke Rivers town, when, again turning to the left, she came down opposite Chelham Woods to Haackaford, and crossed the water to Eastacott, and above Northleigh Wood to Northleigh Butts (places all well known to the North Devon stag hunters), when, turning again to the left, she secreted herself in a cow-house, amongst the straw: the hounds coming up, she turned out, ran across a field or two, and was killed in the road leading from Goodleigh to Stoke Rivers, about half-past five o'clock, after a chase of more than three hours, across one of the most difficult hunting countries that a sportsman can find. Out of a numerous field, only nine were in at the death, among

whom was a fine boy, son of the owner of the hounds, Master Arthur Chichester, only nine years of age, who rode up, to the admiration of all.

On Thursday, March 27, Mr. STANDEN's harriers, of Silver-hill, Sussex, accompanied by a pack of harriers from the neighbourhood of Battle, went in search of a fox, which they soon unkenelled; and, after a run of an hour and a half, they killed him.

On Friday, March 21, Mr. FARQUHARSON's hounds found a fox in the middle of that strong covert called Gore Wood, near Prince's Wood, in the Vale of Blackmoore. He went off well through the Grange Woods, for Glanville's Wooton, over Castle Hill, to Pulham, Cannon Court, Charwell Green, leaving Short Wood to the left, through Vernwood Common to Ariaswell and Nettlecombe Tout: he then faced the open downs, over Chesilborne Eweleazes, to Chebboard, and they ran into him at Dewlish Plantations. This was a most satisfactory run, over a beautiful country, both vale and down. The distance this fox traversed is at least fourteen miles straight an end. They were at him an hour and twenty-three minutes, and without any check. These hounds have had this season at least twenty brilliant and satisfactory days' sport from the Cattistock country alone, in addition to several good days' sport in the eastern part of the county.

The run we mentioned in our last Number, from the Weymouth country, was a most tremendous one: that fox was not found on Blagdon, but stole away from the pack whilst they were drawing Buckland Wood, near Weymouth, and they got up to him on Blagdon Hill by a hollow.

The last Berkeley dinner took place on Monday, March 31, and was attended by all the sporting Nobility within thirty miles of the place. Upwards of 100 sat down to dinner, which was sumptuously served by Mr. Nayler, of the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, who had most taste-

fully fitted up the coffee-room, it being the largest in the house. The wines were excellent, and the table exhibited every rarity that the season would allow, or that money could purchase. The evening was spent in great mirth, and most powerfully aided by Mr. Mallinson, who went from Bath on the occasion, and who delighted all present by his most excellent comic singing. At one the party left, highly gratified, but first drank Col. Berkeley's health, with thanks to him for his sumptuous treat.

**Badsworth Hunt.**—Pontefract Park, on Tuesday in the race week, exhibited a gay assembly, in consequence of the hounds meeting there, according to annual custom, on concluding their sport for this season. The day was favourable, and the diversion good. The success of this pack has been on the whole most brilliant, and fully supports the crack name they so much deserve.

#### LORD SEFTON.

Lord Sefton attracted a good deal of attention on the 1st instant, in the drive in St. James's Park, at the Horse Guards, and in taking a turn round by the new Vauxhall Bridge-road, &c. by the curious and original vehicle in which he drove his family, the Ladies Molineaux, &c. It might be familiarly described as two large chaises fastened together, one behind the other, the shafts being removed from the second chaise: the two bodies were on four wheels, and behind the united chaises there was a species of dickey for the groom: this made three departments for the company. With the groom there were eight persons; and the whole of this sociable piece of *outré* economy was drawn by two horses. The vehicle looked as though there would be no end of it: there certainly was no end of its being stared at till it was out of sight.

#### STEEPLE CHASE.

A sweepstakes match of 15 sovereigns each, took place Tuesday, April 8, between Capt. Marks, and Messrs. Hamilton and Jeffery, of the

Snowden Hunt. The start took place from Middleham Cottage, near South Mimms, to go to Haydon-hill, near Pinner, Middlesex, a distance of about twelve miles, across a close country. The three, very well mounted, kept together to Codicote Hill, leaving Elstree on the right. Here Mr. Hamilton separated from his competitors. Each took a different course, but they were nearly together again on Bushey Heath. Captain Marks took the best road by the Hermitage, for Pinner Park, whilst Mr. Hamilton pursued a straighter course through Eastend. The Captain won the match by arriving at the destined spot four minutes before Mr. Hamilton. Mr. Jeffery pulled up a long way from home. It was done in forty-two minutes.

#### EQUESTRIAN MATCHES.

April 2, Mr. Jeffery, a dealer, undertook to ride his cob horse, 14½ hands, carrying 12st. fifty miles in five hours, for 100 sovereigns. The match was decided near Epping, and the horse won with ease in four hours 56 minutes.

On the 2d of this month, a black mare, about 14 hands high, was rode fifty miles in four hours and 25 minutes (the time allowed being five hours and a half), having been purchased only two days previous at Wadley fair. She performed the first 12 miles in 59 minutes and 38 seconds; the second 12 in 60 minutes 22 seconds; the third 12 in 60 minutes 58 seconds; the fourth 12 in 74 minutes 2 seconds; and the last two miles in 10 minutes—having one hour and five minutes to spare. Although she was not in very good condition, she did not appear the least distressed. This feat was performed on the Banbury road, the horse starting from the Pheasant, in St. Giles's, Oxford. Weight of rider, 12 stone.

#### PIGEON SHOOTING.

The pigeon-shooting matches have recommenced, at the Red House, Battersea Fields. On Wednesday, April 9, and Saturday, the 12th, they were well attended. Those were "great" days: on Wednesday there

were *twenty-six dozen*, and on Saturday *twenty dozen* pigeons. Some gentlemen belonging to the Guards were present: they proved themselves "excellent shots, i'faith." Amongst those present were Lord Kennedy, General Barton and his son, Mr. Davison, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Hoskins, &c. None but those belonging to the match are allowed to appear on the ground with a gun, owing to the accidents that happened last season from stray and ignorant shots.

#### PEDESTRIANISM.

*Challenge.*—Mr. John Hollis, aged 40 years, standing 5 feet 6 inches high, and weighing 9 stone, challenges any man in the United Kingdom, of his own age, to walk 200 miles: the ground, &c. to be hereafter determined upon.

The mania of pedestrianism is rapidly spreading itself in Westmoreland. Mr. John Hollis, skinner, of Kendal, undertook to imitate William M'Mullen's recent exploit of walking 112 miles in 28 successive hours, which task he commenced at one o'clock, on Monday, March 31. The ground chosen for the occasion was a field in Mints Feet, adjoining the turnpike road. The early part of the day was uncommonly favourable; but, towards six in the evening, rain began to fall, which continued with unabated violence throughout the night, and until noon the following day. Notwithstanding the untoward weather, and the darkness of the night, Hollis 'undauntedly continued his performance, though drenched with rain, and many times in danger of falling from the slippery state of the ground, which greatly retarded his progress. The only rest he took during the 28 hours, was 25 minutes; and, at 10½ minutes before five, on Tuesday afternoon, he terminated his feat, having accomplished the whole in 27 hours 49 minutes and 30 seconds, apparently not much fatigued, though he performed three quarters of a mile over and above the 112. He was chaired into the town, preceded by a flag and band of music.

Bets ran extremely high; and so confident was the pedestrian of his ability (though he had never attempted any thing of the kind before), that he actually betted all he was possessed of. The match was only for 5l.

*Walking match of fifty-two miles per day for twenty successive days.*—Skipper, a pedestrian, well known for several pedestrian feats, undertook to walk 52 miles, for 22 successive days, for a bet of 100l. Skipper started this month from the Dun Horse, Shoreditch, and walked near Puckeridge, Hertfordshire, and returned back to the Dun Horse, and we understand he completed his wager.

Townshend, who challenges all the world, commenced on the 21st inst. an extraordinary task. He was backed for a wager of 100l. to walk fifty miles per day, for three successive days, of 12 hours each (one hour allowed for refreshment), half the distance to be performed backwards. The ground marked out was one quarter of a mile round the Wellington Cricket Ground, Sloane-street, Chelsea. We shall hereafter communicate the result.

We understand that a match has been made at Leeds, betwixt Halton the Yorkshireman, and Ashton the Lancashireman, to run four miles over Doncaster Race Course. The friends of Halton have staked 300l. to 200l. and we hear that the race will be run on the 30th of April.—*York paper.*

#### COCKING.

A great main of cocks will be fought, at the White Swan Inn, Norwich, on the 5th of May, 1823, and the three following days, between 'Squire Harrison, of Norfolk, and Captain Barrington, of Herefordshire, for five guineas a battle, and two hundred the odd battle: four double days. Feeders, Burn for Herefordshire, Lamb for Norfolk. A pair of cocks to be on the pit each morning at twelve o'clock. On the evening of Wednesday, the 7th of May, a pair of *turn-outs* will be fought for 20 guineas.

## POSING IN LANCASHIRE.

A man named John Monks was tried at the late Assizes, at Lancaster, for manslaughter, having occasioned the death of Henry Baron, at Newchurch, in Rossendale, by kicking him on the shin with his clog, nearly twelve months before. On the Jury returning a verdict of guilty, the Judge (Bayley) animadverted in strong terms upon the cowardly and brutal practice of kicking which prevailed in, and was almost confined to, the county of Lancashire; and in order to mark the feelings of the Court towards offences of this nature, and to put an end, if possible, to the practice, his Lordship sentenced the prisoner to two years' imprisonment.

## HORRIBLE CRUELTY.

*Bow-street, April 9.*—A man, or rather a monster in the shape of a man, was brought before the Magistrate, charged with having torn out the tongue of a horse! This miscreant, who bears the name of Thomas Penton, has been several years employed as a carter, in the service of a Mr. Bull, a market gardener, in Blackland's-lane, Chelsea. His master having occasion to go into Kent, ordered him to cart a quantity of manure from one spot to another, in a distant part of the grounds. At one o'clock on that day, he took the horse out of the stable, uninjured and in perfect health, to go upon this service; and at four in the afternoon he brought the poor animal back again, with its tongue literally torn up by the roots, and hanging ten or twelve inches out of its mouth. He had even the barbarity to bring it back in this horrible state, heavily laden with manure. How he performed the cruel deed, or how the poor creature had provoked his diabolical vengeance, is not known; for they were alone.—Mr. Elford, a respectable farrier in that neighbourhood, described the state in which he found the horse when he was called in, shortly after the fellow brought it back. The tongue, he said, was hanging out of the mouth,

and was quite dead: it had been fairly pulled out by the roots, into the middle of the mouth, to which it adhered only by a small portion of flesh. The hæmorrhage was dreadful, and the throat was completely filled with coagulated blood. In his opinion it must have been done by the hands of a man, and very great force indeed must have been used to accomplish it. The poor animal, he added, had not swallowed any thing since, nor would it ever swallow again.—The prisoner, a remarkably ill-looking, cadaverous-faced fellow, with overhanging eye-brows, was now asked what he had to say for himself. He replied, "the horse must have been so when I took it out of the stable. I saw nothing the matter with it till I was about to put the nose-bag on."—The Magistrate said, "I am sorry to say I can only fine you 5l. under a recent statute for preventing cruelty to animals. The legislature never conceived that a human being could be found basely cruel enough to perpetrate such an atrocity as you have done, or doubtless they would have provided a more commensurate punishment."—The villain had no means of paying the fine, and he was therefore committed to three months' hard labour at the tread-mill.

## PUGILISM.

A fatal pugilistic contest took place this month on the Brighton race-hill, in the presence of a numerous crowd of spectators, between a person named Dann, a bricklayer, and one Smith, a sawyer. The latter was the heavier man. The battle lasted upwards of an hour, and was truly of a sanguinary description. The sawyer in the end got a quietus from a tremendous blow placed under the left ear. He was borne from the ground in a state of insensibility, and expired at about four o'clock on Sunday morning. Dann is in custody. Spring, the professional pugilist, who was at Brighton for training purposes, and Shelton, as they seemed busy in the ring, were apprehended, and ordered to find bail to keep the peace; but failing to do so, they were, after be-

ing in custody a week, liberated, on entering into their own recognizances of 100l. each, to be of good behaviour for twelve months.

Acton and Peter Crawley fight on Tuesday, the 6th of May, for 50 sovereigns a-side.—Betting 6 to 4 on Crawley.

*Josh. Hudson and Shelton.*—The battle-money is making good for a contest between these two pugilists.

The Suffolk Champion, and Price the Navigator, fought a battle, April 19, in Essex, which was won by Suffolk, in seven rounds.

#### FOOD FOR DEER, PHEASANTS, &c.

Limbs cut from fir trees and given to young deer at this period of the year to browse on, effectually cure scouring: the young deer in Ashburnham Park are now fed so. The old deer are fed on hay, and a few wheelbarrows of potatoes thrown to them two or three times in the course of the day.

Ants, and ants' eggs, are the best food that can be given to young pheasants, soon after being hatched.

A correspondent informs us, that good ground oatmeal for hounds is not always easily to be obtained, as few millers will take the trouble of seeing the corn is perfectly dry before it goes into the mill; and, if the least damp, it never grinds well.

#### ORNITHOLOGY—NATURAL HISTORY.

*Winchester, April 19.*—A circumstance unprecedented in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the neighbourhood was observed on the shore of the west bay, near Christchurch, Hants, shortly after the late severe weather. Thousands of dead larks were thrown ashore by the tide, and lay so thick at high water mark, that, to use the expression of one of the fishermen, a cart load might have been collected in the space of one hundred yards. It is supposed that many of the vast flocks which, during the rigour of the season, were observed taking their flight to the southward, in search of food and a milder temperature of air, "found no rest for the soles of their feet," and fell, through exhaustion and fa-

tigue, into the sea. The last winter, though not more severe than many which have preceded it, yet, from some unknown cause, produced numerous instances of the migration of birds into countries and climates where they were never before discovered.

It is by some believed that fewer woodcocks emigrated to England last winter than for several years past, which is thus accounted for: it seems their eggs are becoming a great luxury in Sweden, and the peasants offer them for sale in great quantities in the market at Stockholm.

A gentleman, who is in the habit of fishing in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, communicates the following observation respecting the swallow. He witnessed their first arrival there on the 4th of April, when vast numbers were skimming the surface of the water above the bridge at Bemerton, whereas below the bridge, and between that and Salisbury, he saw not one. This has been an object of his observation for several years. His own conjecture is, that upon their first arrival they meet with some insect peculiar to those waters, which arrests their attention for several days before they extend their flight to Salisbury.

Wednesday evening, April 16, Mr. Fuller, jun. of the tan yard, South-over, Sussex, shot, hovering over the pool nigh to that place, a beautiful specimen of the heron tribe, which Shaw accurately describes, and calls the crested, purple heron. It is a bird of delicate shape, and handsome plumage, particularly about the neck, which is peculiarly slender, and prettily ornamented with red streaks or stripes. We should suppose that it is not often met with in this country, it having wholly escaped the notice of Buffon, Pennant, and Bewick. It has been sent to London to be preserved.—Mr. Fuller, a few evenings before, shot also, at the same place, a wild duck on the wing, which, in its fall, dropped upon the remnant of a reed growing by the pool side, which actually penetrated and completely



passed through the neck of the bird, a circumstance which probably never before occurred.

A most beautiful milk-white seagull, remarkable for its tractableness, has been seen for upwards of eight years, at Sandown Fort, the seat of Sir W. Wynn, Bart. The bird generally finds its way to the Fort about the month of September, and continues till March, when it quits this charming retreat. It is so remarkably docile that it comes to the window of the Fort for food, and will not suffer any one but the inhabitant to feed it.

The following (says the editor of the *Literary Gazette*) was sent to us with a real signature:—"In eating an egg, on Sunday morning (the 30th March), to my great surprise I found a small silver coin, which I believe to be a Dutch piece (value two stivers), adhering to the white of the egg. It was evidently interposed between the yolk and the albumen. The shell was discoloured in parts, and particularly in that part where the coin was situated. The egg was laid that morning; and the servant says there was no difference in the appearance of that and the others previous to their being boiled. I had eaten the greater part of it before I discovered the piece: it had not affected the flavour."

*Utility of Sparrows.*—Mr. Bradley shews that a pair of sparrows, during the time they have their young to feed, destroy, on an average, every week, 3360 caterpillars. This calculation he founds upon actual observation. He discovered that the two parents carried to the nest forty caterpillars in an hour. He supposed the sparrows to enter the nest only during twelve hours each day, which would cause a consumption of 480 caterpillars. This sum gives 3360 caterpillars extirpated weekly from a garden. But the utility of these birds is not limited to this circumstance alone; for they likewise feed their young with butterflies and other winged insects, each of which, if not destroyed in

this manner, would become the parent of hundreds of caterpillars.

#### MR. MAJOR'S EDITION OF WALTON'S AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER.

We mentioned, a considerable time since, having seen some singularly beautiful specimens of wood engravings of fish, from paintings by our old friends *Cooper* and *Smith*; and if it were only on account of the conspicuous figure those worthies make in this new edition of Walton, we should have pleasure in noticing the publication. We before stated that these fish were, in our opinion, not only without rival, as applied to works on the sport of angling, but would be alike in vain sought for even in the most expensive works of natural history. This long-expected work, at length completed, will fully justify our former assertion: the "*finny tribe*" here positively appear to live and breathe before us, as if just taken from their native element; and, viewed in conjunction with the other novel and incidental embellishments of the work, it is impossible, as the publisher hints, in his very animated *introductory essay*, to say whether the sportsman, the naturalist, the lover of the fine arts, or the general reader, will be the more gratified to find "*honest Izaak*," at last, in a dress worthy of himself, and of the talents of his country. Besides the exquisite cuts of fish, which do infinite credit to the engravers, Messrs. Thompson and White, we have the usual number of copper plates, in a superior style of execution, and upwards of 50 wood-cut vignette embellishments, in all the variety of landscape, portrait, and subjects of humorous and classical allusion: the whole tending to point out that "*Walton's Complete Angler*" is one of the most delightful books in the world! *O rare Isaac Walton!*

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#### SPORTING ANECDOTES.

Many as are the accidents from shooting, few for singularity can equal the following:—A gentleman attend-

ing a shooting party as a "marker," was very eager, and would, on the dogs coming to point, rush forwards rather imprudently. Being reminded of this, he stood on one side, on subsequent occasions, as if leaving more room for the fowlers to take aim. A bird, however, wheeling towards him whilst on the gape at what was going forward, a shot from the piece, directed at the bird in question, effected a lodgment in the tip of his tongue. As a speaker by profession, no impediment ensued as affecting his oratorical abilities. The circumstance happened nearly thirty years since. The individual shot remains "*in statu quo*." The gentleman is alive and well, and tells the story, with all its circumstances and peculiar distinctness, at the present day.

*Verax.*

During the time the late Lord Talbot hunted Staffordshire, he had a French gentleman on a visit at his house, who just knew enough of the English language to make his conversation highly amusing. Being one day out with his hounds, he addressed his Lordship as follows:—"Me-Lor! I forget vat you say ven de hound run de fox without see him." "Oh," said Lord T. "I suppose you mean the scent." "Ah! to be sure," said the Frenchman, "I always forget de sante." Soon after this explanation, the hounds found their fox, and began to run very hard. Monsieur (who was, perhaps, of a great man's opinion, that an idea is but a resemblance—a notion—an operation, or the result of an operation—or, in short, any thing of which the mind of man is capable), having jumbled together all that could be derived from the word "smell," rode up to Lord Talbot, and ex-

claimed—"Bravo, me Lor! by gar but you have van dam fine stink now!"

*Coursing Extraordinary.*—Early in the present month, the following curious circumstance took place in the island of Selsea:—G. Copis, Esq. in company with a friend, was walking over his grounds, followed by his celebrated dog, Dick, when suddenly a brace of hares started from their forms at the same instant. Dick coursed and picked up one in great style, without a single turn, which he left; and, taking of his own accord after the other, ran a long straight mile in view, when he succeeded in turning and ultimately killing her. On the gentlemen taking up the first, and proceeding towards the last scene of action, they were met by Dick returning with the second hare in his mouth.

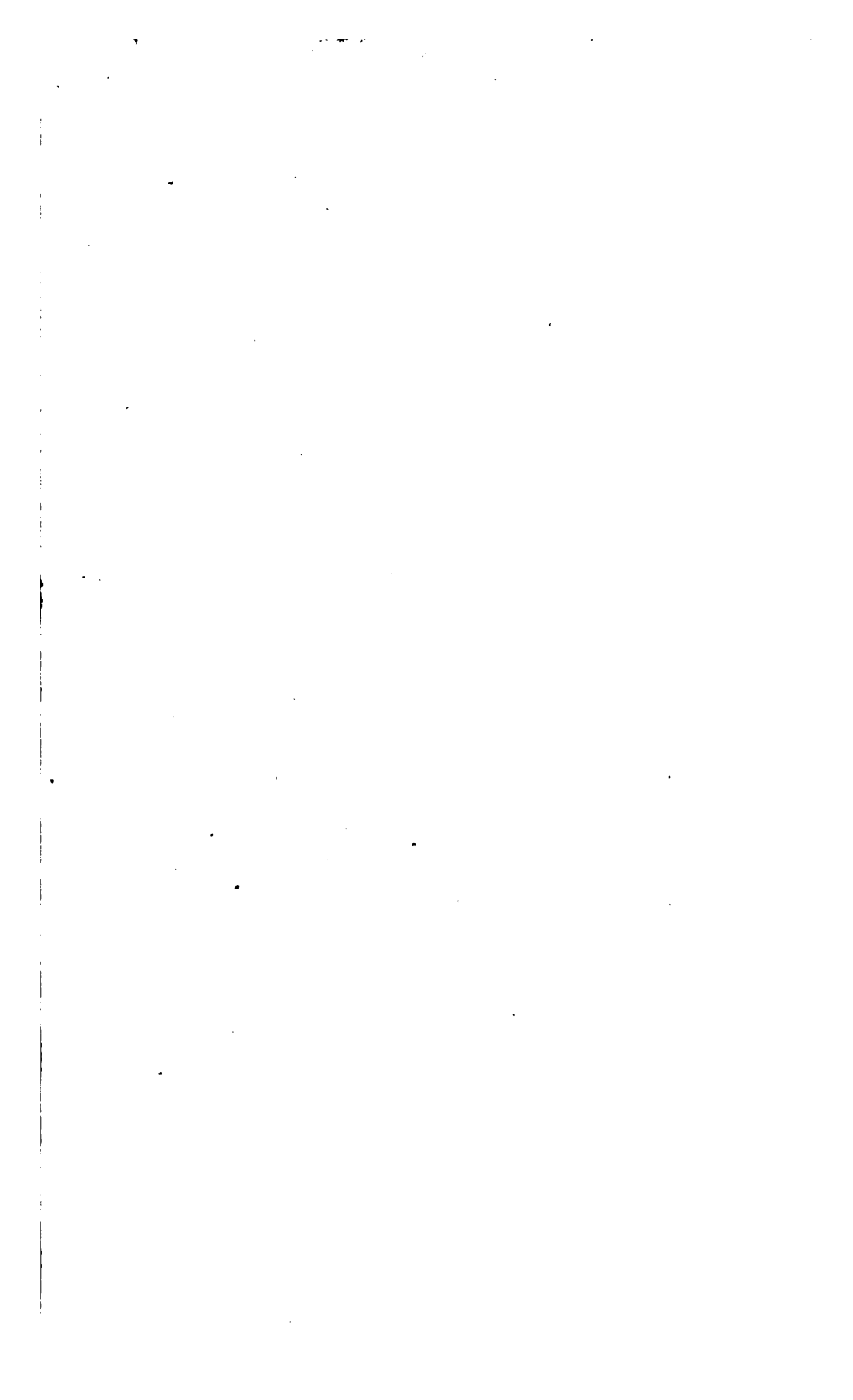
The Hampshire Hunt, on Thursday, April 27, after a fine run of two hours and a half, from Abbotsdon Down, pursued a fox to College Wood, Bighton, where the hounds came to a halt, and the whole field of sportsmen experienced a sudden check. At length a dead well was discovered, into which it was conjectured the fox might have fallen; and this supposition being strengthened by the pack surrounding the spot, a gentleman of the hunt (Mr. Scotland, of Bishop's Sutton) was, at his own request, lowered to the bottom of the well, a depth of 35ft. The object of his search was discovered, and Mr. S. adroitly seized the animal by the poll, and so effectually secured him, as to avoid even being bitten. The fox did not appear to have sustained material injury, but it was, of course, impossible to preserve him; and on being released by Mr. Scotland, he became an easy prey to the pack.

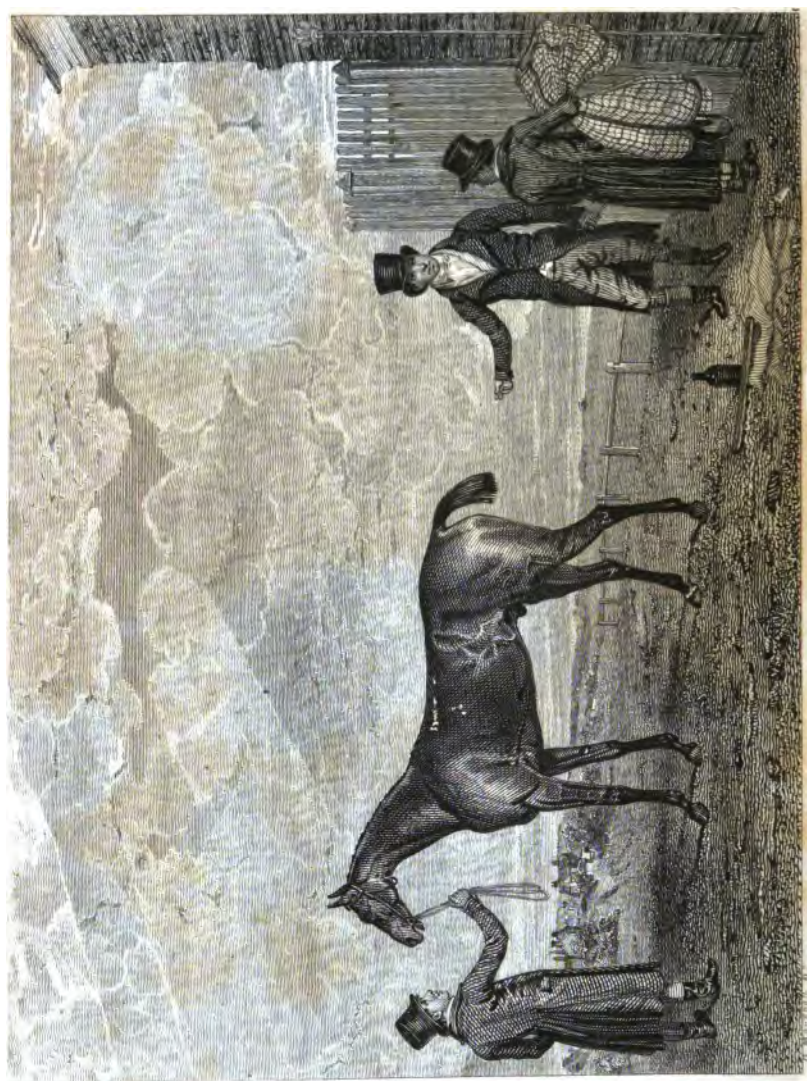
## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Veterinary College," a satirical poem, would, we fear, if inserted, awaken far more severe satire on our editorial judgment.

The first embellishment of our next Number will be a portrait of the celebrated *Tott Inchley*.

To the account of the performances of *Master Henry*, in last Number, it should have been added, that he was beaten in running for the Members' Purse of 50gs. four heats, at Lichfield, in 1821.





# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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MAY, 1823.

No. LXVIII.

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## Embellished with,

I. *A Portrait of BANKER, the property of Mr. Mytton.*

II. *A Portrait of PET, the property of Henry Oakley, Esq. of Calcutta.*

## BANKER.

ON presenting to our readers the portrait of a celebrated racer, which Banker confessedly is, our usual custom has been to accompany it with an account of his pedigree and performances; but in the present instance it becomes unnecessary, having already, at page 198 of Vol. X. fully described the same, when speaking of his Royal Highness the Duke of York and his stud. Banker is of a bay colour, was foaled in 1816, and is by Smolensko, out of Quail, by Gohanna; her dam, Certhia, Sister to Tree-creeper, by Woodpecker. Banker, which was sold by the Duke to Mr. Charlton, is now the property of Mr. Mytton.

## LATE NEWMARKET RACES.

### FIRST SPRING MEETING.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,  
NEWMARKET was all bustle, neatness, and gaiety, on Monday morning, with a list of ten races, and a town full of people. Nearly all the regular sporting characters were present: Cambridge, both town and University, sent its share, which, with the surrounding country, amounted to thousands more than generally attend, unless on occasions of great notoriety. The day's diversion also placed the young adventurer on equal terms with the most experienced leg, as not more than two horses ran at the same time, reducing the gambling

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to something very like tossing up; at which all present may *seem* knowing. It is in large fields where operates that *supernatural* knowledge—that friendly whispering, winking in secret, with a desire to pick out a winner in the way of gaining a prize in the lottery, and the bribe of long odds—that youngsters are so often placed in such sighing, sorrowful situations. This day had nothing of the kind, which the first race tended to prove. Lord Grosvenor was left in a Stakes with Braxton and Midsummer, the latter of which was sold to the Duke of Grafton, *who won*; and no one will think for a moment that Lord Grosvenor sold a good one to run against himself, and kept a bad one intentionally. The second race was still more convincing, "if proof were necessary." Whoever got to match with Major Wilson, seemed to consider it as a sort of annuity; but from the way he beat the Duke of Rutland, and others, who thought they already felt his money in their pockets, they will in turn *become*, as racing, in particular, they will find, has few certainties.

Hampden beat Aaron without much trouble. The former is a speedy, overfacing, long-striding horse: Aaron is delicate, rather defective in muscle, and, though a very pretty racer, not calculated for those hardships which, it is said, have lately fallen to his lot.

Robin Hood beat the beautiful little *Mirandola*, the very Fairy Queen amongst horses, having the advantage of size, strength, and hardihood, by nature, and a little favoured by man as to weight; but the bold outlaw was here put to his shifts, and, in glaring difficulties, won by half a length only.

The match between *Augusta*, the winner of the Oaks the year

before last, and *Posthuma*, certainly the best last year, was on very fair and equitable terms, both as to weight and distance, and a very interesting race was the consequence; but the genuine, unconquerable spirit in *Augusta* could not be humbled, and she won in superior style.

Lord Jersey's colt, out of *Web*, the greatest deceiver ever formed—possessing every thing that a breeder of horses could wish, such as colour, shape, size, action, and every visible excellence to such a degree, that it seems impossible but *he must win*—ran a dead heat with a very bad one of the Duke of Portland's: yet, bad as he is, he won in running it over again, at once consigning the *Web* colt to Rotten-row, or perhaps to a mail coach, or to a master who prefers beauty, to usefulness as a racer (if such there be): to the latter *Web* is a horse to his heart's delight.

Lord Exeter's *Apparition*—no nocturnal ghost—made its first and last appearance as a winner, against the Duke of Grafton's *Veil*, which *Veil*, like many others, concealed neither beauty nor goodness.

Lord Exeter's *Fanatic*, out of *Folly*, walked over for a Stake of 100*gs.* each, six subscribers, *Emilius* being one. This was a very handsome gift of Mr. Udny's; but *Emilius* is *not out of Folly*.

TUESDAY.—A beautiful morning, and a list of great events, drew together an immense show of people: "See the course thronged with gazers!" was a true picture here. The Duke of Grafton won the Didlington Stakes with *Cinder*, but with very little *fire*. The Bizarre colt a *good second*; but what spoils the compliment, the winner is not a *good one*, and only *two started*.

A Whalebone filly beat *Veil*, the

second race. Nobody seemed charmed when the *Veil* was removed, except Mr. Wyndham, who pocketed five hundred guineas, almost without trouble.

Old Lass started for a new master against four young ones, for the King's Plate, looking like a skeleton with a skin thrown loosely over it; yet such is her genuine goodness, that, with 9st. 10lb. upon her back, she led them such a dance round the new course, that only one out of the four had any thing the least like a gallop left, and that was Whizgig.

The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, always a race of the greatest anxiety, was particularly so this year, setting many a well-formed opinion at naught; bringing many a hidden thing to light; and from many a mouth the remark, "Who would have thought it?" Wheatley rode *Nicolo*, the winner, in his very best style, and with judgment inferior to none. If Lord Lowther, as it is said, has a better horse in the Brother to Pacha, and a jockey equal to Wheatley, *Emilia* will be put to his very best to win the Derby.

WEDNESDAY had few attractions, which was perceptible on the Heath, both in betting and betters. The first race was a made-up thing of ten sovereigns each, the winner to be sold for 150gs. which Mr. Crockford had the good fortune to win, but not to find a claimant for the winner.

Hampden, Morisco, and Bay Barton, ran together, and Hampden won cleverly. The last time Morisco ran, some of the Grumble family, many of whom attend these meetings, found fault with *Cliff's* riding; but it luckily turned out, by the running in this race, that nothing but real good horsemanship could have got him so forward on that occasion.

Little can be said about the match between *Tressilian* and *Comical*. "*Tressilian*, you are a pretty fellow, but ran *bad*! *Comical*, you are a beautiful creature, but can't run *at all*."

Mr. Wyndham, who has a happy knack at these things, won the Fifty Pounds Plate over the Beacon Course, with *Wanton*, beating Mr. Rush's *Rubens* colt. Very severe running was made, and a *wanton* use of that spirit which, in general, is too free of itself, without that *violent urging* which never fails to give an unpleasant appearance to this otherwise pleasing pastime.

Mr. Fielde's expectations of an easy prize in Major Wilson, met with disappointment: perhaps if Mr. Fielde were to change the name of his horse again, from *Chew Bacon* to *No Bacon*, he might be more lucky.

Buckle rode *Marcellus* against *Electress* and *Holbein*. *Electress*, thinking herself secure, suffered the old jockey to gammon her; and, in a moment of supposed security, was craftily taken by surprise: *Holbein* soon lost his *outline*—his *design* became incomprehensible—and his *brush* of no other use than to shake.

Macduff beat *Moses* easy; but ten pounds is a great weight for one three-year-old to give another. Besides, *Moses* was not fit to run; his feet have never thoroughly recovered from the sandracks he had last year; and, considering that they are not grown out, he cannot have deceived those who knew it.

Zinc won the One Thousand Guineas Stakes for the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Wyndham second: these are candidates for the Oaks at Epsom; and one of these stables, it is thought, must win.

*Macduff*, in beating *The Stag* and *Ajax*, gained great applause;

Ajax's performance was very fine, and, had they met on equal terms, the piece would have concluded differently.

Centaur, that terror to the turf, frightened poor Luss out of the King's Plate; as did Major Wilson Mr. Fielde and Brenda out of fifty sovereigns.

On Friday, the *Exhibition opened* with the Marquis of Exeter's *Portrait*, a poor puny, dull, spiritless performance; *has lost all its colour* (if it ever had any); and made such a wretched appearance by the side of Mr. Windham's Vidette, that, for the honour of the *fine arts*, it ought to be turned out.

There was nothing else worth notice, except the Newmarket Stakes, which made a fine splendid show. Wheatley rode Nicolo as before. It appeared to be a true-run race. Logic, the favourite, and Zinc, both ran for it: nothing else had any chance. Logic did all in his power to maintain the contest, but in vain. Zinc then was *tried fairly*, and failed also.

#### SECOND SPRING MEETING.

THERE WAS a much better attendance, and better sport, than many expected: three weeks is a long time to be engaged in any thing, particularly in these restless times.

It was remarked by an old judge, that one of the young ones must win the first race, which proved true. Tressilian and Black-and-all-Black had on a little more than running weight for horses in their form.

Lord Lowther won a very good Stake (on Eden), for colts and fillies not named, in the Derby or Oaks, on which the owners may congratulate themselves, if one might judge by the pace, which appeared but moderate indeed.

Friar Bacon beat Adolphus, who

seems gone to nothing. There was a day when he beat Augusta, but she could now give him a stone.

Augusta beat Macduff in brilliant style. Macduff had many of the knowing on his side: still Augusta could have given him sixteen instead of six pounds.

TUESDAY had four races. The first three, on the Two-year-old Course, were pretty smart, speedy things; but out of the sixteen forming the three Stakes, there is not to say a race horse amongst them, nor one worth two hundred pounds.

Ten started for the fifty-pound plate: they were of a better class, but not good, and a grandson of the noted Violante won it. The Catton colt that won the Craven Stakes proved a good second, and Logic, *in the midst of the fight*, a good third. This was a gay sight, smart running, and a pretty course.

There were only two races on the WEDNESDAY, Pincushion winning one, and Vidette the other. To be sure, a dozen of these things make as great a show as twelve good ones, and give as fair an opportunity to the speculator of winning his money; and to the casual looker on even a better opportunity to make his observations, being so much longer in passing him; and, to all but real judges, as much sport.

THURSDAY, the last day of the last three meetings, finished rather unpleasantly. There were five races: the first, over the course, very severe, and done in little time. Centaur, the winner, seemed to have had enough of it; and there are some who fancy, *that if* Mr. Rush had had the whip-hand, he might have won, that is, *if* Mr. Wyndham would let him. In running the second race, Macduff broke the pastern of his fore leg,



when about the middle of the Flat. His extreme suffering, and Mr. Fox's great losses in this way, caused a sort of gloom; under which the other three races were run with but very little interest: and thus ended three weeks' very fine sport, but for the above accident.

OBSERVATOR.

#### VETERINARY COLLEGE—WANT OF A DEMONSTRATOR.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

**P**ERCEIVING that your columns are always open to subjects connected with the horse, I send the following statement, trusting that you will deem it worthy a place in your next Magazine.

You must know then, Sir, I am a pupil at the Veterinary College, having, with the advice and concurrence of my friends, selected the study of that art as being the most suitable to my condition and future prospects. Some months back I proceeded to that school of public instruction, and have applied myself with all possible diligence, and availed myself of all the facilities which the Institution presents; but seeing that anatomy is the grand basis of all medical and chirurgical knowledge, I am quite at a loss, and bewildered for the want of the assistance of a demonstrator. This has also been the feeling of every pupil preceding me; and I have heard it remarked that the Veterinary College is the only anatomical school in Europe which is without a demonstrator. Why this should be, I am at a loss to know; for I am given to understand that, on a representation being made, Government has never refused any necessary aid, when the funds of the Institution have been found to be inadequate.

In a book recently published, of great merit in the veterinary art, by Veterinary Surgeon Percival, of the Royal Artillery, there is an advertisement at the end, announcing that a publication is in preparation for the press, where this deficiency, among many other instances of mismanagement, will be developed, which I hope may lead to an investigation, and ultimately to some better regulations.

A circumstance which occurred a few days back, induces me to believe something is in agitation, either to establish the present, or to improve the future government of the College. The Professor having intimated, in one of his lectures, that some alteration in the regulation of the examining committee had been desired, the Assistant to the Professor assembled the pupils, to take their sentiments on a proposed alteration in the committee of examination. The assistant stated, that it had been proposed to add some practical veterinarians to the present number of examiners; and a question was put, whether they were satisfied with the present examiners, or if they would prefer an addition from their own profession? when a shew of hands decided in favour of the former. On maturely considering the nature of this, what I think, now extraordinary proceeding, I freely confess that I feel myself taken by surprise, and for one should wish to retract my assent to the proposition; but as I have yet to undergo my examination, were I to declare that opinion, it might affect me in what I am desirous to obtain. I perceive, Sir, that if it were possible the decision of the pupils on that occasion could have any weight, they would, by such vote, for ever exclude themselves from taking any share or distinction in

being elected to the committee of examination; and although I am now a pupil, and the period remote when I could have any pretensions to such a distinction, still I regret having held up my hand, to render me incompetent.

Moreover, I perceive it would be inconsistent and unjust, to exclude veterinary surgeons from their own committee of examination; for who can be so fit to examine pupils as veterinary surgeons, especially on all practical questions? I understand it is proposed to retain all the present examiners. To this I can see no fair objection: but I have heard that the Professor does not approve of the proposed alteration, stating that he does not consider there are any veterinarians competent to be elected. If this be true, it does not say much for the Professor's talent as a teacher, after being in that situation near thirty years. This at once evinces the necessity of some alteration. On the other hand, if the objection originates from interested motives, it is high time it was altered.

In the *Morning Post* of May the 14th, I perceive the pupils of St. Bartholomew's Hospital voted a piece of plate, of 150*l.* value, to Mr. Stanley, their demonstrator; in testimony of the eminent services rendered to them in his capacity. I notice this to shew in what way the services of a demonstrator are estimated; and to add, that I should have been happy for one to have had an opportunity of contributing my share for a similar purpose at this Institution; but when any question is raised on this subject at the College, we are told, if parts are brought ready dissected, a demonstration will be given. It is, however, obvious, that when a pupil

can do that, he no longer wants the aid of a demonstrator.

A VETERINARY PUPIL.

London, May 20, 1822.

#### VETERINARY SURGEONS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

IN perusing your last Number, I observed an address to veterinary surgeons, containing several queries; and the principal one appears to be, whether it is consistent for a member of the profession to carry on the business of a licensed dealer in horses?

Dealing in horses is, and always has been, the employ of one whose ideas are not necessarily enlightened by scientific information, and are men generally looked upon with more suspicion by the public than any other class of dealers, although I am quite at a loss to give any substantial reasons why this should be the case, unless it be owing to the unlimited, and too often irresistible, opportunities afforded them of taking in the unwary ones.

Now a veterinary surgeon, to pursue his profession with credit to himself, and satisfaction to the public, ought certainly to have received a liberal, if not a very classical education; or how is a man who reads by first spelling, and can manage to sign his name with difficulty, to learn the science of anatomy, chemistry, pathology, and the practice of medicine? How dangerous and vague must be the notions of one who takes but one stride from the counter to the Veterinary College, and for his twenty guineas begins his professional career! If it were not for the consolation of finding others, equally in the dark with himself, embarked in the same pursuit, he would at

once be disheartened with such "crackjaw" as a "lecture" must appear to him, and in preference would willingly resume his old occupation of measuring out a yard of stay-tape again.

Many will perhaps say there can be no reason why a man should not make the most of his own knowledge, and a veterinary surgeon ought certainly to have the ascendancy of others in the purchase of sound horses; yet I think most will agree with me, that for a veterinary surgeon to carry on the business of a dealer in horses, is not only incompatible with his duties, but derogatory to his character, as a professional man.

We must not be surprised at finding rat-catchers, butchers, and razor-strop makers, in attempting to assume a new line of life, make a trial, as a last resource, at the Veterinary College, where all difficulties are removed in the Introductory Lectures, and so acceptably to the audience, by assuming, that "for practical veterinarians, we must look to the sons of grooms and farriers."

There is, perhaps, no Institution in Europe which ought to possess the advantages of our own Veterinary College: but until the Governors of the Institution take into consideration some measures for ameliorating its present constitution, we must not expect either the respectability or progress of the veterinary profession to be materially enhanced.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A YOUNG MEDICINER.

London, May 12, 1833.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR CHARLES BAMFYLDE, BART.

THE lamentable manner in which this gentleman met with his

death, is one of the few instances which occur in this country, of one man assassinating another, *merely as an act of revenge*. We have here, however, a terrible example of the depravity of our nature; for the fatal act was not committed in the moment of insult or anger, but in the cold-blooded meditation of a Bellingham, or a Thistlewood. The "*odda in longum javens*," seems to have taken more than common root in the breast of the assassin, who, sick of himself, reeked his hands in his own blood, as soon as he had dispatched his victim.

Sir Charles Bamfylde was one of our most ancient Baronets, and, for many years of his life, a leading character in the gay world. Having at one time given way to the excesses of the age, he became embarrassed in his circumstances, and retired for a few years into Wales, where, by prudence and economy, he retrieved his estate, and once more returned to the pleasures of fashionable life. Lady Bamfylde was a woman of rare beauty, but from some unhappy domestic circumstances had been long separated from her husband.

Sir Charles was no sportsman, never, to our knowledge, having been master of either a hound, or a race horse; but he was considered a fair coachman of the old school, and was always partial to roan horses. The family seat is at Poltimbre, six miles from Exeter, on the road to Honiton, where his younger brother, the Rev. Richard Bamfylde, resided for several years, and had a very crack pack of harriers.

Sir Charles was a man of very good sense, and a polished gentleman. He was a great admirer of the fair sex, to which, it is feared, may in some degree be at-

tributed the fatal catastrophe, that befel him, as jealousy seems to have prompted the villain to the murderous act. It was observed by the medical gentlemen who attended him, that the unfortunate Baronet displayed a fortitude, and resignation to his fate, far beyond what might have been looked for from a man who had passed his life in the purlieus of the fashionable world, and who had sailed down the stream of time in the unruffled tide of luxury and pleasure.

The manners of Sir Charles Bamfylde were extremely popular, and he was supposed to have been the best electioneerer of his day. As far, however, as regarded himself, he was not very successful, having been defeated in a contest for the county of Devon, though he represented the city of Exeter in two Parliaments. He is succeeded by his son, the present Sir George Bamfylde.

#### ROUGH WAY OF KEEPING HUNTERS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

I Am much obliged to your correspondent ESAU for his communication respecting the old Nobleman, who, keeping a large establishment of hunters, finds those that run in a pasture with a shed, do their work equally as well as those that are subjected to the discipline of the stable; and I hope it will induce other sportsmen who have witnessed the effects of this system, to give their opinion upon it to the public through the medium of your Magazine. The advantages and disadvantages attendant upon the cool mode of keeping horses, appear to me to be as follows:—

#### ADVANTAGES.

That horses kept so last much

longer, being frequently capable of doing their work until they are sixteen or twenty years of age; that they come round much sooner after a chase, and are consequently able to hunt more frequently; that they are not so liable to be distressed for want of wind; and that they are not so subject to diseases.

#### DISADVANTAGES.

That they eat more food, and wear out more shoes, although these circumstances can scarcely be classed under this head, since one horse will do the work of two; that they dirt the saddles and saddle-cloths and clothes of the rider; that they are liable to catch cold if at any time put into a warm stable.

With respect to the queries of ESAU as to how I treat my horses after a chase, and how I keep them in wind, I beg to inform him first, that when my horses return from hunting, their saddles and bridles are immediately taken off, and they are turned into the pasture: when they have rolled themselves and drank, each horse comes to his shed, a gate is closed upon him, and he is fed. The next day the gates are fastened back, and each horse is at liberty to go in and out as he pleases, taking care, however, that each horse is fastened into a separate shed when he is fed, in order to prevent the accidents that might happen from two or more horses getting into the same stall. Secondly, with regard to wind, as my horses usually hunt three times a week, it will be admitted they require nothing more. I must observe, however, that horses that have a daily run in an open pasture, are not so liable to be out of wind as those that are kept in a confined stable.—I am, Sir, yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

## BRITISH SPORTS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IN your two last Numbers, I observe two communications, from different correspondents, concerning British sports. Your first, AN AMATEUR OF THE COCKPIT, writes solely upon the defence of cock-fighting. Though no *great* admirer of the cockpit, I am far from being disposed to say any thing in dispraise of it. On the contrary, now that the mania for crying down all ancient British sports is at its zenith—now that hypocrisy, concealed under the cloak of humanity, is, by the help of the press, battering with all its violence at the pursuits of our fore-fathers—I hail with pleasure, in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, a word or two in support of the customs and recreations of olden times. The defence of cock-fighting I shall leave to the able pen of the AMATEUR OF THE COCKPIT; but I cannot refrain from mentioning one mode of cock-fighting of which I do not approve, and, if I mistake not, your correspondent is of the same opinion—I mean what is termed a Welsh main. I think there is something ungenerous in again and again bringing the already maimed victor to the contest. Although I believe this sport is now, and indeed ever was, uncommon, yet one instance of this sort suits the purposes of a canting moralist, as well as one hundred, to paint cock-fighting in general in its blackest colours.

VOX HUMANITATIS, in answer to this, begins by stigmatizing the old school as savage, unfeeling, &c. After saying this, his disavowal of being a straight-laced Methodist would certainly have

been necessary, had he not, in a future part of his communication, stated his approbation of shooting, cocking, pugilism, &c. There is either some little inconsistency in this, or I confess my total ignorance of the practices of the old and new schools. "The delightful tortures of a cat in a bottle," was a sport I never before heard of, although I doubt not but that your correspondent knows such a thing was once done by some votaries of the old school; yet, I believe that, as well as the new one, inculcates the principle—that a general conclusion should not be drawn from an individual instance. Trusting alone to the humanity of my countrymen, I will, without hesitation, affirm, that your correspondent's representation of a bull-bait is erroneous: let me not be understood to mean wilfully so. My opinion of the case is this—that VOX HUMANITATIS received his information from some of the puritanical tribe, who, as an old friend of mine used to say, "though they won't swear, they will lie and cheat, as well as other people." Approving of the generality of British sports, it is against bull-baiting, and other amusements of the *lower* classes in life, that he has thrown out all his aspersions. Amongst Englishmen, from the earliest records of the history of their country, it has always been customary, at certain periods of the year, for the lower orders of the community to lay aside their implements of labour, and for a short time enjoy those festivities which their inclinations may lead them to prefer. The meetings of friends, the social glass, and the merry dance, are as congenial to the peasant as to the lord. I have often gone to wakes, fairs, and such public assemblies,

purposely to ascertain how far the assertions of certain modern writers accord with truth. Instead of the so much talked of depravement and barbarity, I have invariably observed a spirit of liberality, honesty, and humanity, flowing through the whole scene; and although eloquence of diction and portliness of mien may be wanting to gain prepossession, yet, like the brilliant in its pristine state, intrinsic good qualities may, with a little attention, be observed to shine through the rough covering of nature. I saw no excruciating caustics applied to the wounds of a *tame* and *harmless* animal. I did not see him cut or maimed by infuriated brutes in human shape; and even the "militia of hell" was to me invisible. All that I saw, was a savage and powerful beast (confident in his own strength), opposed by dogs (one at a time though) equally savage with himself. The combat was fair, and wanton cruelty was studiously avoided.

Of late years, it has become the fashion, in many parts of the kingdom, for gentlemen to interfere with, and, by magisterial authority, endeavour to put a stop to, these ancient usages; but, Sir, as Dr. Blackstone says, "So strong is custom with the multitude," that hitherto they have failed in effecting their purpose. There are few worse vices than selfishness, and few which these gentlemen feign to hold in more abhorrence; but allow me to ask any one of them a plain and simple question:—Can you, after having spent most part of the year in hunting, shooting, racing, fishing, &c. (but don't let me be understood to deprecate *any* of these sports: far from it—I hold them in the greatest reverence), can you, with *justice*, prevent the

poor labourers and mechanics a day or two's respite from toil, because amongst their rural amusements they introduce a bull-bait? Cruelty is your only excuse; and what field diversions are not in some degree cruel? What is there more revolting to humanity in tying a savage animal to a stake, and letting a dog run at him, than in shooting a partridge, or pulling a fish from the water? The former is not always killed in an instant; the latter often falls back into his own element, leaving a piece of his jaw on the barbed hook.

Let those who censure British sports as conducive to barbarity, for a moment draw a comparison between the barbarous atrocities committed by Englishmen, and those committed by the people of other nations, who do not take pleasure in the same rough and boisterous pastimes. As the most appropriate instance I can find, I will cite the Turk; for his chief delight is lying for hours together in an half-dormant state, occasioned by taking an immoderate quantity of opium. He ties no animal to a stake to be worried by dogs—he does not place two birds together to destroy each other—but, rising up from his lethargy, he will give a large sum of money for the gratification of destroying a fellow-creature by the most excruciating torments.

The good intentions of Mr. Martin I do not doubt—the good effects of his Bill I yet hope to see; and, indeed, I acknowledge I have already seen, in several instances—such as the wanton abuse of horses, &c. by unfeeling rascals meeting with its just punishment; but, at the same time, I must confess that I am not without my apprehensions that it (together with

other restricting legislative enactments), may become the instrument wherewith to attack and annihilate the ancient sports, customs, and privileges of Englishmen; that it may serve as a pretext for a haughty magistrate to mar the pleasures, and curtail the rights, of his poorer neighbours. By adding restriction upon restriction on all the pursuits of the people, they would in time become no better than slaves; that natural spirit of independence and activity, for which the English peasantry have ever been conspicuous, would degenerate into pusillanimity and indolence; and, should the time ever arrive when they may be called upon to defend the independence of their country, I fear, like the fable of the ass and his master, they would inquire what heavier burdens or restrictions the enemy could impose upon them—a question which it would be difficult satisfactorily to answer. From the adherence to the manners and customs of his fore-fathers, the love of independence, of his country, of justice, and even of *humanity*, has ever been the national characteristic of an Englishman; and so long as we continue to preserve inviolate those ancient institutions and privileges, and not permit them to be broken in upon by sullen and bigoted hypocrisy, he will maintain the same enviable character.

FERGUS.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

#### DESCRIPTION OF PRIZE FIGHTS.

FEW things, in an humble sphere, have attracted more notice than the peculiar style in which our present historians of the *ring* relate the different battles, as they

occur. How much inferior to them is the following account of a fight between one Stevenson, a coachman, and the celebrated Broughton, in the year 1741, as given in Capt. Godfrey's "Treatise on the Art of Boxing!"—"This battle, for a considerable sum, was fought April 24, 1741. It continued forty minutes, with various success. After about thirty-five minutes, being both against the rails towards the pit, and scrambling for a fall, Broughton gave such a lock upon Stevenson, as no mathematician could have devised a better. There he held him by this artificial lock, depriving him of all power of rising or falling, till, resting his head for three or four minutes on his back, he found himself recovering; then loosed the hold, and on setting-to again, he hit Stevenson as hard a blow as any he had given him during the battle, that he could no longer stand, and was forced to yield."—If Broughton fought no better than his biographer wrote, little Belasco, the Jew, would have soon robbed him of his ill-gotten laurels.

AN AMATEUR.

Bristol, May 6, 1823.

#### EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE OF A TIGER.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

THE following well-authenticated anecdote will shew with what daring intrepidity these terrific animals will pursue their prey, when instigated by the pressing calls of hunger.

To such of your readers as may not have visited, or read much of the manners and customs of, eastern countries, it may not be known in what way the ordinary stable management of horses is conducted

in those parts. In India, amongst other peculiarities, each horse has two grooms—one called the *grass-cutter*, who, like the jackal to the lion, is his provider of food; and the other his *scyce*, or groom. Another singularity attends the system, and that is, the stables in the country are open at all hours of day and night, there being no doors to them, on account of the heat of the climate.

It so happened, that, about three years ago, the *scyce* and *grass-cutter* belonging to Captain Young, who commanded the Goorkah battalion in the Dhoon valley, in the upper provinces, were about to sleep in the stable with their horse; and being apprehensive of tigers, with which those parts are infested, had taken the precaution of making a large fire at the entrance of the stable, to protect them. In spite of the fire, however, a tiger entered in the night, and, seizing the *grass-cutter*, carried him out of the stable to devour him, in the presence of his terrified and astonished companion. The *scyce* escaped by climbing up the beam of the stable, from whence he got upon the roof, and, by his cries, alarmed some soldiers who were near, on the approach of whom the monster fled. To avenge the poor fellow's death, and to destroy the author of it, the following stratagem was adopted:—

The mangled body of the *grass-cutter* was left on the spot, with the hopes of the tiger returning to finish his meal, which he did, as soon as he thought his motions were concealed by the shades of night. Being closely watched by the soldiers, a volley was fired at him, but without effect, from the want of light, and he again escaped. The third night, a more successful

scheme was hit upon. The remains of the poor man were placed under a huge stone, which was suspended in such a manner, that (like a bird or mouse-trap in a garden), as soon as the tiger touched the bait, the stone fell upon him, and he was killed. On examining him, he was found to have been, by nature, of unusually large dimensions, but in an extremely emaciated state, having, no doubt, suffered much from hunger; for, on a further inspection of him, it appeared that both his paws were in a sad state of ulceration, owing to his having struck at a porcupine, some quills of which were still rankling in the wounds, and had prevented his seizing his prey.

VIATOR.

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#### REMARKS ON THE LETTERS OF NIMROD, AND ON THE ART OF RIDING.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

ALL your sporting readers must be highly pleased with the clever and original papers which have appeared in the *Sporting Magazine*, under the signature of NIMROD. They evince that experience and observation of the subject they treat which must give them much authority, and are written in a style at once forcible and elegant. His observations on the condition of hunters I highly approve of, in almost every particular; and I consider his observations on riding to hounds equally correct, although I can by no means agree with him in what he observes of riding in general, and the mode of acquiring a knowledge of it.

Is it not strange that almost every one, and your correspondent NIMROD amongst the rest, should



hold that art, to excel in which all own the difficulty, alone unworthy or incapable of being advanced by any instruction derived from the knowledge and experience of those who possess either; and that, to "witch the world with noble horsemanship," the merest tyro has only to mount, put spurs to his horse, and leave all fear behind him? True, NIMROD deprecates the loose rein, in which I readily agree with him; while he allows that there is considerable art in giving and feeling the horse's mouth; that a good deal of skill may be shewn, and much assistance afforded by the rider, in the field, from a fine hand. Yet he seems still to think, that even this part of horsemanship, which he considers the only part of any difficulty, is wholly to be acquired by personal experience, and not from any instruction. Surely the world have grown old, with wonderful little observation in this art, which is as old as time, which all have practised who could afford it, and many, if not for pleasure, for profit, and yet no rules have all this experience been able to leave us. In the nineteenth century, the youth mounts with no more advantage in the management either of himself or his horse, except that derived from his saddle and bridle, than did he who, in the first of time, adventured on the back of this noble animal.

It has been very common, and especially in the sporting world, as far back as I can recollect, to regard all those establishments which attempt to give any instruction in riding with contempt; and I confess that most of them which I have seen well deserved it—not only because the instructions were mostly confined to manage riding,

but from the gross ignorance and conceit of the masters of all kind of riding, but more particularly of the manage on which they most plumed themselves. This ignorance and conceit have been the chief means, I believe, of bringing all kinds of *schooling* in this art into disrepute. Another cause may perhaps be found in the awkward stiffness and formality on the road, or in the field, of those who, possessing some knowledge of the manage, have devoted themselves to it almost exclusively, and who have carried along with them on all occasions the "pomp and circumstance" of the riding house. Still I consider the manage the only and the true foundation of all good riding, though no one is readier to laugh at the formality of it when not mounted on a *dressed horse*, or exhibited in an improper place. It is not the scrupulous attention to posture, but the scientific knowledge, the rudiments of this art, I would have in every-day practice, and ready on emergencies. How many of our "*first flight*" men, if their hack stands or turns round at a coach or waggon on the road, have no idea either how to treat him, or how to conduct themselves, further than spurring with all their force, tugging and pulling at his mouth, and, should they chance to have an oak plant in their hand, the unfortunate animal generally feels the weight of it on his head! The consequence of this injudicious abuse is to render that which was only fear or playfulness, incurable vice; and the next opportunity that occurs, if the horse does not succeed, by rearing, kicking, and plunging, in "*flooring*" his rider, in desperation he most likely runs off, to escape the repetition of the cruel abuse he formerly expe-

rienced, and both are found in a ditch, or picked up senseless at the first turnpike gate. To prevent such disasters as this, an acquaintance with the manage is of the highest utility. By it you learn how and when to correct your horse, and when to caress him. Having your remedy ready for all emergencies, being perfectly cool, collected, and in full possession and confidence of yourself, you are enabled to exert your knowledge with the greatest effect. Superficial as is the knowledge of most *crack* riders, I consider the education of the horse in general equally neglected, although it is of the greatest consequence to his after usefulness in whatever way he may be called upon to exert himself, and contributes amazingly to the ease and safety of himself and rider.

One reason, I believe, why this education is so much neglected, originates in the difficulty of finding one who is able to conduct it, and the parsimony or impatience of the owner often not allowing him to complete it. There are numbers who set up as breakers, and still more who consider themselves qualified to make a hunter, and, so far as the common idea of a *made* hunter goes, I believe many of them are quite fit for the task. But my idea of a *made* hunter extends to somewhat more than a horse being able to gallop, take his fences at his stroke, or standing. Besides these qualifications, I should require a *made* hunter to have his body as well supplied and as pliable in every joint as nature will admit of, especially in his shoulders and houghs; so that from his most extended pace he may be pulled together by the slightest feeling of the hand and

leg, without any risk or distress to himself, and without loss of time or exertion to his rider. I would have him also ready and steady in changing his leading leg in the gallop. Of course I include a fine and delicate mouth, else he is not capable of the ready union and extension I require. From the neglect of this kind of breaking, arises that want of quickness in many otherwise good hunters, of which NIMRON so justly complains, and which has been the consequence of many a severe "*roll*." In general, it is not with nature that the fault lies. If NIMRON would, during the summer months, endeavour to give his horses this suppleness and pliability, he would, I am convinced, find an astonishing difference in their improved quickness in the field, and that strains in the houghs, spavin, and curbs, would be much less frequent: the exercise would be no more than useful for them, and perhaps for himself.

At a future period, if you wish it, I may send you my idea and plan of handling the colt, and giving him that education which will enable him to use with advantage all those powers and qualities with which nature may have gifted him, whether these may be called forth in the field or on the road. Further, I propose some remarks on bits and bridles: afterwards I may give some hints on the subject of riding.—Yours,

POLLUX.

May 10, 1823.

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#### ON THE GAME LAWS.

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To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

IT being well known that an attempt in a short time will be made to amend the game laws, I

would thank you to insert the following suggestion, which probably will meet the approbation of qualified sportsmen in general:—"That no person be allowed to purchase a game certificate or licence, until he has first clearly proved his qualification." In default of which proof, according to former Acts of Parliament, the said unqualified sportsman would incur the penalty of 25l. for every head of game killed by him.

Although this statement does not strike at the fundamental annihilation of poaching, and its truly demoralizing effects, yet it is obvious to freeholders and proprietors of large landed estates, it must greatly diminish a numerous class of gentlemen pot-hunters and day-poachers, and that the revenue alone would suffer; which also might be remedied by an increased tax on game certificates.

#### AN ORNITHOLOGIST.

\* \* We always feel obliged and honoured by any communication from the above correspondent; but we cannot help thinking, that in these enlightened days, and in this land of liberty, his present suggestion would bear too hard upon a certain class of sportsmen. Independent of the loss Government would experience by his restriction, we cannot bring ourselves to confound the midnight poacher with the respectable English yeoman or tradesman, who may be able to afford himself a few days' diversion with his gun, although he may not be qualified, provided he sports in a fair and honourable manner. We hope to live to see the day when all such Acts of Parliament as the one to which our correspondent alludes, will vanish before a milder sway of the British laws.—*Editor.*

#### COURSING MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**FINDING** that you have not given an account of the Spring Meetings of the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire, and of the Mid Lothian Coursing Clubs, I now take the liberty of sending you a statement of the runnings. It is perhaps worthy of notice, that *forty-nine* dogs ran for the Cup, and thirty-five for the Sweepstakes of the L. and R. C. C. and that *two* of Mr. Graham's dogs walked the last course for each prize—a circumstance unprecedented in any previous meeting of that Club, and, so far as I am conversant in the traditions and records of coursing, of by no means common occurrence in the Meetings of any other, at all events where the *competition* has been so *great*. A decision was given on the last course for the Cup—Oscar won it easy. It may be right to inform you, that Mr. G. H. Dundas's Blue Bell, which won the Cup of the Mid Lothian Coursing Club, was given to Mr. G. H. D. by Mr. Graham, and that she is the same bitch which ran for Mr. G. and was beat by his dog Oscar, in the sixth class, for the Cup of the L. and R. C. C.—Your obedient servant, GLOTIANUS.

April 23, 1823.

#### LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE COURSING CLUB.

THE Cup for dogs of all ages was run for on Sir John Maxwell's estate of Pollok, on the 28th February, and 1st March, 1823.

*First Class.*—Mr. G. H. Dundas's w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Geddes's blk. and w. d. Spanker; Mr. Wo-

therspoon's blk. d. Serpent, beat Mr. Speirs's blk. d. Harlequin; Mr. Monteith's brin. b. Thorn, beat Mr. Speirs's blk. d. Jupiter; Mr. H. Thomson's blk. and w. b. Mary, beat Mr. J. Pollock's blk. b. Fly; Mr. Graham's bl. b. Blue Bell, beat Mr. G. H. Dundas's bl. b. Milliner; Mr. Cross's blk. b. Countess, beat Mr. Monteith's blk. d. Hawk; Mr. M'Aslan's blk. d. Tickler, beat Mr. Speirs's w. d. Lucifer; Mr. N. Cairnie's blk. and w. b. Lightning, beat Mr. M'Aslan's blk. b. Fanny; Mr. Stewart's blk. b. Swallow, beat Mr. Monteith's blk. b. Witch, named by Mr. Oswald; Mr. J. Pollock's brin. d. Dando, beat Mr. Geddes's bl. d. Rapid; Mr. Aitchison's brin. d. Star, beat Major Mackey's y. b. Rose; Mr. A. Pollock's brin. b. Lassie, beat Mr. G. H. Dundas's y. b. Beauty; Mr. Graham's brin. d. Capilly, beat Mr. H. Thomson's blk. d. Langton; Mr. G. H. Dundas's bl. d. Nimrod, beat Mr. Howard's brin. d. Wellington; Mr. Wotherspoon's blk. d. Speed, beat Mr. Aitchison's blk. and w. d. Oscar; Mr. Aitchison's blk. d. Swallow, beat Mr. G. H. Dundas's yel. b. Nettle; Mr. Graham's r. d. Oscar, beat Mr. A. Pollock's bl. d. Tickler; Mr. Miller's y. d. Wellington, beat Mr. Cross's blk. d. Tickler; Mr. Stewart's dun d. Walnut, beat Mr. H. Thomson's blk. b. Bess; Mr. N. Cairnie's brin. b. Fly, beat Mr. Cross's w. b. Switcher; Mr. Monteith's blk. d. Swift, beat Mr. A. Pollock's blk. d. Dando (Dando broke his leg); Mr. G. H. Dundas's bl. and w. d. Dandy, beat Mr. Graham's bl. b. Fly; Mr. Aitchison's dun b. Nettle, beat Mr. Miller's brin. d. Hussar; Mr. G. H. Dundas's bl. and w. d. Norman, beat Mr. H. Thomson's blk. and w. d. Snowball; Mr. Stewart's blk. d. Snap, a bye.

*Second Class.*—Snap beat Serpent; Norman beat Mr. Stewart's Swallow; Dando beat Nettle; Tickler beat Thorn; Mr. G. H. Dundas's Fly beat Mr. Aitchison's Swallow; Speed beat Walnut; Swift beat Star; Mr. N. Cairnie's Fly beat Dando; Blue Bell beat Lightning; Mary beat Wellington; Nimrod beat Lassie; Countess beat Capilly; Oscar, a bye.

*Third Class.*—Dandy beat Snap; Mr. G. H. Dundas's Fly beat Swift; Oscar beat Countess; Tickler beat Mary; Blue Bell beat Norman (drawn); Mr. N. Cairnie's Fly beat Nimrod; Speed, a bye.

*Fourth Class.*—Oscar beat Mr. G. H. Dundas's Fly; Speed beat Tickler; Mr. N. Cairnie's Fly beat Dandy; Blue Bell, a bye.

*Fifth Class.*—Oscar beat Mr. N. Cairnie's Fly; Blue Bell beat Speed.

*Sixth Class.*—Mr. Graham's red d. Oscar, beat Mr. Graham's bl. b. Blue Bell, and won the Cup.—Mr. John Boulton, of Malton, tryer.

#### SECOND MEETING.

THE Sweepstakes for all dogs was run for at Eaglesham, on the 21st and 22d of March, 1823.

*First Class.*—Mr. Graham's bl. d. Keir, beat Mr. M'Aslan's blk. b. Fanny; Mr. Graham's y. d. Marquis, beat Mr. Wotherspoon's blk. d. Speed, named by Mr. Alston; Mr. Monteith's blk. d. Hawk, beat Mr. Graham's blk. d. Swift; Mr. Graham's r. d. Oscar, beat Mr. Aitchison's dun b. Nettle; Mr. Graham's brin. d. Capilly, beat Mr. Monteith's bl. b. Witch, named by Mr. Watson; Mr. Stewart's blk. d. Snap, beat Mr. H. Thomson's w. b. Fly, named by Mr. Kennedy; Mr. G. H. Dundas's y. b. Nettle, beat Mr. Geddes's blk. and w. d. Spanker; Mr. Cross's wh. b. Switcher, beat Mr. N. Cairnie's

black and white b. Lightning, named by Mr. J. R. Dennistoun; Mr. Graham's bl. and w. b. Echo, beat Mr. Paterson's brin. d. Rhino, named by Mr. Young; Mr. J. Pollock's brin. b. Lassie, named by Mr. M'Nair, beat Mr. H. Thomson's blk. b. Bess, named by Mr. Kingan; Mr. M'Indoe's blk. b. Fly, beat Mr. H. Thomson's blk. and w. d. Snowball, named by Mr. Henshaw; Mr. Hart's b. named by Mr. Orr, beat Mr. Wotherpoon's blk. d. Serpent; Mr. G. H. Dundas's bl. and w. d. Dandy, beat Mr. J. Pollock's blk. b. Fly; Major M'Rey's y. b. Rose, beat Mr. G. H. Dundas's bl. b. Blue Bell; Mr. G. H. Dundas's bl. and w. d. Norman, beat Mr. H. Thomson's br. d. Jock; Mr. M'Aslan's blk. d. Tickler, beat Mr. Stewart's dun d. Walnut; Mr. J. Pollock's bl. d. Tickler, beat Mr. N. Cairnie's brin. b. Fly; Mr. H. Thomson's blk. and w. b. Mary, named by Mr. R. Thomson, a bye.

*Second Class.*—Nettle beat Fly; Switcher beat Capilly; Rose beat Echo; Oscar beat Snap; Keir beat Dandy; Norman beat Mr. Hart's b.; Hawk beat Lassie (drawn); Marquis beat Mr. M'Aslan's Tickler; Mary beat Mr. J. Pollock's Tickler.

*Third Class.*—Oscar beat Switcher; Marquis beat Rose; Nettle beat Keir; Hawk beat Norman; Mary, a bye.

*Fourth Class.*—Marquis beat Hawk; Oscar beat Nettle; Mary, a bye.

*Fifth Class.*—Oscar beat Mary; Marquis, a bye.

*Sixth Class.*—Mr. Graham's red d. Oscar, beat Mr. Graham's y. d. Marquis (drawn), and won the Stakes.

Mr. Boulton, of Malton, tryer.  
Vol. XII, N. S.—No. 68.

#### MID LOTHIAN COURSING CLUB.

At the Spring Meeting of the Mid Lothian Coursing Club, held at Dalkeith, on the 17th and 18th of March, the following Cup and Sweepstakes were run for, near the Roman Camp, on the property of the Marquis of Lothian, Right Hon. Lord Torphichen, preses:—

*First.—The Cup—First Class.*

—Sir David Milne's b. and w. Fly, beat Mr. Clerk Rattray's bl. d. Rapid; Sir John Dalrymple's blk. b. Romp, beat Sir John Hope's y. b. Fly; Mr. Wauchope's (of Edmonstone) blk. d. Quiz, beat Mr. G. Wauchope's blk. d. Eclipse; Mr. Dundas's b. d. Susan, beat Lord Torphichen's y. d. Tickler; Mr. Dalrymple's Danger, beat Mr. Baron Clerk Rattray's Cream; Mr. Dewar's blk. d. Nimrod, beat Gen. Maxwell's br. d. Driver; Mr. G. H. Dundas's bl. b. Blue Bell, beat Sir James Baird's br. d. Sultan; Colonel Wauchope's b. b. Needle, beat Mr. Aitchison's Mary.

*Second Class.*—Fly beat Romp; Quiz beat Susan; Nimrod beat Danger; Blue Bell beat Needle.

*Third Class.*—Fly beat Quiz; Blue Bell beat Nimrod.

*Fourth Class.*—Mr. G. H. Dundas's bl. b. Blue Bell, beat Sir David Milne's b. and w. b. Fly, and won the Cup.

*Second.—A Sweepstakes for Dogs of 1821—Ten Subscribers*

—*First Class.*—Lord Torphichen's w. b. Thistle, beat General Maxwell's Paragon (very much hurt); Mr. Aitchison's y. d. Oscar, beat Mr. G. Wauchope's blk. d. Willing; Mr. Clerk Rattray's blk. d. Riego, beat Mr. G. H. Dundas's Darling; Mr. Dalrymple's Darling, beat Mr. Wauchope's w. b. Fly; Sir John Dalrymple's b. b. Needle, beat Mr. Anderson's y. d.

K

*Second Class.*—Darling beat Needle; Oscar beat Thistle; Riego, a bye.

*Third Class.*—Riego beat Oscar; Darling, a bye.

*Fourth Class.*—Mr. Clerk Rattray's blk. d. *Riego*, beat Mr. Dalrymple's Darling, and won the Stakes.

*Third.—A Sweepstakes for Dogs of same age—Four Subscribers.*—*First Class.*—Mr. Wauchope's (of Edmonstone) w. d. Driver, beat Mr. G. H. Dundas's y. b. Die Vernon; General Maxwell's b. b. Fly, beat Lord Torphichen's w. d. Turner.

*Second Class.*—Mr. Wauchope's w. d. Driver, beat General Maxwell's b. b. Fly, and won the Stakes.

Mr. Boulton, of Malton, tryer.

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#### SHROPSHIRE HORSE CAUSE.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

AS I find a portion of your useful and entertaining journal is sometimes appropriated to the insertion of horse causes, perhaps the following, which took place at the Shrewsbury Lent Assizes, may not be entirely unworthy insertion: if so, it will oblige,  
M.

March 29, 1823.

A FARMER, of the name of Jones, residing in the neighbourhood of Oswestry, sold a bay three-year-old colt to a Mr. Briscoe, a druggist, in Wrexham, for 30l. and warranted him sound, on the 29th of November, 1822. On the 4th of December the colt was returned, with a certificate from a veterinary surgeon, in Chester, stating that he was unsound (no reason for the unsoundness being specified).

On the receipt of the certificate and horse, Mr. Jones's son applied to Briscoe to ascertain what was the disease for which the colt was returned, as neither he, nor his father, had ever seen any thing the matter with him, and his father had bred him. Briscoe refused to enter into any explanation, but said if the money was not returned he should proceed to recover it by law. The veterinary surgeon who had examined the colt was applied to by Jones's friends, but he declined disclosing why he considered him unsound, and observed he would not give the reasons for his opinion, without he was obliged to do so in a court of justice. Jones still offered to leave the matter to reference, or take back the colt if they would point out any satisfactory proof of his unsoundness: both these offers were refused by Briscoe, and a writ served upon Jones for the money, who had now no other alternative than either to take back the colt (he knew not why), or put in an appearance. However, previous to doing the latter, he had the colt examined by three veterinary surgeons, two of whom declared there was nothing at all the matter with the colt; and the third, that the only complaint he could discover was a trifling thrush in each fore foot, but which he did not consider as rendering the horse unsound, the foot being of a perfectly natural form, and no tenderness shewn in his action either on the road or over stones.

The first witness for the plaintiff deposed that he was a farmer and *veterinary surgeon*; that he had examined the horse, and that he had bad runnings in his frogs, and that both hocks were much swollen, but that the *near* hock was the

largest: he also said the horse was stiff; and, being pressed by the Counsel, swore he was lame in the hocks. When cross-examined, he said he never saw the horse out of the stable, nor even turned round in the stable; that he judged of his lameness by seeing him turn from side to side in the stall. He said he was brought up with a relation who used to give lectures, and write and publish books: this at last turned out, that this relation used to tell people what was the matter with their horses, and kept a book, in which he used to write his receipts.

The next witness was the Chester Veterinary Surgeon, who swore to the horse having thrushes and enlargements of the hocks, which were produced by diseased fluids; and that these swellings would go on, especially if the horse was worked, and produce curbs, nodes, spavins, and I know not how many diseases besides, and of course the horse was unsound. On his cross-examination, he said he had written a book, called *Vade Nucombe*.—Counsel: "*Vade Nucombe!* That is quite a new word to me: *Vade Mecum*, I suppose you mean?"—Vet.: "No; the name is *Vade Nucombe*."—Counsel: "And pray what does this new word of yours mean?"—Vet.: "Veterinary library."—The Veterinary Surgeon swore,

in this book was a chapter that said swelled hocks would produce curbs, nodes, &c.\* he said the off hock was larger than the near one.

Three other witnesses were called, two of whom, an ostler and a gentleman's servant, swore the same as the preceding ones: but the third (a blacksmith) said he shod the horse; that he had thrushes, but did not know that he had any thing the matter with his hocks; could not tell whether thrushes would make a horse unsound or not.

For the defendant, Jones's son swore his father had bred the horse, and that he never saw or heard of any thing being the matter with him since he was foaled: he waited on Briscoe to know why the horse was returned, and said if he would assign any satisfactory reason, his father would take back the horse.

—Two veterinary surgeons were examined, and swore that they had carefully inspected the horse, and that there was nothing the matter either with the horse's hocks or feet, and that they considered him perfectly sound.—The ostler at the inn where the horse had been at livery for three months, said he had looked after him the whole time; saw nothing the matter with his feet or hocks; saw no difference between his two hocks, nor between his hocks and those of other

\* I have now before me this gentleman's *Vade Mecum*, or, as he calls it, *Vade Nucombe*, and will extract all he says about swollen hocks:—"Swollen hock proceeds from sprains, and an extension of joint water, *wind*. Symptoms: sometimes the swelling will be general, but often confined to the interior part of the hock; inflammation. Remedy: first reduce the inflammation by saturnine poultices, and a lotion of vinegar and extract of lead; then rub the part twice a day with strong mercurial ointment for a fortnight; afterwards blister every day for a like time." How this is to be made to prove that swollen hocks will produce curbs and nodes (by which I suppose the learned gentleman means bone spavins), I cannot imagine. The disease spoken of, if it did exist, I should consider merely an enlargement of the fluids of the mucous capsules, which, it is well known, will not produce lameness, unless so great in quantity as to interfere with the action of the hock; and this rarely happens. Curbs are produced by extension of the ligaments of the posterior part of the hock; and nodes, of course, must be diseases of the periosteum, or the bone. It is therefore hardly probable that enlarged *bursæ*, or, according to *Vade Nucombe*, *wind*, would produce these complaints.

horses; never saw him lame; had often seen him go, and had ridden him.—A most respectable farmer and tanner, who is also a sporting gentleman, gave evidence to the same effect.

The Judge (Serjeant Bosanquet) summed up with impartiality, telling the Jury that the evidence was so contradictory, that it would be difficult to decide which side was entitled to a verdict: that it was entirely a matter of credit, and he would leave it to them to determine which side was most entitled to belief. He observed that *no blame* was to be attributed to Briscoe for not explaining to or informing Jones what was the unsoundness for which he returned the horse, for, by so doing, Briscoe would perhaps have committed himself, not being supposed to be very conversant as to the diseases of horses.

The Jury, after two hours' consultation, gave a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 30*l.* and costs.

So dissatisfied is the neighbourhood with this verdict, and even in Wrexham, that a number of very respectable people have offered to enter into a subscription to indemnify Jones, if he will move for a fresh trial. Several very respectable men, much in the habit of seeing sound and unsound horses, have, since the trial, seen the horse, and declare that in his hocks there is no disease or enlargement whatever; that the thrushes are so trifling, that sixteen horses out of twenty that are sold, and considered as sound horses, have thrushes equally bad or worse; and that the horse is not the least lame.

\*.\* We have carefully perused the above letter, in compliance with the request of the writer; and, as all the parties are strangers to

us, we can merely view the case as it stands. In attempting to decide as to the *justice* of the verdict, it would ill become us to hazard our opinion—particularly after having heard that the Jury took two hours to form theirs, at the conclusion of a most impartial summing up by the Judge, who, it clearly appears, left as much as he could to their discretion, with a gentle insinuation that there had been (as is usual in most horse causes) some stiff swearing on both sides.

It certainly is evident to us that Mr. Briscoe considered he had a case to go to a Jury, or he would not have acted as he did; for few persons are fond enough of law to enter into it without some chance of success. We have seldom heard of thrushes laming a three-year-old colt; but, if they do lame him, he is unsound. As to the hocks, it is quite possible that a veterinary surgeon, who knows his business, may see disease *approaching* in those parts, and which is certain to produce lameness when the horse is called upon to work, though it may not be apparent in a state of rest. We have, however, the evidence of one veterinary surgeon to prove that this colt was lame when "turned from side to side in his stall."

We are far from wishing to damp that honourable feeling which would induce the raising a subscription to enable a man to get justice in one place, which had been denied to him in another; but we can only remind Mr. Jones, and, indeed, all our sporting readers, that *when they have tried for, and lost, the first heat, the odds are generally against them for the second.*—*Editor.*



ON A DEFECT IN MR. MARTIN'S  
BILL.*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

I beg leave to refer the reader to an article of mine in your Number for last October (p. 28), where he will find the following observation:—"Mr. Martin's Bill, it is true, might have been more explicit. *Animals* generally might have been included, and the principle of the *jus animalium* might have been recognised—that is to say, the right of every thing possessing life and feeling to mercy and fair treatment, the assertion and vindication of which, evidently and indubitably belong to every moral system of the social contract. Every sentient being is an object of the law's protection, or human justice is incomplete."

Various appeals to the Magistracy have confirmed my observation, and, in truth, apprehension; but a late case has been most remarkably in point. A gentleman of humane and meritorious character (Thomas Archer, Esq. of Stafford-place, Pimlico), passing the street, saw a person throw boiling water upon a poor dog standing by his door, to all appearance, wantonly and wilfully, by which the animal obviously suffered extreme agony. The bye-standers joined Mr. Archer in execration of this barbarous act, and that gentleman, animated by a warmth of feeling which has done him the highest honour, and with a resolution unparalysed by the too general indolence, summoned the offender before the Magistrate. The evidence having been gone through, the Magistrates were fully satisfied, and determined to convict; but on a

reference to the letter of Mr. Martin's Bill, it was found that the class of animals styled *cattle* only, were entitled to its protection: thence the charge was dismissed. It is yet impossible, however we may lament the escape of an offender, to affix any blame on the Magistracy for acting in this cautious way: they are no doubt entitled to our praise for their punctilious adherence to the letter of the law, a breach of which might involve the most important considerations. Nevertheless, there are various opinions on the subject, and some persons of legal knowledge, *juris periti*, hold that, by analogy of law, or, at any rate, by that of common sense, the Bill in question is a protection to all animals, without exception.

But mercy and substantial justice require, that no legal quibble or uncertainty should be suffered to interfere in this law, so truly expedient, and so indispensable to the humanity of the British character; and I make this public call on R. Martin, Esq. whose notice the case above cited cannot have escaped, expecting, from his well-proved zeal in a cause which is patronized by a vast majority in the country, that he will, as soon as opportunity shall admit, use his exertions in Parliament, to have the stated defect in his Bill amended, so that its protection may extend to every animal which has life and feeling.

To view the subject rationally and in the sincerity of truth, feeling being the same thing in all, how can one species of animals be more entitled to mercy and fair dealing than another? Indeed, the principle of what law we had in this case, of old, was utterly vicious and contemptible. A criminal having tortured an animal to death, could be no otherwise amenable to the

law, than as having injured some one's interest, by rendering useless or destroying his property. Thus, the "vested interest" alone, was the object of legal protection—natural and moral justice, mercy, the feelings of animals, not a feather in the balance, but a mere non-entity! By an oversight in Mr. Martin's Bill, or probably by an apprehension of the danger of going too far, it became, to a certain degree, vitiated by the ancient and revered principle of *interest*, and *cattle* only were protected. Thus, a man or a boy, bred up in this moral school, provided he obey the law, by injuring neither his own or other men's interest in *cattle*, may with impunity indulge to the utmost his natural or acquired propensity to cruel trespasses on the feelings of animals, and *burn alive a hedgehog, torture out the life of a badger, monkey, or otter, by gradual reserved inflections, scald a poor homeless deserted dog, or crucify a cat by nailing its four legs to a gate-post*; which last horrible act of amusement, to my own knowledge, was performed, in Essex, by a set of juvenile miscreants, the leader of whom afterwards turned out a notorious smuggler. Had not the poor horse, the tongue of which was lately torn out from the roots by a human monster (and this monstrous deed I have known to be committed before, in Hampshire), belonged to the class *cattle*, the crime must have remained unpunished.

Having endeavoured in the last Number, under my old signature, *VOX HUMANITATIS*, to elucidate, to the utmost of my power, and with sincerity and good faith, the reasonableness and necessity of a law for the protection of beasts, and to reply to the common objections, I

have no desire or pretence to dilate farther at present; and shall conclude with another appeal in the case, as a free burgess of the good old town of Colchester, to my representatives, James Beckford Wildman, Esq. and Henry Baring, Esq.—humbly hoping their favourable exertions will not be wanting, should Mr. Martin's Bill come again before Parliament.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

Somers Town, May 12, 1823.

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On the PROPOSED AMENDMENT  
of the GAME LAWS.

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To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I Have just run my eye over the Report on the Game Laws, as given in the *County Herald* of May 10, and if you can spare me a small portion of your generally well-filled pages, it being a subject long under my contemplation, I will give my sentiments freely thereon. I hope, indeed, others of your correspondents will follow the example, since, from the long establishment and nature of your Magazine, its discussions are probable to have considerable influence with those immediately concerned in the question, and upon the public mind generally.

It will be recollected, that but a few years have passed, since a similar attempt was made in Parliament, and the Bill thrown out by that paramount influence which, I have little doubt, will on this occasion likewise operate the same effect. To the opulent and elevated, probably well-intentioned, but most certainly prejudiced individuals, who compose this mighty influence—to their mature judgment, to their common sense, I address the following truths:—A very considera-

ble number of their own body, of the high aristocracy, have, during the last twenty years, stood forth to the public, and declared their solemn opinion that the existing game laws are not only grossly unequal and unjust in themselves, but utterly unfit for the present state of society; and, the times considered, pregnant with great danger to the peace and safety of the country. Their total inefficiency for their intended purpose is so obvious, that it must of necessity be granted, even by their most strenuous supporters. These gentlemen are well aware that other men are equally fond of the flavour of game as themselves, and that they who have money to purchase it will have it. Can that be prevented, or ought it to be prevented? The demand has always been supplied by poaching, and ever must be, under our present system of laws. But if game could be legally purchased, as in all justice and fairness it ought, the majority of the people would doubtless purchase of the fair trader, and the motive to poaching would be gradually, and, in the end, totally done away. In the mean time, the upholding the game laws, in their present state, is the real and palpable cause of that dissoluteness, vagrancy, and crime which, in these times, disgrace such numbers of our peasantry in every county. Can it be for the honour, the interest, the safety of the aristocracy, to advocate a system big with such perilous consequences? I have stated my suspicion that the meditated Bill, as before, will be rejected: I will farther subjoin that, in my opinion, should it pass, it can prove only a temporary expedient, which will soon be borne down by the weight of its own re-

gulations. The times demand loudly a change of principles, rather than a farrago of restrictions.

VENATOR.

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LAST DAY'S HUNTING WITH  
LORD DERBY'S HOUNDS,  
APRIL 13, 1823.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

**M**AYHAP few pens have yet been put to paper, to recount the pleasures, the toils, the downs-falls, and the hair-breadth escapes of yesterday. I shall devote an hour, and endeavour to recal to mind *what eyes saw*, during one of the most brilliant chases a British sportsman ever rode. I allude, I need scarcely say to most of your readers, to the closing day of Lord Derby.

I reached the place of appointment, Keston, about half-past ten, A. M. the time of meeting, and soon clapped eyes on *Jonathan*, accompanied by his whippers and well-trained pack, followed by such an assembly of sportsmen as never, perhaps, was seen on Keston's Common before. Five hundred—yes, five hundred!—flanked the mottled pack: the Common was literally strewn with them—every furze-bush upon it was in motion—every sapling trembled for safety. Some in scarlet, some in green—all the *regulars* toggled out in their clean-washed whites and scoured tops; the new customers in decent twig, with their tits in prime condition, and bellows in good order—composed this joyful throng; still further graced by the attendance of some of our fair countrywomen, whom the fineness of the morn, the expected gaiety of the scene, and their bewitching anxiety for our safety, had attracted to the covert side.

*Ploughboy*\* was the hero of the day, and well he let them know it. No sooner had he dashed from the cart, than he ran, scared by the concourse of pedestrians pursuing him, in grand and noble bound, to Hollwood, leapt the stile, and plunged into the cover. The spectacle, at this moment, to our visitors, must have been truly novel and delightful—the horsemen all drawn up in bright array, here and there intercepted by carriages, formed a line on this wild, romantic spot, well worthy the admiration of all present; all filled with anxiety to rush on; each revolving in his mind what course he should take; while the pawing and neighing steeds, no less anxious than their masters, all appeared full of animation at the scene.

Jonathan's halloo from behind, and the music of his flock, soon allayed their doubts and fears, in signals for the charge; and a tremendous charge it was. Hundreds flew to the gate—scores broke down the pales—but the *nonpareils* went over the stile. "Hark forward, my boys!—now for it!—make your way through boggy Hollwood—steer clear of the trees, and pray don't ride against one another!" But *Ploughboy* is off to Down! "Come, come along—now we have plain sailing!" In an instant the fields on the other side of the cover swarm with them; and all are riding as if Bethlem had furnished the men, and the wilds of Arabia the horses. "Hold hard, Gentlemen!—where the devil are you riding to?—let the hounds come, pray!" The hounds have hit it—away they go again—over

hedges, fifty at a time—over gates and stiles like winking—through gaps—down lanes—along the hedge-rows—in short, they are at length dispersed—and now one can ride unmolested.

From Down to Cudham Lodge we fly, and skirt the borders of that extensive cover; then down the hill we haste, and Westerham seems our point—a beautiful spot in that much-admired vale, which here separates the range of hills. No sooner are we seen in the bottom, than up again he leads us on the opposite hill, crosses Westerham Park, and seeks the dark and dreary Charts: but, despising the haunts of wily Charley, boldly again he launches forth upon the plain, takes a turn in the *soft*, and sets out *right an end* for Ivor Castle.

And now, my boys, he tries your mettle—and you, my kittens, are putting ours to the test! Pray look! See how they ride! Another day, it is, who will face the gate; to-day, it is, who will take it first! Three abreast leap the five-barred gate—a fourth clears the gate-post—and two others are flying together over the stile.—"Yoi over!"—"That's the way to do it."—"Hold up!"—"What a tremendous fall! horse and all, and rider undermost!" Now we top the rails—now we clear the ditch.—Another stile, and I am hurled headforemost into a lane. Up scrambles Kitty,† and away we sail again. "Thrice, old girl, this day have we bit the dust; and yet have I not forsaken thee once†—twice have we nearly trampled upon our fallen leaders—and scores of falls have

\* A deer celebrated for giving *hard runs*.

† The name of the writer's bay mare.

‡ The writer was not dismounted, although, horse and all, he fell thrice.

we seen already." But the Castle-yard's at hand; and *we* are up among the *chosen few* who came in time to greet old Ploughboy there. Scarcely had the hounds approached him, than, with a desperate bound, he tops the gate of the yard, and fearlessly scampers through the crowds of horsemen, now thronging the avenues leading to the Castle. Again the plain he trips, and dauntlessly still defies his pursuers—protracting the chase, by this short check, to a long and fearful duration. Had many a good-bottomed horse made this the end, he had not now been cold and stiff, or lingering under slow and fatal malady.

What more befel my brother sportsmen on this eventful day, I cannot relate; though each who saw the end can tell how good their horses were that bore them over a country heavy in the extreme, intersected by rivulets, and banks, and bogs—I say, each can tell, but he who rode the road, how Ploughboy trimmed us in the *soft*, and how happy we were to see ourselves *well in* at Penshurst.\*

Thus ended a day's sport, delightful in the onset, rapturous in the heat of it, toilsome—to many fatal—in its conclusion. One unfortunate horse—I must tell it, for he died crowned with laurels—I saw lying upon a green skirting the turnpike-road, on my return, breathing hard his last; and two more, I have since heard, have yielded their breath in similar situations. A melancholy reflection!

Yours,

D.

#### KENTISH FOX-HUNTING.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

I Have of late observed the remarks of a CONSTANT READER,

\* Within two miles of which the deer was taken, in a stream of water.

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on the East Kent fox-hunting, too frequently in your valuable Magazine, to allow them to pass unnoticed. If there was any adherence to truth in his observations, I should have overlooked them, as the pastime of some individual who was more fond of his pen than hunting; but to allow a repetition of such mis-statements would be permitting the evil sown by him to take root, and the sporting world (from a deficiency of local knowledge) to take every thing for granted that this CONSTANT READER thinks proper to state. I will not pursue the task of tracing all the manœuvres of this person to create contempt of the East Kent country and hunting, whoever he be who has thrust himself forward in your Magazine, and professes to decide equally and impartially on all kinds of merit and demerit as to fox-hunting, hare-hunting, and condition of hunters. Your CONSTANT READER appears so inflated with his own importance, that he would wish the sporting world to consider him as a second NIMROD; but I should advise this CONSTANT READER not to write any more about a subject he seems so little to understand, until he is better informed. His observations may pass very well for the muddy part of Kent, where I fancy he resides; and I strongly recommend him, when he talks again of East Kent and the fox-hounds, to obtain better information (which perhaps may suspend his pen on that subject), and he will be sure to find, if he comes himself, or from his correspondent if he is a sportsman, that in East Kent there are fast men, fast horses, and fast hounds.

Count Orloff, a Russian nobleman of considerable genius, some time back published, for the use of

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his private friends, the History of Italy. It is an admirable compilation, but there are egregious faults, which must be obvious to any person who has travelled through that country. The Count is entitled to much credit in his gleanings, but he should have reflected, before he published them, that the face of a country in thirty years must have, if not *in toto*, considerably changed: and this, I strongly suspect, is the very identical error that the CONSTANT READER has fallen into, when he gives so miserable an account of East Kent—in fact, the whole of Kent; and I have a right to conclude that he makes no exception, as he states in your last Magazine his strong regret at leaving Essex (where he had been hunting with Lord Petre), and entering the county of Kent. I will agree with him, as he does with NIMROD, that about fifteen or twenty years back (nay, in Hilton's time, whom I do not esteem so much a sportsman, as he does), that the country was as he asserts: but look at East Kent in its present *very flourishing and improved state*, and he will not (if he knows any thing of East Kent, which I doubt) deny that agriculture is carried to a *greater pitch of perfection in East Kent* (or at least is *equal*) than in any part of England. Every sportsman, I should trust, will agree with me, that the natural result of such improvements must be beneficial to fox-hunting; and it has made *East Kent as fine a fox-hunting country* as most parts of Northamptonshire, and even many parts of Leicestershire, except that some of the ploughed lands ride rather heavier. But what signifies this, when you have no *slow tops*, and good horses, trained after your correspondent NIMROD's system;

which is universally adopted in East Kent? Let the CONSTANT READER come and take a view of East Kent, and if he be, what he wishes the sporting world to consider him, *just and impartial*, he cannot but admit that he has been greatly deceived in his gleanings. In short, Mr. Editor, I look upon East Kent to be as fine a sporting country as it possibly can be with respect to light covers, large enclosures, &c. &c.; and the only draw back, if it is any, is, that there are no very large estates. But what of this, when the *whole of the East Kent country gentlemen* are *more unanimous* for the chase than the trigger? And here you will permit me to remark, that the CONSTANT READER is again at fault, when he states that the sporting gentlemen in East Kent are more fond of stuffing their insides than following a good fox-chase. Now really, Sir, I must suspect that the CONSTANT READER makes this remark rather bitterly; perhaps from disappointment, at not finding his gleaner in East Kent so staunch to the trigger as the chase—consequently disqualifying him from sending him a basket of game so frequently; and he is too selfish to admit that the true and only cause is that fox-hunting is *more in vogue* than ever in East Kent, since Mr. Oxenden has had the management of the hounds. I would recommend the CONSTANT READER to stick to the Wealds of Kent, where there is greater abundance of sport for the trigger, and where he will find a fund of amusement for his prolific pen, and a sure means of writing, not as at present upon an empty stomach, but a full one.

One word more, and I quit your CONSTANT READER. It is evident, to make use of his own words,

"that every thing is become stationary as to improvement in the East Kent Hunt;" and although he professes to give advice gratis, he really gives none, and leaves the sporting world at liberty to draw this conclusion—that the *CONSTANT READER* is either incapable of giving any, or, *vice versa*, that there is no room for it.—I remain, Sir, your most obliged, A MAN OF KENT.

April 21, 1823.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

I Know of nothing more mortifying to a gentleman who is at the trouble and expence of keeping hounds, and who consequently has the noble diversion of hunting next his heart, than when he sees his exertions not only discouraged, but at the same time is compelled to see steps taken which he is well aware must tend to injure his sport and the sport of his friends. No person can with so little justice be called selfish in his pleasures, as he who keeps hounds: there are many in every county who are fond of hunting, but who could not prudently enjoy that amusement, were it not for the kindness of some good fellow, who has enough of the true blood about him to lead him to keep a pack of hounds; and I am satisfied I speak the sentiments of all, when I say, we cannot possibly be sufficiently obliged to him who is kind enough and generous enough to do it. East Kent has, undoubtedly, to boast of the major part of the sportsmen of the county, but even there things do not always go on exactly as Mr. Oxenden would have them. I think if any thing can shew a disposition in a county adverse to hunting, it must be where foxes are shot, and it is known that

hounds are kept for the purpose of hunting them, and these good killing hounds. The principal objection to foxes in West Kent is, that the gentlemen of landed property are for the most part preservers of game. Of course, I will not say that foxes are friends to game, but I really do not think them half so mischievous amongst it, as they are generally represented to be. I think I may truly say there never were more foxes in Kent than in last November; and I understand the gentlemen do not recollect having had more game on their estates in any season than in this last. Gamekeepers have only to keep a good eye upon vermin, birds of prey, and pouchers, and they will not find a few foxes do them much harm, especially if there are rabbits.

I am sorry to see our young gentlemen of West Kent do not seem to have that taste for hunting that their ancestors had: I hope they are not like the descendants of old Trojan; for the best blood will run out, it seems. Were I in their places, I would follow such hounds as there are, sooner than not enjoy the health-giving chase at all; for no pleasure comes to us so strongly recommended as hunting: it is manly, and it is healthful, which is not the case with most other pleasures.

I think the subject of Kentish fox-hunting, Mr. Editor, is somewhat stale: I must confess I have not been particularly amused with the opinions that have been generally given of my remarks. Very many have called them foolish; some few illiberal; and many have gone so far as to say, that Kentish fox-hunting always was, is, and always will be a ridiculous subject altogether, for the *Sporting Magazine*; and that Kentish hunting, at

the best, was a mere farce. The folly I cannot help; the illiberality of them I deny—at least the intention; and as for the hunting in Kent being altogether farcical, I can only say, that that hunting ought not to be called such, where they can go out, and find, and kill handsomely. Mr. Hilton, I am sure, would not call such as the Lodge hunting used to be, a farce; and I dare say he knew very well Sir John Dyke's hounds, and Mr. Evelyn's, and surely he would not have called their hunting ridiculous. As there is the same country now as there then was, I hope I shall live to see in it the same style of hunting again: I see no reason why I should not, though it will require a little perseverance to do it. Pray do not let me be misunderstood: I consider that many thanks are due to the present keepers of hounds, yet I trust they will not be offended, because I wish to see them excel. Kent may be laughed at, but I have known some very good sportsmen and good riders in it—for few counties require more nerve. Many in the eastern district no doubt recollect Moon, the huntsman: I should not suppose that a bolder rider ever existed. Mr. Evelyn had a good stud, and was a good sportsman. Mr. Wills and Mr. Palmer also excelled; and Mr. Oxenden may likewise be named, with many others.

NIMROD is right (as he generally is), when he mentions the error that most men fall into, in calling small high-bred harriers dwarf fox-hounds: such is the breed of Mr. Wills's hounds, which are generally so miscalled.

#### OBSERVATIONS ON THE LETTERS ON KENTISH FOX-HUNTING.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,  
I Find I am called upon to offer a remark on the correspondence which has lately appeared in the *Sporting Magazine*, on the subject of Kentish fox-hunting; but knowing nothing of the country, or the gentlemen alluded to, I feel almost unequal to the task. I must agree, however, with the author of "Remarks on Letters on Kentish Fox-hunting," in your last Number, that every thing relating to "the noble science" should be carried on with perfect good humour, and that all allowance should be made for gentlemen who are so kind as to keep hounds in bad countries; although it appears, on the authority of one of your correspondents, that East Kent is by no means a bad one—bearing a comparison with most parts of Northamptonshire, and many of Leicestershire.

Were I inclined to doubt this, it is not in my power to contradict it, for reasons which I have before given. Those parts of Kent which I have passed through, do not exactly accord with my ideas of a good hunting country. Allowing it, however, to be all as bad, I see no reason why the attempt to hunt it should be called "farcical;" but that word has been rather fashionable of late, having been applied, on high authority, to matters of still greater moment than fox-hunting, so we must make some allowance for the use of it here. Neither would this be a reason why Kent should not be hunted, any more than many other bad countries, supposing it to rank as one of them; for it has always



been my opinion, that as far as the first and most important object is considered, by which I mean *sport*, all money spent in keeping hounds in such countries as Surrey, Essex, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, parts of Hampshire, Gloucestershire, Staffordshire, and Shropshire, is in great measure thrown away, as disappointment, vexation, and fruitless labour, must perpetually attend them. Notwithstanding this, it is by no means to be wished that these countries should be without fox-hounds, nothing having been found to contribute so much to the gaiety and good fellowship of a neighbourhood; and it is to be hoped that Kent is not going to furnish a solitary instance to the contrary. Where excellence is contended for, some little feeling of rivalry may be allowed to exist; and which, where hounds are concerned, will only prove a stimulus to exertions in the field and the kennel. Real sportsmen are, proverbially, good-humoured and liberal, and do not generally scrutinize with an eager eye to detect the faults and blemishes, but, looking over defects, commend where much has been meritoriously attempted, if not actually accomplished.

It was said by a great man, that he who hates vice, hates mankind; and he who expects perfection in hounds in such countries as Kent, will look a long time before he finds it. If some of their packs have not had quite so much blood as they might have had, let it be borne in mind that there is no small share of luck, good and bad, attending fox-hunting. Let it also, above all things, be remembered, that among sportsmen, no more blood of any sort is now allowed to be shed for the next four months

to come; by the expiration of which, every angry feeling the remarks in these letters may have given birth to, will be buried in oblivion, and, for the honour of the almost sacred cause of fox-hunting, it is to be hoped no further exposure of defects, or "odious comparisons," will be made.

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Oxenden has good reason to be satisfied with the blood of old Tamerlane, and his season's sport, having killed his twenty-five brace of foxes — a number not to be counted on every kennel-door in England, such a season as the last. Mr. Whittaker, of course, should be the best judge of what number of hounds his country requires; but, in my humble opinion, he had better be too strong than too weak in his kennel. Let him never draft a good hound for appearance sake, as appearance will not kill his foxes. As to "Jack Wiles" (I beg pardon for being so familiar, but I know him by no other name), I feel already as if I should like to have a chevvy with him for half an hour, best pace, over the finest part of his country; and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Palmer is one of those who can ride before as well as after dinner; and, from what I have seen of it, *a good man in Kent, must be a good man anywhere else.*

Mr. Ladd is said to be in want of "a better huntsman." Perhaps he does not think so; but if such be the case, I can inform him that Christopher Atkins (better known by the name of *Kitt*), who hunted the Worcestershire hounds, is now out of place, and a better servant never went into a kennel. He whipped-in several seasons to Sir Bellingham Graham, before he came to Mr. Hornychold, and af-

forded general satisfaction. Mr. Hornyhold gives him an excellent character for honesty, sobriety, and every requisite to a good servant; and it is to be hoped he will soon obtain a good situation, as he is well deserving of it. His direction is, Stew-poney, near Stourbridge, Worcestershire, NIMROD.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

### GAME LAWS.

WE present our readers with some copious extracts from the Report of the Select Committee on the Game Laws, considering it to be a point of no small interest to our sporting friends; and shall feel much obliged to any of them who will favour us with their remarks on the subject. The proposed Bill appears similar to that suggested by the late Sir Samuel Romilly, for the purpose of legalizing the sale of game, and licensing houses to receive it, but which, it was then thought, would increase the evil it was intended to cure. If the experiment now succeeds, noblemen, and gentlemen of fortune, in the country, will enter upon a new occupation—that of feeding game, as their tenants feed their beef, for the London market, which, we think, will not be much relished by some of them. The bill of parcels which accompanies it, will have a singular appearance in these days of refinement:—

Mr. Thos. Smith, poulterer,  
To the Right Hon. Earl \_\_\_\_\_, Dr.

	£.	s.	d.
To 40 brace of pheasants, at 10s. 6d. per brace .....	21	0	0
To 60 brace of partridges, at 3s. per brace .....	7	10	0
To 100 hares, at 6s. ....	25	0	0
	53	10	0

Settled the above,

\_\_\_\_\_, Earl of \_\_\_\_\_

Allowing, however, that this new Bill should pass into law, we anticipate little benefit from its operation; for, as the game sold lawfully, will be sold at a much higher price than that which has been sold unlawfully, the same field for speculation will be open to poachers and poulterers, and what security shall we have that their old practices—now long confirmed by habit—will cease? That most of the London poulterers wish for this Bill is not to be wondered at, as, to use their own words, they have “long been labouring in hot water,” in their dealings between the poacher and the public. There is one clause in the Bill, from which it is evident that an attempt will be made to check the mere certificate-qualification.

It has been observed, that in the constitution of this country there are peculiarities which do not carry with them that evidence of their propriety, which recommends other parts of the system; but, happily for Englishmen, no usage, law, or authority, is so binding but that it must yield to the voice of the people, when it is evident that, however beneficial to individuals, it cannot be continued without injury to the community at large. Now, it has been generally admitted that the game laws are not in unison with that liberal spirit which is strikingly characteristic of the British Government: their statutes assume the appearance of arbitrary controul, and have been so often the vindictive instruments of oppression, *by exercising a rigour beyond the law*, that the greatest lawyers of their day have agreed that they stand much in need of revision; and a change, it seems, is now about to be effected in them.

As far as relates to poaching,

the inefficiency of excessive severity has been fully demonstrated; for since the Act passed in 1816, inflicting the punishment of transportation on persons found in the night in the act of destroying game, it appears, by the unblushing testimony,\* of the London poulterers, that poaching has materially and progressively increased; for that were death itself to be the penalty, the cravings of an Alderman's stomach must be satisfied; and that, whatever may be the risk to the poacher, his Worship must have his game for his dinner: neither can we much wonder at the little trouble he gives himself to inquire by what means it has been procured, since, with perhaps an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, he is not allowed to kill it himself. So long, therefore, as there are receivers, so long will there be thieves.

With respect to the moral turpitude of buying or selling game, it has ever been thought lightly of—the natural wild state of the animals making it somewhat difficult to attach them to any one man's exclusive property. Poaching, however, seems now to have become, comparatively speaking, a respectable occupation. The evidence before the Committee speaks of “a highly-respectable house” in Cornwall, grocers and linen drapers, in which there are three partners, who also deal in game. The chief magistrate of the town has been one of their best customers, and therefore we see no reason why they should not at once have put over their shop-door—dealer in tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, and game. It also came out, in the evidence of Bishop, the police officer, that in one village in Dorsetshire, the shoe-

maker, the shopkeeper, the two bakers, the sawyer, the carrier, and the constable, were all dealers in game, and it wanted nothing but the parson of the parish to make the junto complete.

Allowance must always be made for the frailty of human nature, particularly amongst the uneducated classes of society; and it must be admitted that noblemen and gentlemen have a good deal to thank themselves for, in the great temptation they have held out to poachers, by the unnecessary quantity of game they have had on their estates, most injurious to their tenants, and perfectly destructive of real sport in shooting, coursing, or hare-hunting. The value of the prize tempts the pirate; and thus can we account for the strong association, and desperate attacks and defence, of the game-standers of the present day.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF  
THE COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE  
OF COMMONS.

*Mr. A. B. (Poultry Salesman)  
called in and examined.*

Can you give the Committee any information relative to the supply of game?—We are in the habit of receiving game from our different connections, who send other goods: with those other goods we receive game.

Can you inform the Committee to what extent that supply goes?—Really I cannot state the extent of the supply in general; but it is, I dare say, beyond any thing the gentlemen can conceive. I can only speak as to myself.

Is the daily supply of game as regular as the supply of other descriptions of poultry?—Quite as regular.

\* See Mr. I. K.'s evidence, p. 26.

Can you inform the Committee how that supply is forwarded to you?—It is forwarded to us from higglers, who send us other goods: that is the way in which we receive it. We know not from whence they get it.

Will you inform the Committee how you circulate this throughout the town?—The poulterers from the different parts of the town attend Leadenhall Market, for the supply of poultry, and also for whatever else they may want. Among other things, of course, game is an article they are constantly in the habit of serving to their customers, and they get their supply from the salesmen in Leadenhall Market.

What do you charge them for your profit?—We sell by commission.

What is your commission?—We charge two and a half for poultry, and five per cent. on game.

How do you transmit the money for the poultry brought to you?—We generally send the account of sales and the money by return of the same carrier.

In the same manner as the money is sent in return for cattle or fish?—Precisely: we make a daily return.

Have you a good deal of game occasionally left on hand?—Frequently.

Does any of it come up injured, from the state in which it is sent?—There is a great deal which cannot be sold at all, being very much mangled; and some is kept so long before it is sent up, it is not saleable, but must be thrown away.

Can you state what has been the average price of game, during the last winter?—I should suppose the average price of hares may have been about 6s. a brace: for pheas-

sants, I should suppose about 7s. a brace.

Does that include commission?—No, that is the price the poulterers have paid to us; and partridges about 3s. a brace.

If you were to receive a very large order for game, could you furnish it at any particular time?—A very short notice would enable me to furnish to any extent almost, to any of the trade as a salesman: I should not supply a stranger.

Are there any higglers who bring in game exclusively?—We have no higglers of that description; but there are one or two persons that belong to inns in the town, who attend the market for the purpose of selling game only.

What description of persons are they?—Porters who are in the habit of frequenting the inns, and collecting the game from different inns.

They receive it from the coachmen and guards, probably?—No doubt.

Do you not believe that a considerable quantity of game is sent to London by the coaches and sold, not through the hands of regular salesmen?—A very great quantity.

Do poulterers buy of those porters, or do they generally buy of respectable salesmen?—I believe they do both.

Are you aware that the market is in any degree supplied at present with pheasants brought up alive, and killed here?—I am not aware that any are brought up alive to be killed: I know there are a vast number brought up and sold alive.

Are you aware that breeding is carried on to a great extent in the neighbourhood of Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire?—No: it does not happen to be a neighbourhood with which I am connected. It is

very much to be deplored, there is occasionally a very great quantity of eggs sent up to the market.

How are those disposed of; by salesmen?—By salesmen into whose hands they come.

What price did they bear last year?—I think the partridges' eggs sold at from 2s. to 3s. a dozen.

Do you know what use they are made of?—They are purchased by persons under the idea of setting them: they are generally bought by the fanciers.

How much a dozen are the pheasants' eggs sold at?—About 8s. a dozen; from 6s. to 8s.

There are of course many other salesmen in Leadenhall Market in the same way as yourself?—Many others; all the salesmen in the market: there are some to a much greater extent than myself in this peculiar line.

Can you carry on your trade without making this supply to your customers?—Not while others make the supply.

Is the demand for game as regular as that for poultry?—Yes, as regular.

And the market as well supplied?—We find no want of it.

You are aware there was an Act passed two or three years ago, which prohibited the buying of game?—I recollect it.

Did that make any abatement in your demands?—Not the smallest, that I am aware of.

Is the supply of the market for game fully equal to the demand?—Beyond the demand.

Are you aware of game coming to London from Scotland?—Yes.

Of what kind?—Of moor game; and likewise occasionally of partridges. I never knew pheasants to come from thence.

Nor hares?—No, nor hares; occasionally a hare or two; but it

is very rare, for this plain reason, the carriage would be so high it would not answer.

How is it in regard to Northumberland, and the counties adjoining Scotland; do you receive game from them?—I have received from the neighbourhood of Carlisle.

What is the most distant point with which you have regular connection in receiving poultry with game?—I have never received any poultry with game beyond the county of Norfolk, that I recollect.

What is your opinion of the mode of killing game, where it was in such a state that you could not dispose of it; was it because it was very much shot, or what do you suppose may have been the manner in which the destruction of it took place?—With respect to hares, it is from the very mangled state from dogs or sticks: it has come so very much bruised and spoiled, that it has been obliged to be thrown away. With regard to pheasants, I believe they are rarely thrown away: they do not come in those *immense* quantities that partridges and hares do.

Are they generally shot, or wired?—I believe we have as many that are shot, as that are not shot.

Do you think the poachers are obliged to keep game by them a certain time, to find an opportunity of sending it; or do they send it off as fast as they procure it?—I cannot speak from my own knowledge, but I should conceive that the poacher has a depot where he leaves the game, and where the higgler calls for it.

If the sale of game was legalized, and you could procure a supply through respectable and legitimate channels, could the present supply of game be got out of the market?—I do not conceive we

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should have a greater quantity sent up than now comes to market.

Is it the general wish of the trade that there should be some regulation for the sale of game?—I have no doubt that it is the general wish at present, certainly, of the trade, feeling, as others of the trade feel, a kind of reluctance and disinclination to trade in the article; but they are all, of course, compelled, from their connexions. If they cannot get game from one person, they can from another. A few years back, our trade did come to a resolution not to deal in the article at all: they bound themselves in some measure not to deal in it. It unfortunately happened, that some few individuals of the trade would not come into it: those who did, professed to prosecute those who continued to sell, but that threw it out of the general channel. A parcel of Jews and porters had the game trade thrown into their hands: they supplied the taverns and other places, and found no difficulty in getting fully supplied; and some few individuals of the trade, who were averse to coming in, derived the benefit of it.

Were there any prosecutions instituted after those resolutions?—Not any.

Do you think that the increased quantity of game which might come to town would decrease the price of poultry?—I should think not.

Has there been any increase in the price of game, within the last three or four years?—I think there has been rather a decrease in price.

*Mr. C. D. (Poulterer) called in and examined.*

Are you in the habit of supplying your customers with game?—Constantly.

Have you any difficulty in being

supplied with any quantity of game?—Not the least: I would engage to supply the whole House of Commons twice a week for the whole season, without the least difficulty or fear.

You do not get the game from the person who takes it originally?—No, certainly not; perhaps there are two, if not three, between us and the person who steals it.

Is it the common habit of poulterers in London to deal in game?—Oh, certainly.

Do you know of any poulterer that refuses to deal in game?—No, I never heard of any such thing in my life.

Are you aware of a late Act of Parliament making it penal to buy game?—Yes.

In consequence of that Act of Parliament, did you find any greater difficulty in getting rid of the game sent to you?—Not at all: London is so well supplied with game, I should think one-third that comes into London is not consumed.

Do you know, of your own knowledge, any gentlemen, who are proprietors of land, or lords of manors, who actually send up game to this town to be sold?—Yes, I deal with them.

Both in England and Scotland?—Yes.

You stated that one-third of the game that comes to London is not consumed; what means have you of ascertaining that?—Because I have seen it remaining when it has become in a state of putrefaction. I once saw, in a salesman's possession, 2000 partridges, and they were never consumed. I know, by my own observation, that they were never consumed: they were thrown into the Thames.

You mentioned, that you suppose, between your receiving the

bird, and the person who took it, there are two intermediate channels; can you give any idea what those channels are? the higgler, of course, is one? There are persons who collect the game in Norfolk particularly: I knew it from my own knowledge, where the game is collected by persons resident there, who take the whole supply of the county, and then send it to London, to any person they enter into a contract or agreement with.

What sort of persons are those county receivers?—They are principally publicans.

Do you not suppose that the demand for game, supposing the sale to be legalized, will be infinitely greater than it is at present?—I am decidedly of opinion it will be less.

What are your reasons for that opinion?—Because it would not be necessary to supply the market in the mysterious way in which it is now: the game would be fairly brought to market, and fairly exposed, and no man would buy a head of game more than he requires, any more than of poultry.

Why do they do it now?—Because if you enter into contract with a man, you are bound to take all that he may steal.

If the market were open, you would in that case make no contract?—No, certainly not.

What is the usual mode of conveyance of the game to London?—By the coaches: a great part of the game sent up to London is stolen by the gentlemen's own keepers: they drop it by the side of the road, and the guards and the persons concerned in the coaches, who are in league with them, take it up in their way to London, particularly where a gen-

tleman's park runs close to the main road.

You have stated that you receive some portion of your supply of game from gentlemen themselves; what proportion does that bear to your total supply?—About one-third, I think.

Does the supply of gentlemen's game come up more regularly and evenly than the other?—No; nor is it ever sent so well, nor in so perfect a state, as that which is stolen: there does not appear to have been the pains taken with it.

Do the gentlemen who send you up game, send it up by contract?—They generally take it out in poultry: they send up their game a certain quantity a year, and it is squared by taking out so much poultry.

Has it been sometimes sent to the fishmongers?—I do not mean to say that that is not the case, but I never heard of its being done by them.

Supposing the sale to be made legal, and that you were to take out a licence, do you think that the poacher could undersell the regular dealer?—No: my feeling is, that the poacher would be removed.

Would it be the interest of the regular dealer to put the other down?—Certainly it would.

The poachers losing their market with the respectable dealers, would they not be at a difficulty to dispose of their game, and would they not find agents in London to sell their game at a lower price?—That might happen for the first year, but the poulterers would take care to stop them.

The poulterers are perfectly well aware that they are committing a breach of the law at present; do you suppose that those persons, respectable as they are, who are

now committing a breach of the law, would not equally commit that breach if the law were altered?—No, certainly not: it is so connected with their business altogether, that they cannot help it.

Could you carry on your business as a poulterer, if you refused to supply game?—By no means; because some of the first people in the land require it of me.

Do you think if the selling of game was licensed, that the tavern-keepers would continue to purchase of the persons of whom they do now purchase?—No, I think they would not.

How do you get your woodcocks?—They are collected by the higglers, and sent up to London.

*Mr. E. F. (Poulterer) called in and examined.*

Are you in the habit of selling game to your customers?—Certainly.

When you go to Leadenhall Market, do you purchase from the salesmen, or from the lower description of persons hawking it about the Market?—From salesmen invariably.

Do you know how they receive that game?—I think it mostly comes by the different coaches: I think there are a thousand coaches in the course of the day and night come into London, and nearly all go into the city; and I believe all coachmen and guards, more or less, deal in game.

Do they bring it to the salesmen?—Yes; and all porters and men connected with the inns invariably deal in game.

Supposing you were permitted to sell game under licences, and were subject to heavy penalties for purchasing of persons not qualified to sell it, do you think you

could find any advantage in buying of persons not permitted by law to sell?—Certainly not; a great many gentlemen are willing to sell game; I have had it from gentlemen.

And you think you could be supplied further than you are in that way?—Tenfold beyond what we want.

You do not think a person in your trade could find any advantage from buying it illegally, if a legal mode of obtaining it was found out?—Most certainly not.

Would any larger profit accrue to you from buying it illegally, than would accrue from buying it legally?—No, not by any means; and I would pledge my existence to do the thing honourably: and as it is, I have no advantage in buying of those men now; but if it were allowed to be sold, I am positively certain all the respectable part of the trade would pledge themselves not to buy of any persons but those authorized to sell to us.

Could they be undersold in the market, by less respectable people?—In regard to that, it is a thing that will take some little time to find its level. Mankind have certain faults: all those faults will not be left off at once. Men who have been in the habit of poaching, and of getting a little douceur by bringing game to London, will not be checked until they have been made to feel the effect of the law. It is very likely game may find its way to London for a certain time, but when they find that they cannot procure a respectable market, and they are under an alarm about bringing it to London, I believe that the game will rest quietly, and that poaching will be done away.

You think that the gentlemen would undersell the poachers?—



We would pledge ourselves to buy only of them; they can undersell the poachers if they please.

Was not there a resolution of the poulterers not to sell game?—I was secretary to that committee.

What was the consequence of that resolution?—A great deal of ill blood in the trade: one gentleman who just left the room, did not come into my ideas. I never had a head of game in my house; all my neighbours sold it; and as we had people on the watch, who were ready to watch it into the houses, it came to this, we were prepared to bring our actions against certain individuals, after sitting, perhaps, from three to four months, every week, which we did at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand; but we did not proceed with our actions, to prevent ill blood in the trade. We regularly met, and, as we conceived at the time, formed a committee of the most respectable of the trade: I was secretary of that committee. The game was sold in the City, in the vicinity of the Royal Exchange, cheaper than ever was known, because the people at our end of the town were afraid: I, as a point of honour, never had it in my house: I never had a head of game in my house that season. What was the consequence? I lost my trade, and gave offence to gentlemen. A nobleman's steward, or butler, or cook, treated it as contumely: "Good God, what is the use of your running your head against the wall?"

You were obliged to begin the trade again?—Yes, and sold more than ever: not within the last few months.

Did you ever contract with any persons in the country to supply you with game?—I certainly did.

You contracted for all they sent, if it was marketable?—Yes.

What class of persons did you contract with for that purpose?—Gentlemen.

From their own property?—Yes, certainly.

*Mr. G. H. (Poulterer) called in and examined.*

Are you in the habit of supplying your customers with game?—Yes.

How are you yourself supplied with it?—The principal part that I have, I purchase in the markets.

In Leadenhall Market?—Yes, and Newgate Market.

From salesmen?—Yes.

From whom do you receive game on commission?—I receive a great deal out of Scotland, and some out of Norfolk and Suffolk.

What sort of game do you receive out of Scotland?—Partridges, pheasants, black game, and grouse.

Are there many lords of manors in this country who sell their game?—I should imagine there are; mine are but few, not exceeding two or three; I have had more.

You believe it to be a common practice for lords of manors to sell their game?—I have no doubt that a great many do.

If you were to receive almost an unlimited order, could you execute it?—Yes, I would supply the whole city of London, any fixed day once a week, all the year through, that every individual inhabitant should have game for his table.

Do you think you could procure a thousand pheasants?—Yes: I would be bound to produce ten thousand head of game a week. I have had about 4000 head direct from one man.

Can you state the quantity of

game which has been sent to you during the year?—I may say perhaps 10,000 head. Mine is a limited trade: I speak comparatively to that of others. I only supply private families.

*Mr. I. K. (Poultry Salesman) called in and examined.*

Will you state to the Committee whether you are in the habit of selling any considerable quantity of game?—I am.

What quantity?—Thousands.

Can you state at all the average quantity of game you dispose of in a year?—No, I cannot say the exact number: I have sold in the course of a week upwards of twelve hundred head; but I may say, that for about three months in the season I sell on the average five hundred a week.

From what class of persons do you receive this game?—From the lowest to the highest in society.

You do not know that the guards and coachmen with whom you deal, do not receive it from the keepers?—No; but I have every reason to think they do.

Is there any person properly qualified to kill game, who furnishes you with any to sell?—Yes, of the greatest respectability.

Do these persons furnish you to any amount?—They do: I have had upwards of four hundred head a week from such a person.

Is there any quantity of pheasants fed in mews for the market?

—No, they are all sold alive; so are the wild pheasants. I sold thirty-six wild pheasants, at five shillings each; and early in the season, at eleven shillings each. There are men who catch them alive: I know a man who makes his living by catching them alive.

Is the quantity large?—Yes it

is, certainly: the chief part of the game is from Suffolk and Norfolk.

Do you conceive that the greater proportion of the game you get, comes from within a hundred miles of London?—Yes: but I have a good deal out of Cornwall, with the woodcocks and snipes.

What has been the price of a woodcock during the last season?—Woodcocks have made 2s. half-a-crown, and 3s. a-piece, and they continued so for some considerable time, but lately they have been making 4s. 6d. a-piece, but they are over now.

How high have you ever known woodcocks?—Six and six-pence; and snipes half-a-crown.

From what class of persons are you furnished with the woodcocks you sell?—The most respectable tradesmen, who purchase them.

*L. M. (Porter at an Inn) called in and examined.*

Have you ever dealt to any amount in game?—Not to a great amount: I have sometimes dealt to the amount of twenty brace a day; sometimes forty.

When you have any stale game, could not you and the book-keepers ring it—take off the direction from other game, which was fresh, and substitute yours?—I have nothing to do with that part of the business: I never was accounted a ringer.

You know they are rung sometimes?—There are bad people and good people: I have sold those at a shilling a bird that would not keep any longer.

Who buy them?—We mention nobody's names: we sell them to whom we can—to the low sort of people.

How do you receive that game?—I have some from noblemen regularly: I have had two hampers

a day or three hampers a day from noblemen, and I have had some from the guards, some from the coachmen. I suppose they must get them from the gentlemen's gamekeepers, and from the poachers. I cannot be answerable how they get them.

Do the noblemen sell the game to you?—A great many of them.

Are they in communication directly with you?—Certainly: it comes properly directed to me; and when it comes to a sum of money, I pay them.

What some of money does it come to?—I have paid one gentleman very nearly 100l. at one time.

In one season?—More than that in a season.

What have you given for game this year?—It is very low indeed. I am sick of it. I do not think I shall ever deal again. We have got game this season as low as half-a-crown a brace (birds), and pheasants as low as 7s. a brace: it is so plentiful, there has been no end to spoiling it this season. It is so plentiful, it is of no use. In war time it was worth having: then they fetched 7s. and 8s. a brace.

The Committee of the House of Commons having made their Report to the House on the evidence given before them, brought in a Bill to make the selling of game legal; and the following are its chief provisions:—Two or more Magistrates at any Petty Sessions may grant licences for one year to any householder (not being an innkeeper, or victualler, or stage-coach owner, or waggoner) to buy game of a qualified person, and to sell the same.—Persons on taking a game certificate are to state to the Clerks of the Commissioners, or Surveyors of the District, whether they

are qualified to kill game by virtue of having a real estate; and every such statement is to be published by the Commissioners for the Affairs of Taxes, in the lists of certificates directed to be advertised by them; and any person may inspect the entries of such statements in a book to be kept by such clerks or surveyors, on payment of one shilling to such clerk or surveyor.—Qualified persons taking out game certificates are to be exonerated from the penalty for selling game, as well as licensed persons for buying it; but licensed persons are to be prohibited from buying, except of qualified persons.—Power is given, on information, to search a licensed person and his family, for game unlawfully purchased or procured; and also to search an unqualified person and his premises, for game suspected to have been illegally procured.—Innkeepers not to be liable to penalties for game sold in their inns for consumption; provided such game shall have been purchased by such innkeeper from licensed persons.—Game sent by public conveyances is to be entered in the way-bills, stating the names and places of abode of the persons by whom, and to whom, such game is sent.—Power is also given to search public conveyances for unentered parcels of game.—Persons trespassing for game are liable to a penalty.—The Act is not to affect the rights now possessed by lords and ladies of manors; nor to extend to Scotland or Ireland.

#### WARWICKSHIRE.

(Continued from Vol. XI. N. S. p. 265.)

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

**I**N all hunting countries with which I have been acquainted,

I have found what may be called "a character;" a constant attendant on the pack that hunts it; one who, in fox-hunting lingo, may be said to take a line of his own, and who says to the rest of the world—"go you your way, and I will go mine." Of this genus was the late Walter Stubbs, Esq. of Beckbury, in the county of Salop, but for many years resident at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, where, as a man, he enjoyed the esteem of his friends, and, as a sportsman, was much in the confidence of Mr. Corbet.

It has been very justly remarked, that whatever we enter into, whether it be pleasure or business, we should enter into it with spirit; and thus it was with Mr. Stubbs: for if ever a man could be said to be enthusiastically devoted to fox-hunting, it was he. Indeed, it has been facetiously hinted, in a poem\* to which I have before alluded, that hunting six days in the week was not sufficient for this insatiable Nimrod, but that once in his life he cried "who-hoop" on a Sunday. Agreeable to the Italian proverb, "*Se non è vero è ben trovato*"—If it is not true, it is a very good story, and you shall have it as related to me.

It appears that Mr. Stubbs, when resident at his house in Shropshire, which was very near to the church, had a fox in his keeping, which he intended turning out before his hounds on a Monday morning. On the Sunday preceding, having lain in his bed, resting from the fatigues of the week, till the good people had assembled at their prayers, his servant came to

inform him that his fox had escaped. "Has he, by Jove!" said Mr. Stubbs. "Saddle the bay horse in an instant, and I will be after him." So jumping out of bed, and forgetting the day of the week, he soon unkennelled the pack, and laid them on the scent of the fox. Puggy having lingered about the buildings which were close to the church, the hounds remained giving their tongues for some minutes, in seeming opposition to the parson in his pulpit; and it is said that each cried "Amen," at the end of a twenty minutes' burst—Mr. Stubbs having killed his fox, as the parson concluded his sermon.

It was said of a philosopher that he could so abstract his mind, as not to know that his dentist was extracting a tooth; and it is just as possible that a man might lie awake in his bed, and not hear the bells ring for church on a Sunday.

Innumerable are the ludicrous anecdotes in existence of this veteran sportsman, and truly singular character; one of which, as he was used to relate it himself, I shall venture to mention here. He had a peculiar practice of keeping one eye shut, but which, on any occasion of surprise or alarm, as invariably opened. Having made a bet in the ring at Newmarket, and lost it, he was suddenly accosted by the winner, and asked for the money, which had the usual effect on the optic. On the Greek looking into his face, and observing his perfect vision, he apologized for his mistake, and rode away, observing, that "the gentlemen he had betted with was a one-eyed one."

\* With his hat in the air, peeping out for a gate,  
Neither looking, nor riding, by any means straight;  
Mr. Stubbs—a crack rider, no doubt, in his time—

*Who hunting on Sundays did ne'er deem a crime.* ERWELL POEM.

Mr. Stubbs having been a great frequenter of race-courses, his time, with the help of such other diversions as that season affords—almost all of which he partook of—was tolerably well occupied in the summer; but in a long frost in the winter, he may be said to have laboured heavily under that *tedium vite*, which has been supposed so particularly to attach itself to us “unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.” During this time, he exhibited a most voracious appetite for novels, many volumes of which he would devour in a day, and would occasionally be seen returning them, by baskets full, to the two circulating libraries in the town. He was often heard to lament that there was not an Act of Parliament to enable all Sundays in the winter to fall together in a frost, which, he said, would strengthen the spirit of devotion by their repetition, without interfering with fox-hunting, when the weather was open. After a good day's sport, he always took some tea, and went to bed as soon as he got home, and towards nine or ten o'clock he would get up and enjoy the society of his family. His method of travelling was equally singular. He would go almost incredible distances in a day, in his gig, with relays of horses on the road;—starting off at two o'clock in the morning, and his refreshment nothing but tea and cold meat on the journey.

Whatever may have been his other recreations, Mr. Stubbs might be said to have lived for fox-hunting. The pleasure he took in it was derived from the purest source, from the real love of finding, hunting, and killing a fox; from the hound that spoke to him on the drag, to the worrying him in the next county but one;—

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that, sooner or later, he was certain to be, let the distance be ever so great, provided his horse could carry him as far, though, perhaps, without having seen a hound from one end of the run to the other. The animating description, however, he would give of such a chase, which he had seen but “in his mind's eye,” was highly amusing to those who heard it. As far as concerned himself, all this was but a secondary consideration with Mr. Stubbs. His object was, that sport should be afforded, and that a fox should be killed. Let these ride who liked it, he had a pace of his own, beyond which—not a view, not a dying fox, not old Trojan at his brush, would ever induce him to go. His horses seemed to know this pace as well as he himself did, and were as little anxious to exceed it; for it was a nice gentleman-like canter of about nine miles in the hour. His aversion to fences was equally remarkable: they appeared to grow as he looked at them, and he would often see a ditch when others saw none.

The pace Mr. Stubbs rode over a country after hounds, at last became proverbial. I remember being once too late at cover, and the hounds had gone away with their fox. Meeting a groom returning with his master's back, I asked him whether they had gone away quickly? “No, Sir,” said the man: “about Mr. Stubbs's pace.” Strange, however, as it may appear, Mr. Stubbs has, an hundred times, been known to continue this pace for twenty miles and over a country, and all the way from home, without, perhaps, having ever seen a hound in chase; but, from his knowledge of the country, he was sure to arrive soon after the sport was concluded. The day ne-

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ver appeared too long for him; for he would always recommend drawing for a fresh fox, when it was far advanced—frequently reminding his brother-sportsmen that there was a moon which would serve to kill him by.

At the festive board, Mr. Stubbs was little more than a spectator, being remarkable for the temperance of his habits; but his conversation was highly amusing. He abounded in anecdote, was a great observer of mankind, and his remarks upon the follies and indiscretions of those twenty years younger than himself, were irresistibly diverting, though often pointed and sarcastic. On hearing it remarked one day, that a friend of his who had no mean opinion of himself, dissented from the rest of the party on some point in question, he observed, "Mr. — does not think so, does he? Then, Sir, an angel from Heaven would not convince him, so *you* may save yourself the trouble."

I trust I shall give no offence to the descendants or relations of this worthy man (for he is gone whither we all must go), by the few harmless anecdotes which I have ventured to relate of him. I never dip my pen in gall; but were I disposed to violate the good old maxim of not speaking evil of the dead, I could not do it here, for Mr. Stubbs was a very honourable man; and what, in my opinion, entitled him to no small respect—*he was a warm friend to fox-hunting, and an enemy to no man!*

Mr. Corbet had also a very peculiar way of crossing a country, and, as far as related to fences, much resembled Mr. Stubbs. Although he would not leap, he would gallop as fast as any body, and shewed no small share of nerve, as well as

hand, in going the splitting pace he did, along stony and sloughy lanes—a service of more danger, in my opinion, than riding straight over the fences; and he got several awkward falls. He, however, knew every gate, gap, and lane in the country, and it was astonishing how well he got to hounds, without ever going over a fence; but from the numerous angles he sometimes described, in going "the grand tour," it required excellent horses to carry him, of many of which he made terrible examples. He disdained having a pad-boy to help him; but from the respect in which he was held, every one was anxious to afford him assistance. He had, indeed, a laughable way of *helping himself to it* (if I may be allowed the expression), in the following manner: On coming to a fence he did not like the look of, and seeing any one he knew going at it, he would exclaim, "Thank ye, Sir, I am very much obliged to you; you'll just catch my horse!" This just catching his horse, just lost his friend the run, if it were a good one; but few could refuse the boon, when asked for by him. The last thing that Mr. Corbet could have been accused of, was being selfish in the field—for no man was ever more anxious to shew sport to his friends, even if he could not enjoy it himself; and when his hounds were well settled to their fox, and things looked well, he would cry out, "Now, gentlemen, ride, and catch 'em if you can."

Having mentioned two of the principal characters in this once celebrated hunt that *could not ride*, your readers will think it time I should speak of those *who could*.

Whatever may be the art we attempt, our merit in excelling in it is proportionate to the difficulties

we may have to contend with, as he who might make a good arithmetician, might cut a very bad figure in fluxions. In riding at a rapid pace, over a deep and strongly-enclosed country, *weight* must be allowed to be the greatest obstacle that presents itself; therefore he who outstrips his competitors, with such fearful odds against him, is most entitled to the prize. I shall therefore first introduce the name of Mr. Robert Canning—a name so well known in the sporting world, that no further introduction is necessary.

It was said of Caligula, that he was sent by Heaven to shew what mischief the worst man in the world, with the greatest means, could accomplish—an awkward experiment, we must allow. It was said of the late Duke of Bedford, that he was sent by Heaven to exhibit a contrasted lesson to mankind, and to prove what good could be done by a man well disposed to do it, when fortune had placed the means in his hands. Of Mr. Robert Canning it may be asserted, that among other excellent qualifications, he was sent amongst us *to shew what that fine animal the horse can do*. When we reflect for a moment on the subject—when we think that a man, *measuring six feet four inches in height, and weighing, with his saddle, seventeen stone*—that such a man, for so many years of his life, should have performed such wonders in the field, we almost feel inclined to believe that he must have had the assistance of some preternatural power. The power, however, which he has availed himself of, was derived from the rare faculties he possesses—faculties seldom united in one man: viz.—a quick eye, a

clear head, a fine hand, extreme coolness, and undaunted resolution. That a man of his height and weight should have, what is called, a neat seat on his horse, is not to be expected; but Mr. Canning looks to advantage when mounted. The evenness of his hand is much in his favour: himself and his horse always appear upon the best terms with each other; although it must be admitted he has sometimes demanded more than ordinary sacrifices from them.

I think I can venture to assert, that no man that ever yet was born, could have beaten Mr. Canning over Warwickshire, for a whole season, during the time he may be said to have been in his prime. All surmountable obstacles he was more than a match for; and, from his geographical knowledge of the country, he always knew how to avoid those which were not so. He frequently made his appearance in Leicestershire, where he was always seen in the front rank.

Were I to enumerate a tenth part of the gallant feats of this celebrated rider, I should far exceed the limits of the *Sporting Magazine*; but as he may be justly called a phenomenon in the sporting world, I cannot dismiss him yet; and to prove how his fame, as a rider, had extended to distant parts, I must relate the following anecdote:—An honourable and reverend gentleman—a very old Meltonian, and a very good judge—came one year into Warwickshire, as he was heard to declare, for two distinct purposes: one to see Mr. Corbet's hounds, and the other to see Mr. Robert Canning ride. When he got back into Leicestershire, he described himself as follows: "The morning," said he, "was unfavourable, and the scent so bad that we

could not get on with our fox, and I saw nothing remarkable in Mr. Canning. At two o'clock, we found a fresh one: the day altered, and the scent was good. The hounds went at their very best pace; when *Mr. Canning came out of the crowd, like a bee out of her hive, and beat every man that was out.*" Longinus himself could not have improved upon this!!

When I take upon myself to assert, that there was no man in Warwickshire who could beat Mr. Canning in the field, I do not mean to say that there may not have been some light-weights who could get as near to hounds as himself, for three or four miles, when things went smooth and well; but when difficulties arose, horses became distressed, and judgment was called into action, he was the man to look to. Independent of his eye being so good, his coolness never forsook him; so that he not only made his points to the best advantage, but appeared almost to anticipate the turns he was to meet with. What is not always the case with men that are called hard riders, *all sorts of fences came alike to Mr. Canning*; and those who have seen the brooks and gates which he has ridden over in a run, have been almost inclined to believe that he had borrowed Pegasus for the day.

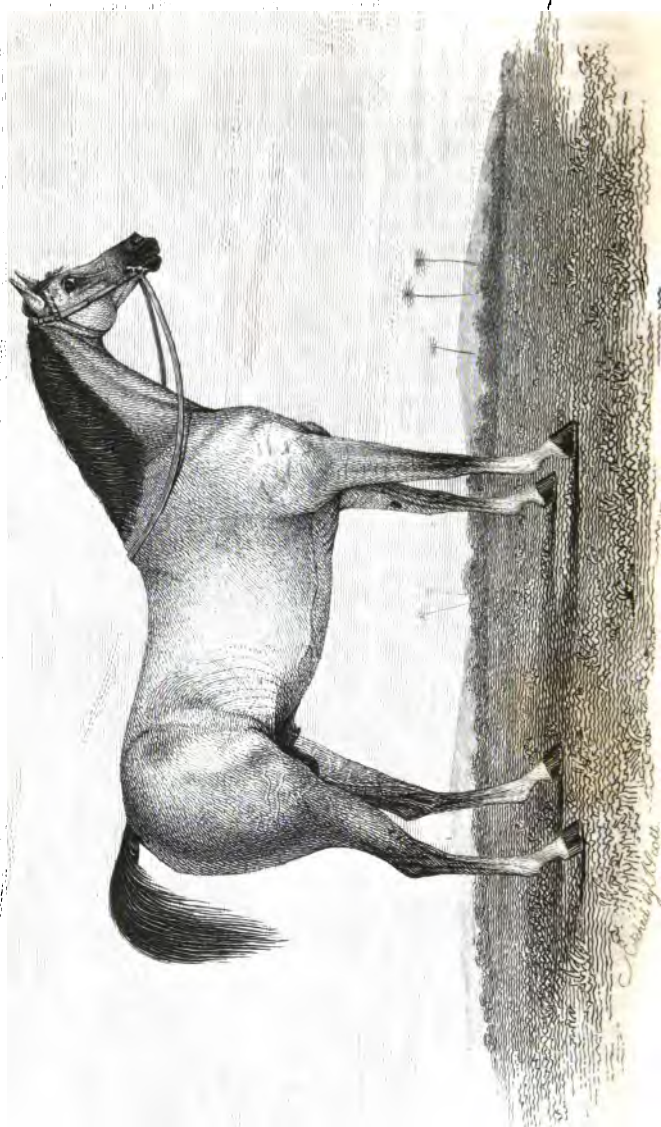
Mr. Canning's stud generally consisted of five or six hunters, but he seldom had more than one out at a time, and never appeared to recollect that he rode seventeen stone. He was generally very fortunate in not materially injuring them, and, all things considered, escaped pretty well himself; although, as may be supposed, he has had some hard blows. His horses, generally speaking, lasted several years, and he seldom sold them,

unless, as occasionally happened, he was tempted with large prices. If my recollection serves me, he rode one horse, which he called *Favourite*, for eight seasons in succession; but the best hunter he ever had, was a stallion, called *Knowsley*, which he purchased from Mr. Boycott, and which he hunted in the winter, and bred from in the summer, producing some very useful stock in the country. This horse was not quite thorough-bred, though he appeared to have a very small blot in his escutcheon; and when the country was not too deep, and with Mr. Canning on his back, he proved himself, according to my ideas of the animal, to be one of the most brilliant and perfect hunters that ever went into the field. Mr. C. lost his start one day with this horse in Leicestershire, in a very quick thing of forty minutes, and recovered it in a wonderful manner, getting quite into a front place, and maintaining it to the end of the run. He had another very wonderful hunter he called *Conjurer*. He was a vulgar-looking horse, with extremely fine points about him, and could go an extraordinary pace, and leap any thing.

Having ventured to presume that this gallant horseman was born to display the powers of the horse, I must beg permission to introduce one more instance of his prowess. Towards the conclusion of Lord Middleton's hunting Warwickshire, Mr. Canning got slack, and his stud fell off. The hounds meeting near to him one day, he went to see them find, on a little four-year-old mare that he had bred, equal to about 10st. on the road, and which had never seen hounds before. Strange to say—but having witnessed it, I can vouch for it—he







rode this little animal a very sharp barst of nearly half an hour, with his legs almost touching the ground; and just before the fox was killed, he rode her over a good brook, and a new taken still. Mr. Lucy gave him eighty guineas for the mare, a few days afterwards, in consequence of her (or rather his) wonderful performance. It is in allusion to such feats as this, that Mr. Canning is thus mentioned in the *Epwell Poem*, by Mr. Goulburn:—

"On his five-year-old horse, though of course in the front,  
Robert Canning comes next—the crack  
man of this hunt—

*Let him ride, what he will, whether hunter  
or hack,*

Sure, by some means or other, to be with  
the pack:

At the end of a day almost always alone;  
And scarce ever behind, though he weighs  
sixteen stone."

Notwithstanding the high repute this gentleman attained as a rider, no man was more free from jealousy; and so far from throwing any impediment in the way of a brother sportsman in the chase, he would give him every assistance in his power. He has always been heard to say, that fox-hunting was a social amusement, and that a liberal mind would not enjoy it the less for its being shared with others; but, on the contrary, the pleasure must be increased by being mutual.

A short time before Lord Middleton declined Warwickshire, Mr. Canning quitted it, having built a mansion-house on his estate in Gloucestershire, where he now resides; and where the same directing eye that piloted him so well over a country, has assisted him in planning one of the best-constructed houses, and offices, for the residence of a country gentleman, that could be formed with hands. With the

exception of his race-horses, his stud is reduced to one hunter, on which he sometimes makes his appearance with Colonel Berkeley's hounds; and, when things go to please him, he is still awkward to follow, and difficult to beat.

This gentleman is the second son of the ancient and honorable house of Foxcote,\* in Warwickshire, where his elder brother resides. I am not aware that he claims kindred with a Right Honourable Secretary of the same name, but each, we must allow, is a *prime minister in his way*.

NARRON.

## PET.

(With an Engraving.)

FOR an account of this powerful, well-formed, and valuable horse, the property of Henry Oakley, Esq. of Calcutta, eminent as an amateur of the horse, and for his concerns on the turf, we refer the reader to our Number for November, 1822, page 84. We immediately agreed with our old correspondent on the propriety of admitting *Pet* to a distinguished place in our long catalogue of worthies of his kind and class; and also in congratulating his worthy proprietor on the possession of such a horse. It is with the highest gratification that we hear from our Calcutta correspondents, on the improvement of the horse in the Anglo-Indian empire; and we beg leave most respectfully to submit to their serious reflection, the system of sporting morality, long since adopted, and occasionally inculcated, in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*.

\* It is singular that the elder Mr. Canning, who has also been devoted to fox-hunting, and a wonderful performer for his weight, should reside at *Fox-cote*, and that the name of Mr. Robert Canning's house in Warwickshire should have been *Hounds-hill*.

## THE PUGILISTIC RING.

## BATTLE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE battle between Spring and Neate, for two hundred guineas a-side, which excited so much interest throughout the country, took place on Andover fair ground, near the Queen Charlotte Inn, on Tuesday, May 20, 1823, in the presence of a concourse of nearly twenty thousand persons, many of whom came from the metropolis, and from towns and places still more distant. Until two or three days previous to the battle, a report was circulated, and generally believed, that it would take place near Hungerford, where Neate vanquished Hickman, in the memorable battle of the 11th of December, 1821; and this report obtained the more credence, because the magistrates of that district had not then interposed their authority to prevent the contest. They did so ultimately, however, and it was agreed that the battle should take place at Weyhill. With this intention, Spring slept at the White Hart Inn, in Andover, on Monday night, and Neate moved on the same afternoon from Marlborough to the Old Pear Tree Inn, in Appleshaw, where he reposed for the night. It was intended by the managers of this pugilistic drama, in the event of its exhibition being prevented at Weyhill, to remove to Ludgershall, in the adjoining county of Wilts; but it was understood that the magistrates of Hants had not only adopted means to prevent the battle at Weyhill, but had also communicated on the subject with the neighbouring magistrates of Wilts, in order to prevent its taking place in that county. Thus obstructed, several gentlemen who were much interested in the battle,

by bets and otherwise, solicited permission from George Barnes, Esq. bailiff of Andover, that the contest might take place in the ground above-mentioned, which was within his official jurisdiction. The request was acceded to.

A hill at the back of the field formed an amphitheatre, and amongst the people were numerous well-dressed females. So many *swells* were never before seen round the ring, which, under the superintendence of Mr. Jackson, was excellent. At one o'clock, Neate, arm-in-arm with his backer, Squire H. and Belcher, followed by Harmer, threw up his hat in the ring, amidst thunders of applause. About ten minutes afterwards, Spring, with his backer, Mr. S. and Painter, appeared, Cribb waiting for them. Spring very coolly walked up to the ropes, and dropped his beaver within them. He then shook hands with Neate, saying, "I hope you are well?"—"I am very well, thank you: I hope you are," was the reply. Spring was rather the favourite for choice on the ground, and rather the best in condition. The colours, an orange yellow for Neate, were tied to the stakes by Belcher; the blue, for Spring, was placed over them by Tom Cribb.

Every individual had an uninterrupted view of the fight, and not the slightest disorder occurred.

Round 1. Every thing being arranged, the office was given for *peeling*, and the aspiring ambition of Spring to obtain the Championship was about to be put to the test. The hands had also been crossed and shaken together, in token that no animosity existed between the parties. Spring was as fine as a star, and his *condition* could not have been better. He weighed 13st. 3lb. The person

of Neate was equally an object of admiration. Indeed, two finer young men could not have been opposed to each other, or a more equal match made. Neate had slightly the advantage in weight. Spring, cool, collected, firm, and confident, appeared at the *scratch* to meet his formidable opponent, who had obtained so much notoriety by his conquest over the late terrific Gas-light man. Neate, equally confident—nay more, if his countenance bespoke his mind—shewed at the *mark* ready to dismiss his adversary by one hit for the temerity he had thus shewn. A long pause of two minutes occurred in looking at each other—dodging about for two minutes longer. Spring let fly with his left hand, but no mischief was done. Neate missed the body of his opponent with his right hand. Another long pause. Neate aimed a tremendous blow with his right hand, which Spring stopped in great style. (*Applause from all parts of the ring.*) A pause. Neate again attempted his favourite slaughtering hit, which Spring parried, smiling and nodding at his opponent. (*Loud shouts of approbation from the spectators.*) Spring put down his hands, but Neate did not avail himself of this chance. Spring immediately made himself up in fine attitudes for administering *punishment*, and endeavoured to plant a hit with his right hand, which Neate stopped in the most scientific manner. (*The Bristolians shouting in turn, "Bravo Neate!" and applause from all parts of the ring.*) Neate missed the body of Spring with his left hand. Spring now went to *work*: some blows were exchanged, but Spring's hits were so severe on his opponent's *nob*, that he turned round. ("What

do you think of that 'ere for light hitting?" a Cockney cove observed to a Bristol man who sat close to him.) They followed each other over the ring, when Spring, in retreating from some well-meant heavy blows, got into a corner close against the stake, feeling with his heel whereabouts he was situated—"Now's the time!" says Tom Belcher)—but the defensive position of Spring was so excellent, that he was not to be got at without great danger to Neate; which the latter perceiving, he did not go near enough to do any thing like terrific execution. Spring fought his way out *à la Randall*: a close ensued, when Neate had nearly got Spring off his legs; but in struggling for the throw, Spring, with the utmost dexterity, turned Neate over in his arms, sent him on the ground, falling upon him. Between nine and ten minutes had elapsed. Seven to 4 for Herefordshire.

2. The superiority displayed by Spring in the preceding round rather *alarmed* the backers of Neate. They did not expect it. A long pause occurred. Spring stood as firm as a rock, Neate not being able to get at him. The latter, however, endeavoured to plant a hit, but it fell short. Both of the men now made themselves up for *mischief*, and counter hits passed between them. Spring's right hand put in so severe a blow over Neate's eye, that the *claret* followed it instantly. Spring exclaimed, "First blood, Neate!" This *touch* confused the Bristol hero a little; but he tried to give his opponent a heavy blow, which fell short; and Spring, in return, gave him so sharp a *nobber*, that Neate *looked round*, and was nearly going down. (*Disapprobation.*) The latter collected himself toge-

ther, and shewed fight; when Spring fought his way into a close, fished Neate with the utmost ease, and sent him down. The applause here was like a roar of artillery.—Two to 1, and "Neate has no chance—it's all up with him." Spring, while sitting on his second's knee, observed to Painter, smiling, "*It is as right as the day: I would not take 100l. to 11. and stand it—he can't hit me in a week.*"

3. All the powers of the bankers of Neate were on the stretch, in anxious expectation to see the slogger put in, which was to relieve their fears, and produce a change in their favour. *Shyness* on both sides. Spring endeavoured to plant a heavy right-handed hit, which Neate stopped cleverly. (*Great applause, and "Well done, Neate!"*) The latter smiled at this success, and Spring also observed "*Well stopped!*" Rather a long pause. The toes of the combatants were close together, and Spring not to be gammoned off his guard. Some blows were at length exchanged, and Spring received so heavy a hit on his kidneys, that his face for the instant bespoke great pain, and his arms also dropped a little. But in closing, Spring had decidedly the advantage; and in going down, Neate undermost.

4. Neate, instead of going up and fighting at the head of his opponent, where, at least, he might have had a chance of planting some of his tremendous blows, never shewed any signs of going in to fight. Standing off to a superior free-scienced boxer like Spring, almost reduced it to a certainty, that in the event he must be beaten. In his character as a smashing pugilist, his great

features ought to have been to have attempted to smash his leary opponent. He could not get an opening as his length to put in any effective blows: in fact, he could not break through the guard of Spring. Neate endeavoured to plant a severe blow, which Spring stopped with the utmost ease. Neate missed the body of Spring with his left hand. A short rally near the ropes, in which Spring had the best of it, and, in struggling for the throw, Neate experienced a tremendous fall, added to the whole weight of Spring on his body. (*Shouting of approbation.*)

5. Owing to the severe fall which Neate experienced in the last round, he attributes losing the fight. Neate informed Belcher (while sitting on Harmer's knee) that his arm was broken; but it was previously evident to every disinterested spectator, that Neate had not a shadow of chance—his nose bleeding and his face punished. Neate made another stop, when some blows were exchanged, and a slight rally took place, and Neate broke away. The latter gave Spring a hit, and was going down, but he resumed his attitude. (*Disapprobation.*) Spring, to make all safe, was in no hurry to go to work, and another pause ensued. Neate, as he was in the act of falling, received a hit, when Spring added another one on his back. The umpires called out to Belcher, and told him "*It was a stand-up fight; and Neate must take care what he was about.*" "*I assure you, gentlemen,*" replied Mr. Jackson, "*Neate received a blow.*" During this round, Belcher came to the extremity of the ropes, and in a low tone of voice told Mr. Jackson Neate's arm was broken.

"I perceive it," replied Mr. J. "but I shall not notice it to the other side."

6. Neate hit short at Spring's body with his left hand; holding his right in a very different position from the mode when the battle commenced. The Bristol hero was *piping*; and his tongue rapidly passing in and out of his month, betraying symptoms of great *distress*. Neate, however, gave a *bodier* to his opponent; and he also made a good stop: but, in a rally, he received several blows, and ultimately went down.

7. Spring was as fresh as if he had not been fighting; and although it was now a guinea to a shilling, and no chance of losing, yet Spring was as careful as if he had had a giant before him. The latter got away from a blow. Neate received a severe hit on his head, and he fell down on his knees. The shouts for joy from the partisans of Spring, and the roars of approbation from the spectators in general, begged description.

8th and last.—Neate endeavoured to plant a heavy blow on the body of Spring, but the latter jumped away as light as a cork. A pause. Spring was satisfied he had won the battle, and therefore determined not to give his opponent the slightest chance towards obtaining victory. Spring put in a hit on Neate's face, and when the latter returned he again got away. In an exchange of blows, Neate was hit down. When time was called, Neate got up and shook hands with Spring, and said his arm was broken, and he could not fight any more. The battle was at an end in 37 minutes.

From the little punishment that Neate had apparently received, no

idea of his resigning the contest so soon was entertained. No one knew how to account for what he saw; and a suspicion of bribery immediately occurred to the minds of his backers. It was soon, however, announced by Mr. Jackson that Neate's arm was broken, and it was said that some surgeons had declared there was a fracture. This announcement appeased, in some measure, the gathering tumult; but many hundreds of the spectators would give no credit to the story. Thus terminated a fight upon which so much expectation had been formed.

REMARKS.—The amateurs, generally, pronounced the above contest a bad battle. To witness two big ones opposed to each other for upwards of half an hour, and no *mischiefs* done, after riding nearly seventy miles, was not likely to give satisfaction to the admirers of *downright milling*. But the *torrent* of opinion was so strong in favour of Neate, both in Bristol and London, on account of his *tremendous* hitting, as to carry away like a flood all kind of *calculation* on the subject. Spring was to have been *smashed*, as Neate did the Gas. But he had a man of his own size and weight opposed to him. He likewise found out he had a boxer of superior talent to himself pitted against him; for his blows were *stopped*, and all efforts to break through the guard of his antagonist were of no avail. He was "out-generalled;" and the fine fighting of Spring "laughed to scorn" all the talk of tremendous hitting of his opponent. In truth, Neate could not plant a single effective hit. In the fourth round, Neate asserts his arm received a serious injury, and

one of the small bones was broken, but Spring had won the battle before it occurred. Spring called on Neate after the battle, whom he found in bed, and his arm put to rights by a surgeon. The latter said, "I am not beaten, but I lost the battle by the accident." Spring very generously made Neate a present of ten pounds.

After the above contest, a fight for a purse of ten guineas took place between a noted gamester of North Wilts, named Pope, and a Bristol pugilist named Parsons. This was decided in three short rounds, in favour of Pope, whose adversary stood no chance with him.



The sums betted in London and the country, on the battle between Spring and Neate, were immense; and never perhaps was expectation raised to a higher pitch in the sporting world, than on this event. The following letter from a correspondent, describing the fight, will not be uninteresting to our numerous readers:—

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

I AM no great frequenter of the prize-ring; but I could not suffer such an event as the contest for the proud title of *Champion of England* to take place, without making an attempt to witness it; and the following account of what I saw, may, perhaps, amuse your readers. As it is intended for the information of those who are not in the habit of witnessing such scenes, I shall be a little circumstantial in my detail.

As is usual on these occasions, the scene of action was doubtful—the parties having been threatened with magisterial interference if they

fought on Hungerford Downs, the place first fixed upon. This caused a good deal of counter-marching in those who, like myself, did not come from the metropolis; and some left their homes almost in a contrary direction to the spot finally determined upon, which was within a mile of Andover, on the London road. From the uncertainty before mentioned, and wishing to allow for accidents, I was upon the move between six and seven o'clock; but hearing, as I proceeded, that Andover was to be the arena of the day, I steered my course accordingly, and arrived there about an hour and a half before the appointed time. Two-thirds of the spectators, however, had already assembled, and hundreds were pouring in, in all directions—from the nobleman in his chaise and four, to the gipsy on his donkey. Post-chaises were on the ground from every town within sixty miles of the spot; and it was curious to see the number of stage coaches hired for the day, filled, inside and out, with swells of the first order, most part of whom sported the white hat and the upper Benjamin, which is the favourite costume of the fancy. There were two entrances into the field, at each end of which were posted some fighting men, who collected a shilling from every horseman, five shillings for the humblest vehicle, and a sovereign for all carriages with four horses. There were in the field, men who undertook to take care of our horses, and mine, among the rest, was tied to a quickest-hedge, without any thing to eat or to drink. All the front seats in the waggons, for which five and seven shillings were demanded, were filled previous to my arrival on the ground; so I contented myself with



sitting on the roof of a friend's carriage, from whence I got an excellent view of the ring.

By a little after twelve o'clock, all the great dons had arrived; and it was conjectured that there were fifteen thousand people on the ground.

"For endless crowds the vast assembly  
crown'd,  
"From all the wide dispeopled country  
round;  
"Some roused by great Acestes' mighty  
name,  
"Some to behold the Trojan stranger,  
came;  
"Some to contend, and try the noble  
game."

Great anxiety was displayed, as the hour of one approached, and which was only occasionally interrupted, by Messrs. Scroggins, Josh Hudson, Carter, and Co. clearing the ring with their whips, which were rather unceremoniously applied to the heads and faces of those who unfortunately stopped the way. At length, a barouche and four was seen coming into the field, and, from the waving of the yellow handkerchief of an amateur who was on the box, was well understood to contain one of the heroes of the day. It proved to be Neate, accompanied by Tom Belcher, Harry Harmer (who seconded him), and his backer. On alighting from the carriage, he walked up to the stakes, and threw his hat into the ring. He then shook hands with some gentlemen unknown to me, and walked arm-in-arm with his backer, coolly surveying the crowd. In about ten minutes after, Spring arrived, and walked with a graceful air to the ring, into which he also threw his hat. He was dressed in a black coat and waistcoat, and his appearance was altogether prepossessing. On entering the ropes, the man surveyed

each other as they passed, but it was not "the look of love." Before setting-to, however, as is usual, they shook hands, to prove, in case of accident, that no malice preposse existed between them. When stripped for action, there appeared but little difference in their condition, but it seems to be the general opinion that it was rather in favour of Spring.

On setting-to, a dead silence prevailed, and not a blow was struck, or attempted, for the space of five minutes. The attitudes of the men were remarkably fine—displaying the human form to the highest possible advantage. That of Spring was deserving of being handed down to posterity by the sculptor; and, indeed, at one time, such was the firmness of his position, he looked more like a statue than a man. To use a technical term, he is supposed to be particularly "good on his feet," and no man in England can throw him. To this must be attributed his seeming to court Neate to a close, by retreating to the ropes, where he always got the best in the fall.

Better judges than myself soon saw that Neate was no match for Spring, and out of eight rounds he only once had an advantage. The manly appearance of the latter, the unshaken firmness of his guard, and the science he displayed, were enough to daunt and confound a better man than Neate. Despair was evident in his countenance after the second round, and each succeeding one diminished the hopes of his backers.

It is not my wish to hurt the feelings of any man, therefore shall not repeat the observations that were made on the fallen hero. That he tried to win, no one can doubt, from the desperate blows

he aimed at "the wind," which Spring was fortunate enough to stop. All that can be said of him in this battle is, that he was no match for his man; and altogether it was the tamest fight I ever witnessed. The Bristolians were dumb from the first, and so well behaved, that it might have been almost doubted whether they were there. No "roar of roars," and only once was the name of Neate to be heard from their lips. The butchers soon saw all "the fat was in the fire," and, as it was not *slaughtering-day* with them in Hampshire, they had nothing to do but to pay their money and return to Bristol.

I saw Neate as soon as he was put into a carriage on the ground. He was accompanied by a medical gentleman, who declared his arm was broken. This, however, not being satisfactory to his backers, a surgeon of their own examined him, and immediately confirmed the report. I had not a shilling on the battle, but I confess I felt sorry for Neate. His countenance bespoke the agony he was in, and no doubt he experienced much mental as well as bodily pain. As a first-rate fighter, however, his star has set to rise no more; for, independent of any other consideration (and he certainly did not realise the hopes of his friends, or give satisfaction to the ring), no one would back him again, as this is the second time his arm has given way, having broken it once before in training. The Honourable Berkeley Craven not being able to attend, the watch was held by Major Hare, whose Waterloo laurels hang thick upon his brow. We were all happy to see that honest fellow Tom Cribb on the ground, where he was waiting the arrival of his favourite hero. He

looked very well, though quite out of fighting shape. In his cotton jacket, he wanted nothing but a clean white apron and a knife in it, to convert him into a nobleman's cook; where, as a friend of mine observed, he would excel in the *basting* part of his profession.

A minor fight took place for a purse of 50l. collected on the ground, between two as gallant fellows as ever peeled in the ring, though quite devoid of science. One of them was a Bristolian, and the other a Wiltshire blacksmith, named *Morris Pope*, who had sent one man to "kingdom come," and who was in a fair way to have sent another. There was no sparring or attitude displayed, but they let fly at each other, like two *Cheshire piles* in a cock-pit, and the son of Vulcan seemed to convert his right hand into a sledge hammer, and his opponent's head into an anvil; for at the end of the fifth round he beat him to a stand-still—the blood gushing out of his left ear—and, as a wag observed, *it would be a month before he would be fit to be shaved*. The meagre condition of these men formed a striking contrast to the blooming appearance of the others.

I did not hear of any sufferers by the light-fingered gentry. I was asked "what o'clock" it was, by one among the crowd, which being observed by a friend, he cautioned me against showing my watch, as it was a temptation not to be resisted at a fight; and it appears that on one occasion they actually stole the time-keeper out of Mr. Berkeley Craven's hand.

Thus ended the sports of this long-looked-for day. On my return home, some reflections came across my mind on the scenes I had witnessed, and I asked myself the fol-

lowing question : Is a spectacle of this nature injurious to the morals and the peace of society ; or is it productive of the contrary effect ? I cannot now give it proper consideration ; but, with your approbation, it shall be the subject of another letter.—Yours, &c. A.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR BY ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

“FIRST of all, then, let me pass an encomium on the national spirit of the worthy Corporation of Andover, in giving permission to the pugilists, and convenience to the spectators, in this grand display of science and British courage: for such it is, whatever certain Beaks and Members of the House of Commons may think and advance to the contrary.

“Neate, by his being a countryman, had rather the wishes of the generality of Johnny Raws, who always like to see the “Lunners” cleaned out: but Spring had the preference with the female part, owing to his prepossessing appearance, and caused many an emotion and ill-natured comparison respecting husbands’ and lovers’ personal qualifications. Neate first appeared in the ring, looking well, but rather flushed, and was received with cheers. A second shout soon greeted his opponent, who advanced steadily and firmly, looking as fine as a blood horse, and trimmed like a game cock: his appearance was such, that, in a word,

as he mov’d along  
He seem’d a victor to the astonish’d throng.

“Spring stood like a rock, broke ground when Neate did, and stopped Neate’s right and left with the precision of Bill Eales. His eye was penetrating, and his guard

firm, and nothing could induce him to give half a chance away. Neate (whose action was on the square, so that he could hit most mischievously with either hand) soon found out the difference between a rushing, and a stand-still fighter, and certainly seemed fully aware he was in the power of his foe; and frequently (tell it not in Bermondsey, proclaim it not in Butcher-row!) went down easier than there was occasion for; and, in short, did not shew any out-and-outer points. Spring won, without a scratch, and had a decided advantage both in out and in-fighting, and throwing and weaving.

“TRUE BLUE.”

NOCTES ATTICÆ.—No. VIII.

(Continued from p. 76 of Vol. XI.)

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

AFTER six months and eight days of absence, THE SNAIL, mentioned in the Number for November last, has made his appearance, on the 20th instant, and was brought to me this morning, well identified on account of the cicatrice on his shell, which I have described before. He seems to have worked, in his winter seclusion, four or five new strata, or layers, at the mouth of his cockle; looks fat and lively; and is now fast asleep (ten o’clock, P.M.) in his cocoa-nut. He must have been hungry, for he ate crumbs of bread and drank milk with great voracity. Where did he pass the hard winter season? Why should he come to the same spot again? I leave these questions for others to answer, and remain, yours, &c. Mr. Editor,

An Observer of the Providence of  
God in the Works of Nature.

May 23, 1823.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### BETTINGS ON FORTHCOMING RACES.

*Tattersall's, May 26, 1823.*

THE number of betters at Tattersall's this day was considerable; but they appeared to have made up their minds and their accounts until their arrival at the starting-post, whence we did not observe much money stirring.

#### DERBY.

6 to 4 agst Emilius.  
2 to 1 agst Tancred.  
9 to 1 agst Bertram.  
16 to 1 agst Nicolo.  
14 to 1 agst Pantina.  
20 to 1 agst Fanatic.  
20 to 1 agst Cinder.  
26 to 1 agst Talisman.

#### OAKS.

Even on Zinc agst the field.  
2 to 1 agst Pinwire.  
20 to 1 agst Mr. Doddington's filly.  
20 to 1 agst Dandizette.  
No betting on the Doncaster St. Leger.

*At York, during the Meeting.*

#### DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

5 to 1 agst Sherwood (taken).  
6 to 1 agst Tinker (taken).  
12 to 1 agst Miss Fanny (taken).  
16 to 1 agst Tancred and Eden.  
20 to 1 agst Abron, by Whisker.  
26 to 1 agst Honest John (taken).  
20 to 1 agst Columbus, by Filho da Puta.  
20 to 1 agst Palais Royal.  
35 to 1 agst filly, out of Shepherdess.  
35 to 1 agst colt, by Oomus, out of Orphan.  
40 to 1 agst Barefoot, by Tramp.  
40 to 1 agst Ben Ledi.

### RACING MEETINGS APPOINTED FOR 1823.

Ascot Heath .....	June 10
Buxton .....	11
Guildford .....	18
Stamford .....	24
Bibury .....	24
Woodwich Garrison .....	25
Tenbury .....	25
Ipswich .....	July 1
Bridgnorth .....	3
Hampton .....	3
Newmarket .....	7
Preston .....	8
Ludlow .....	9
Nottingham .....	15

Cheltenham .....	16
Derby .....	22
Swansea .....	23
Stockbridge .....	23
Knutsford .....	29
Winchester .....	29
Abingdon .....	Aug. 5
Newcastle-under-Lyne .....	7
Oxford .....	12
Worcester .....	12
Goodwood .....	12
Burton-upon-Trent .....	19
Canterbury .....	19
Salisbury .....	20
Hereford .....	20
Egham .....	26
Caledonian Hunt .....	Sept. 1
Aberdeen, &c. ....	1
Tavistock .....	2
Warwick .....	2
Pontefract .....	3
Stapleton Park .....	8
Lichfield .....	9
Northampton .....	10
Rotherham .....	10
Doncaster .....	15
Leicester .....	17
Margate .....	17
Glamorgan .....	17
Carlisle .....	23
Newmarket First October .....	29
Newmarket Second October .....	Oct. 13
Newmarket Houghton .....	27

The *York Herald* has contradicted the statement of Mr. Houldsworth having refused 2500gs. for Sherwood; adding, that hardly any price would tempt Mr. H. to part with the horse, until he has performed his engagements.

Mr. Bailey, of Hull, has purchased, and intends shortly to ship for Russia, several of the most celebrated horses this country ever produced, among which we notice the very celebrated stallions Soothsayer, Antar, Aladdin, The Patriarch, and several others: also some brood mares, amongst which are two very valuable ones by Sancho.

While one of the stable boys was lately exercising one of the race

horses, at Lytham Hall, near Preston, the horse became unmanageable, and, running away with him, made towards the stable, the door of which was open. The horse ran in, and the boy's head coming in contact with great force against the top of the door post, the blow caused his death almost immediately.

On the second day of the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, Lord Foley challenged for the Whip, and named his b. h. Sultan, by Selim, aged. The challenge not having been accepted, Lord Foley became entitled to the Whip.

#### TROTTING MATCH.

Mr. Hodgkinson's match to produce a horse to trot six miles in twenty minutes for 200 sovereigns, took place Thursday morning, May 22, over a mile circle in Ashted Park, Hertfordshire, where there was a great assemblage of sporting persons. The horse was rode by a boy of 6st.; the match was done in 19 min. 42 sec. The boy rode the horse with a loose rein, and he never made a break. Six to 4 on the horse.

A number of greyhounds, drafted by Lord Rivers, were sold at Tattersall's, London, on Thursday, May 22. Their names were, Rakeless, Rosa, Regulus, Racket, Rachel, Rarity, Ruth, Roscalba, Rockingham, Ryon, Rumble, Rattle, and Raffle. There were also ten puppies, one year old. The highest price given was 17 guineas, and they averaged about 10l. each. There was much competition, and it was supposed a good sale.

#### HUNTING.

Mr. G. Osbaldeston succeeds Sir B. Graham in the management of the Quorn hounds, as stated in our last.

#### RACING MEETINGS.

The subscriptions for Cheltenham races amount to 473l. 4s. Forty-seven horses are named for the Gloucestershire Stakes.

Warwick races are fixed for the 2d September. For the Guy Stakes of 50 guineas each, there are sixteen subscribers; and for the Gold Cup, twenty horses.

#### Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1894.

—Tuesday, Mr. Fox's bl. c. by Columbus, out of Lady Ern, agst Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. by Selim, out of Aquilina, 8st. 7lb. each. D. M. 200 sovereigns, h. ft.

Considerable improvements are in progress at the Doncaster race course. The Corporation intend to erect the booths.

We understand, that the Chatham races are fixed for the first week in August, and will continue for three days.

Southampton races are expected to take place about the middle of August; and, from the present number of subscribers, good sport is anticipated, as well as a most numerous and fashionable attendance of company.

Bath races will take place early in July, on Lansdown, and most excellent sport may be anticipated. There are not less than thirty-one horses named for the new great stakes of 25 sovereigns each, with 100 sovereigns added.

Weymouth, May 10.—The time of our races is not yet finally fixed, but we suppose they will follow those of Salisbury and Blandford. Thomas Grove, Esq. is steward. There are already eight subscribers of 10 sovereigns each towards the Gold Cup. Additional improvements will be made in the race course.

Hambledon Hunt Races.—This meeting took place on Thursday, May 1, and was uncommonly well attended, several handsome equipages being on the course.—The Farmers' Cup, given by the Members of the Hunt, was won at three heats, by Mr. Fidler's horse, beating six others.—The Hunters' Stakes, 12st. each, gentlemen riders, were won, at three heats, by Captain Shirreff's br. h. Contract, beating nine others. Mr. Apperley, who rode the winner, received a severe fall, just after he passed the ending post the second heat, by coming in contact with a cart horse. Though considerably bruised, he was able to win the next heat.

York Spring Meeting.—These

aces commenced on Monday, May 19, on which day there was a great deal of company on the ground. The carriages were not very numerous, but there were a great number of horsemen, and the grand stand was tolerably filled. On Tuesday the weather was very unfavourable, and the course was very thinly attended; but the fineness of the weather on Wednesday drew a great many people to Knavesmire, and the grand stand was better attended than on either of the preceding days. We regret to say that a serious accident occurred on Monday. When the company were returning from the field, the horse of Mr. Minithorpe, of Knaresborough, took fright at some object, and ran away with its rider, until it came to the hedge near the pinfold, where, by leaping into the high road, the horse's back was broken, and Mr. M. seriously injured. He was conveyed to the grand stand, and afterwards to the George Inn, in Coney-street, whence he was sent to Knaresborough. On Tuesday, after the second race, as the jockeys were returning to the weighing post, W. Clift, the rider of Lord Milton's Nitrogen, whilst in the act of taking off his saddle from his own horse, received a severe kick from Mr. Salvin's Princess, which knocked him down, and he received a severe contusion on the temple. We are, however, happy to say that the injury was not serious. The same day, T. Lye, the rider of Mr. Ferguson's Balance, whilst pushing on his horse between the grand stand and the winning post, for "*The Shorts*," lost his stirrups, and fell to the ground. He received no injury. The horse ran some distance before it was stopped.

#### COCKING.

On Monday, May 5, and three following days, a grand match of cocks was fought, at the Swan Inn, Norwich, between Captain Berrington for Herefordshire, and Mr. Harris for Norwich, for five sovereigns a battle, and 200 sovereigns the odd. It was decided in favour of Captain

B. by 10 a-head in the main, and three in the byes, beating Mr. H. by 13.

A main of cocks was fought at the Cockpit, Salford, Manchester, between the Earl of Derby and Webb Edge, Esq. for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main.—34 main, and 10 byes.

	DERBY.	M. D.	EDGE.	M. D.
Tuesday .....	6	1	0	1
Wednesday ...	5	2	2	0
Thursday .....	4	1	5	1
Friday .....	0	0	0	0
Saturday .....	0	0	0	0

15 4 5 2

*Chester*.—A main of cocks was fought between Dr. Bellysle and J. Woodburne, Esq. for 10 sovereigns a battle, and 200 the main.—45 main, and 15 byes.

	BELLYSLE.	M. D.	WOODBURNE.	M. D.
Monday .....	2	0	2	2
Tuesday .....	2	2	2	0
Wednesday ...	6	3	1	2
Thursday .....	3	0	1	2
Friday .....	0	0	0	0

13 5 6 6

The annual great main of cocks between the gentlemen of Norwich and Northampton, for 5l. a battle, and 200l. the odd, was fought at the Swan Inn, on the 23d, 24th, and 25th April, and won by Norwich—nine a-head on the main, and the byes even.

#### AQUATIC SPORTING.

The members of the Royal Yacht Club are now getting their vessels ready for sea, at the Isle of Wight. The Antelope, Lord Willeoughby de Broke; Lady of the Lake, George Halliday, Esq.; Elizabeth, T. A. Smith, Esq. and many others, are in a great state of forwardness. Sir George Thomas, Bart. and Sir George Leeds, Bart. in their beautiful yachts, the Eliza and Ruby, have already commenced their aquatic excursions within the Wight. The Duke of Norfolk is expected early this season with his yacht from Colchester: she is a yawl-rigged vessel, of 120 tons.

#### STEEPLE CHASE.

A steeple chase, for 100 sovereigns a side, took place on Saturday, May 3, between Captain Beetham and

J. S. Thissleton, Esq. The start took place within two miles of Oak-ingham, on part of Windsor Forest, to go to a spot on Maidenhead Thicket, over thick enclosed ground. Capt. Beetham was mounted on that celebrated hunter Thorn, and Mr. Thissleton rode his grey mare, one of the best of the Farley Hunt. The distance is about nine miles in a straight direction, and the race was a very severe one. The competitors galloped together, taking across the country, with many hazardous leaps, until they reached Shottesbrook church, where they separated, each making the best of his way into the Bath road. Captain Beetham got into the road at Knowl Hill, and his opponent a mile nearer Maidenhead, and they were together a mile from home on the high road. All depended now upon speed, and Thorn had it. The Captain won the race by about 200 yards.

#### DEATH OF MR. ELLIOT.

An inquisition was taken this month, before Mr. Stirling, the Middlesex Coroner, on the body of Thomas Elliot, Esq. a gentleman of fortune, and a great patron of the prize-ring sports, the turf, &c. at the house of the deceased, No. 39, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square.—Thomas Spencer, footman to the deceased, stated, that his master went to bed between one and two o'clock on Wednesday morning, May 7, 1823. About eight o'clock the same morning, a person called, asked if Mr. Elliot was within, and, *sans cérémonie*, followed up stairs into the gentleman's bed-room, and he was soon followed by another. These were a sheriff's officer and his assistant. They soon after retired below, and Mr. Elliot gave witness directions to procure a pen and ink for them to give a discharge to a writ of 33l. In a short time after witness heard the report of a pistol; and he found his master had shot himself on the left side of the abdomen with a horse-pistol, which, from excessive charge, had nearly forced

the lock off.—John Evans, surgeon, stated, that he was called in soon after eight o'clock in the morning, and found the deceased dead, but warm, reclining in a chair, with his shirt on only. There was a considerable wound and laceration on the lower part of the stomach, the effect of a discharge of shot. The charge passed through the heart and the lungs, and must have caused instantaneous death. The pistol lay three or four yards from the body, and there was a shot-belt and powder-flask upon the bed.—Mary Western said, she had lived a year and a half in the service of the deceased. He was subject to pains in the head, and did not seem to know what he did or said. He used leeches upon his temples, and medicines agreeable to his own fancy. He had been worse since a recent shock at the death of his mother, after which he kept his bed-room, and said every thing seemed to be going round. He had lately been at Brighton, but got worse. He drank freely, and was irritable; and witness had often put razors and other instruments of destruction out of his way, fearing he would kill himself. His skull was fractured when a youth.—The executor to the will of the father of the deceased proved that deceased was not of sane mind: he had been covered formerly by a strait waistcoat, and had been twice under the care of a keeper.—The Jury expressed themselves satisfied, and returned a verdict of—*Insanity*.

#### A RAT CLUB.

For some months past, a party of gentlemen, in the parish of Swaffham, have formed themselves into a society, for the purpose of destroying rats; keeping dogs, ferrets, &c. at their joint expence. The hunting season being over, the Members of the Swaffham Rat Club, with a number of visitors, amounting to about thirty, dined at the George Inn, in that place. Many appropriate toasts and convivial songs enlivened the social hour. It is but justice to the exertions of the Club to state, that during the last four months nearly

two thousand rats have fallen victims to this novel institution.

To the great terror of poachers, and to the amusement of the learned, a notice is stuck up in a plantation near Swaffham, "That man traps, spring guns, and pelifosporos, are set in these grounds!" The former conceive it to be some dreadful slaughtering machine; whilst the latter are divided in opinion whether it is a loud sound or resounding.

#### PIGCON SHOOTING MATCHES.

On Friday, May 9, the subscription grounds at the Battersea Red House were numerously attended, to witness the decision of several pigeon shooting matches, in which Lord Kennedy, Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Delme, Captains Rous, Hay, Bentinck, and others, were engaged. At the conclusion of the matches, the parties and their friends had a large dinner party at Mr. Swayne's, at the Red House. Owing to the accident that occurred last season, none but subscribers are allowed to appear on the grounds to join the sports and matches.

On Thursday, May 22, the first grand pigeon match, for 500 sovereigns, between Lord Kennedy and Mr. Osbaldeston, was decided in Hanworth Park, by Mr. Osbaldeston killing two birds more than his adversary in 100 shots. Great sums were lost and won. The second match, for 700 sovereigns, was to begin Monday, the 26th, at the Old Hats, near Ealing. The result has not reached us.

#### SPARRING.

Spring's benefit, at the Fives Court, on Monday, May 5, was a *bumper*. The *sets-to* were good. Cooper (the Gypsy) offered to fight Randall for 200l. a side any time the latter thought proper. The Nonpareil mounted the stage, and said, "if he fought the Gypsy, it must be for 300l. But he had a wife and three children to provide for: he was also settled in business, and had his house to attend to: he therefore did not mean to fight any more prize bat-

ties."—Great applause, and "very proper," from the spectators.

Tom Shelton took his benefit at the same place on Thursday, May 22, and the Court overflowed. The *sets-to* in general were *wab-ish*; and Belcher and Shelton proved themselves to be *downy* ones! This *set-to* was by far better to look at than the recent great fight at Hinckley Downs. Shelton, by a well-timed hit under the ear, *floored* the great Master of the Art of Sparring in a twinkling. "Oh, oh!" says Belcher, "I understand you now. Good night to light play! But I'll soon be with you, never fear!" The attitudes of both the men were pictures for an artist. Belcher's *one two* had the desired effect; he also put in some *nobbers*; and ultimately finished the round decidedly in his favour. Shelton bowed, as a signal to take off the gloves. "No, no!" from the spectators: "It is too good to put an end to it yet: we must have another round!" The request was complied with; and the additional round proved quite a treat. Belcher never *showed off* in finer style; and Shelton's good knowledge of fighting proved him a rival of no mean stamp. They both retired from the stage amidst thunders of applause. The general cry now was, "Spring, Spring!" The latter hero, modestly bearing his "blushing honours" thick upon him, ascended the stage. He was cheered from all parts of the Court; when Spring addressed the amateurs in the following terms:—"Gentlemen, I return you my sincere thanks for the honour you have done me to-day, and I hope my future conduct will equally merit your kind attention. I promised to *set-to* with Shelton; but having met with an accident (his hand was tied up with a handkerchief), I trust you'll excuse me: at all other times you will find me willing and ready to obey your commands." Shelton returned thanks.

Tuesday, May 27, there were two sparring benefits—one at the Fives Court, at which Cribb presided; the



other at the Tennis Court, Windmill-street—for the benefit of Tom Belcher. Although the amateurs (from what untoward cause we shall not inquire) thus divided, the assemblage was numerous at both places. At the Tennis Court we saw a great number of *Corinthians*, anxious, no doubt, to see Neate after his late battle. Belcher set to with Harmer and Lancaster, and there were several other good *walloping* bouts; after which Neate mounted the stage, and addressed the company on the issue of his late fight with Spring. He exhibited a certificate from Mr. Surgeon Cline, to verify that a small bone of his arm was fractured; and he afterwards added, "I was not beaten by Thomas Spring: it was by my arm being broken. I shall be ready to meet him again when recovered." The day's amusement closed with a sport novel to the sparring court—viz. a smart bout of single-stick, between a couple of Wiltshire gamesters.

A sparring benefit was lately given at the Fives Court to the widow of Mr. Rowe, who was killed with the Gas-man. It produced a clear profit of 103l. 6s. 6d.

#### BOXING.

May 6, a battle took place at Blind-low Heath, in Sussex, 25 miles from London, between Peter Crawley and Acton, for 25l. a side. Peter (*Young Ramp Steak*), well known in the pugilistic circles from his spirited and scientific battle with the late Gas-light Man, was the favourite—7 to 4 and 2 to 1. Acton had won a battle with Kendrick the Black, and had also been defeated by Ward. Peter was attended by Ben Byrne and Harry Holt, and Acton by Eales and Scroggins. Acton was in fine condition, and to all appearance must have weighed nearly 14 stone. Crawley looked thin, but was well, and about 12st. 4lb.

Round 1. No time was lost; and Crawley, with his left hand, marked the body of his opponent. Acton missed in return, when an awkward sort of hugging took place. Both down, but Crawley undermost.

2. *Young Ramp Steak* endeavoured to cut up his opponent, and his fine science gave him the lead. He napped Acton, and got away; he also endeavoured to repeat it, but Acton stopped him with considerable skill. Crawley made himself up, and by a well-measured, a beautiful hit, planted under Acton's right eye, the latter went down like a shot. A more tremendous hit was never witnessed in any battle. Ten to 1 was offered.

3. If Acton had not been a truly game man, he would not have again appeared at the *scratch*. Milling on both sides, till Acton and Crawley found themselves on the ground. Seven to 4.

4. Acton had rather the best, and Crawley went down.

5. Some excellent science exhibited on both sides. Acton napped so much *pepper*, that he turned round from the punishment he received; but, in closing, he threw Peter out of the ropes. "Well done, Acton!"

6. Both were distressed. Acton hit Crawley very hard, and the latter was again down.

7. The skill of Crawley in this round won him the fight. Acton received at every step, but he endeavoured to *ruffian* it with his opponent. The latter napped a blow in the middle of his head, the *claret* flowing in torrents; but he nevertheless bored young *Ramp Steak* down. Great applause on both sides.

8, 9, 10, 11. These rounds were all nobly contested; but in favour of Crawley.

12. Acton had the best of it; and Crawley, to avoid *punishment*, went down rather in a doubtful manner. "Foul, fair," &c.; when Belcher, one of the umpires, told Crawley to recollect it was a stand-up fight. "I assure you," replied Crawley, "I went down from a slip."

13 and last. This was a most terrific round. Crawley hit Acton all to pieces, and followed his opponent all over the ring till he was *floored*; and, when time was called, Acton was insensible to it.

The battle was at an end in sixteen minutes.

**REMARKS.**—It was a fine battle. Crawley won it in superior style; and Acton proved himself a very game man. Crawley will now be backed against some opponent of higher importance on the boxing list.

The second battle was between the lively kid Stockman, and Aaron the Jew boy. Forty rounds were manfully contested, occupying forty minutes. The Jew was too heavy for Stockman; and the latter had not strength enough to reduce the confidence of the Jew. Crawley and Aaron will soon have an opportunity, in all probability, of shewing their prowess against some new customers.

On the 30th April, a fight for 100l. took place in a field near Buxton. The combatants were two men of celebrity, named Wheeping, a Manchester man, and Langan, an Irishman. They fought eight rounds, but without the least chance of success on the part of Wheeping, who was much punished.

#### VORACITY OF A PIKE.

A correspondent communicates the following remarkable occurrence:—As two gentlemen were fly-fishing at South Newton, near Salisbury, on the 10th instant, one of them hooked a grayling, or umber, on the opposite side of the river. In playing it, a pike seized it. In order to land the fish, it was found necessary to draw it over a large spot of weeds in the

middle of the river: the pike still kept his hold, and although on the weeds, and indeed out of water, shook his prey as a dog would a rat, and continued so to do for several minutes. At length both were drawn to the bank and taken out together in a landing net, the pike never quitting his prey until enclosed in the net. The grayling weighed 12oz. and the pike 2lbs. only.—*Salisbury Journal.*

#### PEDESTRIANISM.

On Monday, May 5, at Ilford, Essex, a man undertook, for a wager of 3l. to run and pick up 300 stones, a yard distant from each other, in his mouth, by resting on his hands, one stone at a time, and return to the first yard. He won the wager. The time given was twelve hours.

On Saturday, May 3, Tenny completed his match of 1000 miles in 18 days, between Doncaster and Sheffield, having gone two miles more than the distance, within the time specified.

Angel, the Norfolk pedestrian, on the 24th April, performed 72 miles in twelve successive hours, near Chatteris, with five minutes to spare.

Michael Mooney, the celebrated Glasgow pedestrian, lately performed the extraordinary task of walking 105 miles in twenty-three successive hours. He walked on a piece of measured ground.

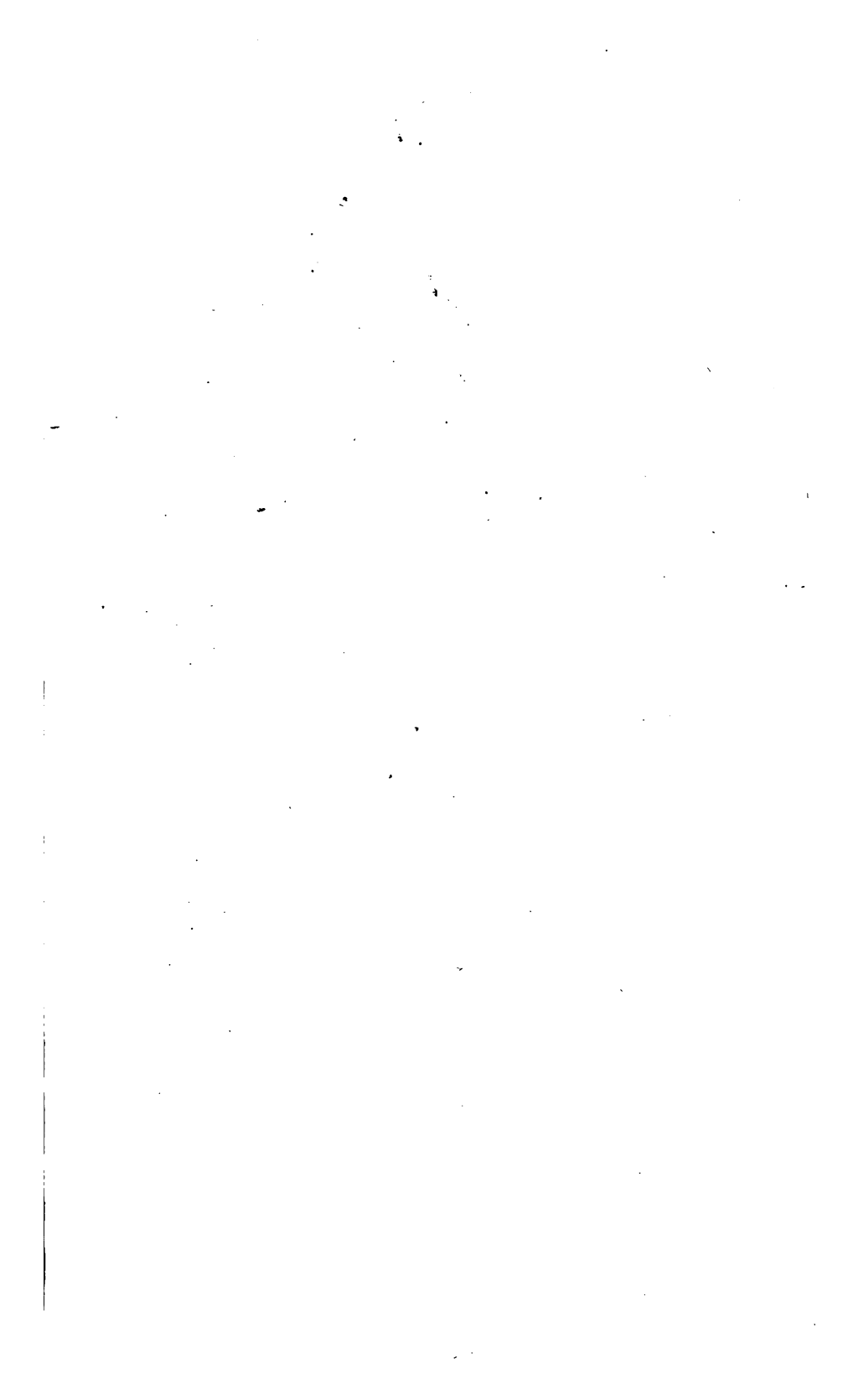
### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must request the indulgence of several Correspondents, whose favours are omitted from a press of other matter.

The Portrait of *Tott Inchley* is again deferred, from an accident. We hope to give it in our next; and when we shall also devote a few pages to the Somerset House and Water Colours Exhibitions, and to the favours of our poetic friends.

Relying on the accuracy of a Correspondent, we stated in our last, as a correction to an account of Master Henry's performances, given at p. 335, Vol. XI. N. S. that he was beaten in 1821, at Litchfield. We are informed by Mr. Johnson, of York, who now superintends the racing department of this Magazine, that Master Henry did not start in the race mentioned, but that it was a mare of Mr. Charlton's, got by Crispin, out of Lady Sophia. The error appears to have had its rise in the accounts of that year published in this Magazine, and in Pick's Calendar.

A Correspondent, who is an admirer of good old hunting songs, wishes to obtain correct editions of the two following:—The one entitled "Thorny Down," composed by the late Mr. Ridge, the first Master of the Hampshire Hounds; and the other entitled the "Hampshire Hunt," said to be composed by a tradesman of Winchester, and the different individuals who at that time hunted with Mr. Ridge.





WOLVERMANS.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII. N. S.

JUNE, 1823.

No. LXIX.

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## Embellished with,

I. A Portrait of the celebrated Racer WOUVERMANS, by Rubens.

II. The Dog of ST. BERNARD, an Engraving.

## WOUVERMANS.

Painted by A. COOPER, R. A. and engraved by W. SMITH.

**WOUVERMANS** was bred by George Morant, Esq. He was got by Rubens, his dam Brighton, by Gohanna; grandam, Nutmeg, by Sir Peter; greatgrandam, Nimble, by Florizel—Rantipole, by Blank—Joan (Sister to Careless), by Regulus (who was got by the Godolphin Arabian)—Silvertail, by Heneage's Whitenose—Rattle—Darley's Arabian.

Wouvermans first started in the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, as a three-year-old, but was not placed. In the First Spring Meeting, he ran a severe race with

Lord Foley's Interpreter. Second Spring Meeting he ran second to Cannon Ball, a very severe race over the B. C. beating Sam (the winner of the Derby Stakes at Epsom, 1818). He then was purchased by Lord Warwick, and in the July Meeting he won a Sweepstakes, D. M. In 1820, he won a Plate at Epsom, and 95gs. at Hampton. He then became the property of Mr. King, and won the Waterloo Stakes at Brighton, and 50l. at Bedford. Shortly after, he was sold to the present owner, and has since won fifteen times.—Wouvermans is a rich chesnut horse, with three white legs and a white face, and has been remarked as very much like Eclipse.

Q

## WARWICKSHIRE.

(Continued from No. 68, p. 101.)

**ALTHOUGH** Warwickshire is a country that does not furnish us with so numerous a list of first-rate performers as some others may produce, yet it is one in which no man can live with hounds who cannot ride, and the horse he is mounted upon must be a hunter. Independent of the brooks, the land, being rich, produces a strong growth of quickset in the fences, and in the grazing part of it there is much timber to be jumped. Being generally flat, the ditches are cut deep, to get a fall for the water; and it is altogether a field in which a man has room to distinguish himself.

One of the hardest riders which Warwickshire has had to boast of, is Mr. Edward Gale Morant, who resided for many years at Upton House, near Edge Hill, one of the seats of the Earl of Jersey, and where he kept a clever pack of harriers, to amuse himself with on the intermediate days. Mr. Morant is an old Meltonian, and one of the heroes of the Billesden Coplow poem. I cannot call him a fine horseman, but as a determined rider over a country, he has few equals; and no man in England would beat him for fifteen minutes, when hounds ran *very hard*, or for fifteen hours, if his horses could carry him so long, as he has strength for any exertion, and nerve for any fence. "It is," however, "the pace that kills," and this Mr. Morant has too often proved; for so briskly does he put them along, that he never had but one hunter that could carry him through a run of an hour. This was a thick, little, hard-pulling chesnut horse, got by No Pré-

tender, shewing a great deal of good breeding, and such was his stoutness, that it was difficult sometimes even for Mr. Morant to stop him. In the real sense of the words, he was *no pretender*, for he would go long after nature said "enough." Mr. Morant, however, is of all others the man to ride a horse in distress; for towards the end of a run it always appeared a matter of perfect indifference to him whether his horse cleared his fences or not, so that, by some means or other, he could get into the next field. Falls seemed but a minor consideration: his object was to put his horse at the fence, leaving it to chance, or fortune, whether he got safe over it or not. When hounds went their very best pace, then Mr. Morant was in his element; and I certainly think him one of the most determined and straight-forward riders that ever came under my observation. Had he been less severe on his horse, he would have seen more sport; but the cream of the thing was what he wished to gather, and, as long as it lasted, he had it in perfection. His pleasure, however, was generally short lived, for no horse that ever was foaled could sustain *his pace* long.

If I may be allowed to say so, it was sometimes diverting to see Mr. Morant in distress; and on one occasion, in particular, he afforded considerable amusement to a large portion of the field. It was in Mr. Corbet's time, and we had had a capital run of an hour and ten minutes, and killed him. After worrying our fox, we proceeded homewards, when, turning the corner of a large quickset hedge, we came, suddenly, upon Mr. Morant. He was mounted on his famous chesnut horse, which I have before

mentioned, and was a terrible example of disaster and defeat. He had lost his hat, and his face was much scratched and bloody. Poor Splogio's tongue (for that was the name of the No Pretender) was out of his mouth, his head hung down, and he had none of that fiery temper with which he had left his stable in the morning. Although made the subject of much merriment, particularly to Mr. Corbet, who was present, Mr. Morant immediately exclaimed, "Upon my word, a very pretty run. Where did you kill him? I wish I could have been with you, but I don't know how it is, my little horse did not like it to-day: perhaps I hurried him too much. It was a very pretty thing." The ardour of the rider was too much for the powers of his horse, and he verified the old saying—that the most haste does not always make the most speed. Mr. Morant's idea of a run, was like Lord Chatham's of a battle—that it should be short, sharp, and decisive; and I will do him the justice to say, that no man can beat him in a run of that description.

One of the characteristics of fox-hunting is, that it begets a contempt of danger; and no one ever appeared less afraid of breaking his neck, than Mr. Morant. Without this enviable qualification, it is useless to think of contending for the honours of the field. In one instance, Mr. Morant proved himself almost superior to the influence of fear, or, in more sporting language, *a game one*. He got a fall one day into a road, and alighted on his head, on a heap of stones. Though alarmingly hurt, and obliged to quit the field, yet, to the surprise of every one, he was at the covert side the next day, as if

nothing had happened. On his friends asking him how he was, he told them that he had some awkward sensations, to be sure—such as dizziness of sight, shivering, and a feel as if cold water was running down his back (all, by the way, symptoms of a slight concussion of the brain)—and that they wanted to bleed and physic him, but he thought a bottle of claret over night, and a good run with hounds in the morning, would do him more good, so he was come to try the experiment. Now, although this may be a bad way of providing against the consequences of a bad fall, yet we cannot but admire the manly spirit that prompts a man to adopt it, as it would lead him, if occasion required it, with the same coolness, to a double-shotted battery.

As I am on the subject of tumbling, it may not be amiss to observe, as a hint to hard riders, that I attribute many falls which I have seen Mr. Morant get, to his not riding in spurs—never to my recollection having seen him wear them. When horses come to be *crammed* at such places as he was in the habit of cramming them at, and perhaps blown at the time, the assistance of spurs is most useful, to keep up the stimulus, and prevent their slackening their pace when they come to the fence, by which much of the impetus that would have carried them over, is lost, and a fall is too often the consequence.

Mr. Morant has left Warwickshire, and now resides in the New Forest. It is also said he has declined hunting, which all those who have not must lament. By his good humour and high spirits, he was a great promoter of mirth in the field, and a gallant rider over

the country; but *only fit to follow fox-hounds on a good scenting day*. Could he have persuaded himself to have gone "Mr. Stubbs's pace," he would have shewn more sport than he did with his harriers, but with them he always rode among the leading bounds.

Another celebrated character in our sporting catalogue is Mr. John Hawkes, who resided many years at Snitterfield, in Warwickshire, but who has lately been living in Worcestershire, and only occasionally appearing in the former country. Mr. Hawkes is also a very old Meltonian, having been a great deal in Leicestershire, in the late Mr. Meynell's time, and distinguished by the friendship and confidence of that renowned sportsman. Mr. Hawkes has not only been a brilliant rider over a country, but was, at one time, supposed to be one of the best gentlemen-jockies of his day. "He was not only," to use the words of Mr. Buckle, "clever in the saddle, but right in the attics," his judgment in a race being particularly good; and had he been a jockey by profession, and three stone lighter than he is, he would have ridden many a winner of the Derby. Mr. Hawkes was born to ride, nature having cast him in one of her favourite moulds; and I have heard, that when in the army, in early life, he was considered a model for a light dragoon.

If Leicestershire does not spoil a man for most other countries, it certainly makes him fastidious; and Mr. Hawkes would have been better satisfied with Warwickshire, if he had never hunted in the former county. It was not every day's sport that would please him there, though, perhaps, he may have been heard to find fault with a run

in Warwickshire, which he would have been very well satisfied with, had it been in Leicestershire. His best day in Leicestershire was gone by before I knew him, having never hunted in it, as I have before observed, in Mr. Meynell's time; but by the way in which I have seen him ride over Warwickshire, particularly on a horse he had, called "the Printer," I am convinced he has been a match for any man. Having been upon the turf for many years of his life, and a considerable breeder, he generally rode well-bred horses, and of a good stamp for business. He purchased *Williamson's Ditto*, for a large price, after he won the St. Leger, as a stallion; but your sporting readers need not be told, he was not the sire of many good ones.

Mr. Hawkes having devoted himself to the interests of his family, has long withdrawn himself from the sporting world, and, indeed, from society in general, by which, it must be admitted, it has sustained a loss; for he is a man of much information, of very captivating manners, and in every respect a very worthy character. He has been said to view mankind through rather a contracted focus, if not with a jaundiced eye, and an expression which once dropped from him in my presence, rather confirms the charge. A person asked him how he liked some particular horse—"I like," said he, "very few horses, very few women, and d—d few men!" I need not observe, his friend did not ask his opinion again.

A very old member of the Stratford Hunt, and one of the most respectable personages in the county of Warwick, is Sir Grey Skipwith, who, though the father of fifteen children, still rides to



hounds with the ardour of his youthful days, and is a subscriber to the pack that now hunts this fine country. Sir Grey was never what is called a bruising rider—that is to say, he is not one of those *who will go with a fall*, rather than not go at all; but he may be said to ride, as he lives, quite like a gentleman, and is what is termed a very pretty rider to hounds. Being a light weight, he has always ridden the right sort of horse—well-bred, near to the ground, and with sufficient substance. Sir Grey is a true friend to fox-hunting, and just the kind of man that should be found in every other parish throughout England, as nothing can go wrong in a country, where gentlemen of his weight and influence reside.

Mr. Reginald Winniatt is well entitled to notice among the hard riders of Mr. Corbet's and Lord Middleton's days, in Warwickshire. He is a very powerful horseman, with rare nerve; but, for want of *the finger*, got a great many falls in his noviciate, and was some time before he completed his education. He had a wonderful mare on which he often distinguished himself, and to which, perhaps, he is indebted for his celebrity. She was not quite 15 hands high, but long and wide, and possessed every good quality for a hunter. After riding her several seasons, he sold her to Mr. Walsh Porter, for 200 guineas, who also, at the same time, gave Sir Grey Skipwith that sum for much such another animal. These two mares were the extent of Mr. Porter's stud; but one or other of them was always ready for him, and few men in Warwickshire went out oftener, or got better to hounds, than Mr. Porter. Mr. Winniatt purchased his old mare again after she had done her

work, and sold two hunters out of her, by Fyldener, to Colonel Berrington, for 500 guineas.

Although it was before my time that he hunted regularly in Warwickshire, yet having seen him out in many other countries, I cannot pass over Mr. Boycott. This gentleman resides in Shropshire, and is too well known in most other countries, to require any further account of him from me. It has been said of him, that as a coachman he can drive, and as a horseman he can ride, anything, and I believe it is truly said; and had he been cast in the lot of those who are obliged to work for their bread, he would have made the best rough-rider in England. As there are some who never have a goose on their pond, so Mr. Boycott never had a bad horse in his stable; but I will do him the justice to say, that he can do more with a bad horse, than half the world can with a good one; and a lesson or two from him will complete the education of a hunter. He is also a first-rate judge of the animal, and was at one time in the habit of selling his horses for large prices.

As a coachman, Mr. Boycott is well known on the road, and when punishment is wanting, he can administer it with effect. If he takes hold of them they must go; and he has been heard to say that three legs are sufficient for a coach horse. At one time of his life he would buy those which no one else could drive, and generally got the better of them at last.

In early life, Mr. Boycott was a soldier—having had a troop in Sir Watkin Wynn's Fencible cavalry, which saw so much service in the last Irish Rebellion. Here he was shot in the body, and the ball was never extracted. He suffered much

for two years afterwards, but he has felt no inconvenience from it since, excepting now and then when he has been *thrown out in a run*; but his friends never remember it to have affected him, *when he could take the lead and keep it*. When he arrived in England, after his wound, a brother fox-hunter facetiously observed, that he was come over with a *bullet-in*; but many thought it was no subject for a joke, as he had a very narrow escape for his life. Had he been killed, we should have lost a gallant sportsman, and his friends would have missed many a hearty laugh; for, though no one can do any thing quite so well as himself, he is a great promoter of mirth in society, and a very good fellow to boot.

NIMROD.

#### ERRATA

In last letter on Warwickshire.

Page 99—nine lines from the top:—*for* "home," *read* "homes."

Page 99—three lines from the bottom—*for* "described," *read* "expressed."

#### COCK AND HEN PARTRIDGE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

**I**F the following lines are worthy your insertion in the *Sporting Magazine*, they are much at your service, from yours, &c. RUS.

In few instances is the force of parental affection more powerfully displayed, than in the cock and hen partridge, at the time they first bring out their infant brood. As I was riding this morning, in a green lane, the ruts of which were very deep, two old partridges got out of one of them, leaving their infant brood behind them, from their inability to get out, as they appeared to be but just hatched. I never saw any thing like the agony expressed by the old birds,

lest I should injure their little flock. They continued uttering the most piteous notes, and fluttering their wings in a way peculiar to them on such occasions, and I could scarcely drive them from under my horse's feet. Seeing two labouring men at a distance, I procured their assistance, and succeeded in rescuing the young ones from their perilous situation, as I knew there was a waggon coming, which would, in all probability, have destroyed them.

Considering the wild state of these birds, and that they come under the appellation of *feræ naturæ*, I could not but reflect, with pleasure and astonishment, on the wonderful instinct which Nature has implanted in them, for the protection of their young at this tender age—almost to the total disregard of their own safety, as I could have picked either of them up in my hand. A few days since, a pointer bitch of mine broke out of her kennel, and came up to me in a field, with a hen partridge in her mouth. On observing, by her track in the grass, the way she had come, I retraced her steps, and found the cock bird, with a brood of ten young ones—the poor hen having, no doubt, fallen a sacrifice to her parental affection. The cock, at present, supplies her place; but this shews the necessity of keeping all dogs up in the hatching season.

For the *Sporting Magazine*.

#### HERON-HAWKING IN NORFOLK.

**I**T may not perhaps be known to the generality of our readers, that the ancient pastime of heron-hawking is still carried on in the county of Norfolk. A correspondent of ours, in the neighbourhood,

has favoured us with the following account :—Ten cast of hawks, with four falconers, natives of Germany, to which country they repair annually in the autumn to catch a supply of hawks for the ensuing season, are kept at Didlington Hall, the seat of Major Wilson, near to which place is an extensive heronry. Every afternoon during the months of May and June, the falconers are in attendance with the hawks, in that spot which, from the position of the wind, is judged to be most favourable to the sport, where they are met by a very large party of the ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who, with their friends from distant counties who visit them to enjoy the diversion, have frequently been seen to exceed the number of one hundred and fifty persons.

The season of 1822 was very favourable to the sport, one hundred and seventy-three herons having been taken. This season the falconers have not been so fortunate, in consequence of the severity of the winter, which is supposed to have destroyed many of the herons; but the length of the flights, and the superior excellence and good training of the hawks, have much surpassed any preceding year.

A description of a flight, which took place in Mundford Field, a few days back, will give a faint idea of the enthusiasm with which this sport is pursued. A heron, on its way from the heronry to the fens, was seen, at a considerable distance, going down wind. He was so far off that the falconers hesitated whether they could venture to unhood their hawks; but one of them having luckily upon his wrist a famous hawk, in which he had great confidence, cast him off alone.

He made instantly at the heron, who mounted higher into the air, though still advancing rapidly in his course. The whole field was instantly in motion, and those only who have hunted with some of our crack packs of fox-hounds can form an idea of the ardour with which each person, including the ladies, strove to be foremost. The hawk made numberless stoops at the heron, which his activity and stoutness enabled him to avoid; and it was not till some time after the birds had ceased to be visible to the chief part of the field, that the hawk was enabled, after repeatedly striking his quarry, to bring him to the ground. The flight was so rapid, that of the numerous party who started with the hawk, not more than four or five persons were up at this interesting moment. It lasted twenty-six minutes, and the distance from point to point exceeds six miles. The height to which the birds rose was so great, that, to use an expression of the falconers, "they were six steeples in the air—no bigger than humble bees."—We sincerely hope that this noble diversion will continue to be supported, as there now remain so few heronries in England, and the country is in general so much enclosed, that it is nearly impossible to revive the sport elsewhere.

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#### CHESTER RACE COURSE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

ONE of your correspondents (NIMROD, I believe) gave us an account of several accidents which have taken place on Chester race course, to which may be added two more that happened at the last meeting. This will continue to be

the case until the running over that course is altered from left to right. The turn by the castle pole is so sharp, and so near home, that mischief will for ever occur, especially when there are so many young horses to run, as Chester generally produces. Were the horses to run to the right hand, there would be a fine run home all the way, by the foundery, up to the stand, with as much ascent of ground as that course will admit of. It is to be hoped that this subject will be taken into consideration by those who have it in their power to effect the proposed alteration.

#### AN OWNER OF RACE HORSES.

#### RACING MEETINGS APPOINTED FOR 1823.

<b>BRIDGNORTH</b> .....	July 3
Newmarket .....	7
Preston .....	8
Ludlow .....	9
Nottingham .....	15
Cheltenham .....	16
Derby .....	22
Swansea .....	23
Stockbridge .....	23
Brighton .....	28
Knutsford .....	29
Winchester .....	29
Lewes .....	31
Abingdon .....	Aug. 5
Huntingdon .....	5
Newcastle-under-Lyne .....	5
Chatham, &c. ....	6
Bromyard .....	6
Salisbury .....	6
Oxford .....	12
Worcester .....	12
Goodwood .....	12
Burton-upon-Trent .....	19
Canterbury .....	19
Hereford .....	20
Egham .....	26

Caledonian Hunt .....	Sept. 1
Aberdeen, &c. ....	1
Tavistock .....	2
Warwick .....	2
Pontefract .....	3
Stapleton Park .....	8
Lichfield .....	9
Northampton .....	10
Rotherham .....	10
Burderop .....	10
Doncaster .....	15
Leicester .....	17
Margate .....	17
Glamorgan .....	17
Carlisle .....	23
Walsall .....	24
Newmarket First October ....	29
Newmarket Second Oct. ...	Oct. 13
Newmarket Houghton .....	27

#### BETTINGS ON FORTHCOMING RACES.

*Tattersall's, June 23, 1823.*

##### JULY STAKES.

3	to 1	agst	Vourneer.
3½	to 1	agst	Sister to Guerilla.
4	to 1	agst	Skipjack.
5	to 1	agst	Vittoria.
10	to 1	agst	Sister to Hildibrand.
10	to 1	agst	Tarrandus.

##### DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

4	to 1	agst	Sherwood.
4½	to 1	agst	Tinker.
7	to 1	agst	Tancred.
14	to 1	agst	Miss Fanny.
20	to 1	agst	Oberon.
20	to 1	agst	Palais Royal.
25	to 1	agst	Columbus.
25	to 1	agst	Claude Lorraine.
25	to 1	agst	Honest John.
High odds against any other.			
Fanny having gone back, occasioned a great deal of betting on Orphan colt against other outside Leger horses.			

##### DERBY, 1824.

15	to 1	agst	Pantina colt.
16	to 1	agst	Agnes colt.
18	to 1	agst	Reserve colt.
20	to 1	agst	Cydnus.
20	to 1	agst	Corinne.
20	to 1	agst	Money Musk.
20	to 1	agst	Cressida.
20	to 1	agst	Vesta.
20	to 1	agst	Swiss.
20	to 1	agst	Skipjack.

## ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

**T**HERE can be no one worthy the name of an Englishman, who does not hold in the highest esteem the man, who, like Mr. Martin, steps forward in behalf of animals, that they may be treated by those to whose care they are entrusted, with proper feeling and humanity. There can be no one so bad as not to respect him for his intentions, even though he may believe those intentions not practicable. We know, from the best authority, man was created, and beasts were created for his use; and when we consider the noble uses to which many of them are put, and consider in how great a degree they contribute to the comfort, I may say the necessities, of life, and some of them to the greatest pleasures of our lives, who could be the wretch that would look calmly on, and see a noble and useful creature, to which we are so much indebted, wantonly abused? But the world is full of cruelty, and as the philanthropist, the man of peculiar sensibility, will see a something every hour of his life which will make him lament the miseries of our wretched race, so it will be with him who looks too closely into the sufferings of animals—I say too closely, because I know the treatment, even of those which contribute to our pleasures, will not bear too strict an examination. There is one, and a very particular reason it is, why the letters of Nimrod should be read by all sportsmen, on account of the evils arising from bad condition in horses: for most of the cruelties, as they are called by people when they argue upon the comparative cruelty

between fox and stag-hunting, and bull-baiting, arise from this cause. When you read of horses dying after a severe run, it will generally be found that their death has been occasioned through bad condition. Every man, therefore, who is a hard rider, and does not wish to make a bad finish to a good run, by killing his horse, should carefully read these letters. I call NIMROD a man of great humanity. It is a matter of discontent amongst many sportsmen, that some pastimes, such as cock-fighting, bull-beating, bear-baiting, and others, have much decreased with these last fifty years; their decrease must in the same degree be a source of great satisfaction to him, who is so much their enemy, that he would have a law in force to prevent such amusements. I think it wrong to treat that which is well meant with ridicule; but every one must admit, that there was a great deal of truth in what Mr. Wyndham said some years back, in opposition to a Bill which was brought forward to prevent savage and cruel pastimes—that in many instances there was, though perhaps unthinkingly, as much cruelty to animals practised by the higher, as the lower classes; and that if a Bill was brought in to prevent bull-baiting and other amusements of the lower orders, it should be extended at the same time to the pleasures of the higher sort, to prevent, for instance, those glorious chases, in which so many horses died in the field and stable, from being over-ridden; that is, from the cruelty, or too little thought, of the riders.

But the sufferings of animals are in some instances totally disregarded. I have seen men who have sickened at the thought of what the poor creatures must have suffered

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at a cock-fight or bull-bait, but who have very coolly inquired of the keeper, what dogs or foxes have been trapped or speared in the night? whose eyes have appeared to me to sparkle with much pleasure in viewing the carcase of the poor beast, which had been caught, not killed, mind ye, but which had lain in the trap some hours before he was found, and killed by the keeper in the morning; or in looking at the foot or leg of a dog or fox, left, perchance, behind him in the trap—and yet this man speaks, just before this, the sentiments of a man of the finest feeling, and shudders at the bare mention of suffering.

Many will mention the cruelty of hunting; but what is it that keeps up a particular breed of horses, in which speed, strength, and good blood must be united, but the chase? Why are our horses superior to all others in speed and bottom? Why, the race course; the desire and emulation amongst sportsmen to have the best. And yet much may be seen at races to disarrange the feelings of the humane man. The kind of cruelty I would have punished, and most severely punished, is, where a man, from the desire of money, acts as Frampton did of old; where a person, to gain his wager, or from a brutal irritability of disposition, tries to force an animal beyond its powers: for the greatest cruelty must be used in doing that, where the poor beast is flogged and cut to pieces, not for its stubbornness or badness of nature, but for its inability. As for the cruelty of many of our sports, we have game cocks, and there are bull-dogs and mastiffs, and it is the natural disposition of the first to fight, let them meet where they will; and it is the nature of the other to run at the nose of the bull; and

the last, I believe, will face any thing. So far I know: I will leave the cruelty to abler heads. I must own, for my own part, I look with much pleasure at a horse and hound: I like very much to see a handsome, well-bred, game cock; and though it is become a sight by no means common, I have no dislike to an old-fashioned bull-dog; and yet I consider myself to have as little cruelty in my disposition as any man.

I should be pleased to see this subject well treated by some one of your correspondents, that much of the misunderstanding which now exists among those who are not fortunate enough to be sportsmen, concerning the cruelty to animals, in most kinds of sport, may be removed. A CONSTANT READER.

June 5, 1823.

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#### WATER-COLOURS EXHIBITION.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

**P**REJUDICED, as I am, against the usual *namby-pamby-ness* of performances in water-colours, when, a few days ago, I turned from Cockspur-street into Pall-Mall East, and saw, fully staring in my face, a large board put up with these ominous words boldly chalked in large letters, "Rubbish may be had here," I really thought that this indicative address was intended for the place which I was almost reluctantly seeking. But having ascended a steep and Jacob's-ladder-like flight of steps, and, at last, entered the spacious and skilfully-lighted room, my ill-founded prejudices vanished in an instant, before the splendid display which struck my eyes. I was not only undeceived, but truly pleased above any sort of eager expecta-

tion I might have fancifully conceived. The substantial strength of some of the drawings, the vivid or deep colouring of others, the general appearance at first sight, made me suppose that I was surrounded by a collection of oil-paintings from ancient or modern artists of no mean celebrity.

It is, therefore, with heartfelt satisfaction, that I am enabled to congratulate the patrons of the liberal arts, and the British nation in general, upon the manifest improvement which "the Society of Painters in Water-colours" have made of late years. The list of those who compose this amiable fraternity is not extensive; but liberality, communicativeness, and harmony, are, I am told, the links which bind them together—conversations, to which artists and literary gentlemen are invited by tickets, are held alternately at the houses of the members of the Society, and have hitherto proved not only interesting and agreeable, but particularly conducive to the general welfare of this pleasing branch of the imitative arts.

Landscapes, of course, are the most prominent and nearly exclusive features of the Exhibition; and although they are not often adorned with sporting subjects, yet the river side, the purling streams, the woodland, the extensive and well-shaped undulations of the hills, the green lawn, and the retired mystery of the shady glen, are objects of pleasing form to the eyes of the man of sports, since shooting, hunting, and angling, may be indulged there in the utmost perfection. Who would not be pleased to be transported to (No. 1) *Brighton Beach*, by J. WICHELO; or to *the Vale of Gloucester from Robin Hood's*

*Hills*, by W. TURNER (No. 49); or to *the Trout Stream* (No. 53), by J. D. HARDING; with some of the *plums* so beautifully identified by Miss SCOTT (No. 58)?

The freshness of VARLEY's pallet (at Nos. 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 66, 67); the skilful imitation of nature (No. 82), by G. BARRET, on the *Fresh Water from Yarmouth, Isle of Wight*; the *Forest Glade* (No. 37), by G. F. ROBSON, and his *View in Berkshire* (No. 95); H. GASTINEAU's *Wood Scene* (No. 99), &c. &c. invite the sportsman to call up his spaniel, to take up his fowling-piece, or his angling-tackle, in order to perambulate these pleasing sceneries.

The *Wood Scene* (No. 114), by G. ROBSON, with *Fallow Deer*, and his *Landscape and Cattle* (No. 139); R. HILL's *Knowle Park* (No. 158), with sporting animals, and his *Cattle* (No. 160 and No. 174), deserve the attention of the visitors, as well as his *Fallow Deer* (No. 188), and his *Mountain Scenery* (No. 230).

The *Angling* of G. BARRET (No. 242), the *Partridges* of Mrs. T. H. FIELDING, are worthy of praise; but the *Sports of the School-boys* (No. 263), by H. RICHTER, cannot be looked at without exciting a hearty laugh at the master, the *Rabat-joie* of the fun.

Two most elaborate delineations of *Stags and Hinds* (Nos. 23 and 77), by R. HILLS, are peculiarly mentioned by the cognoscenti as a pleasing effort of a pencil used to copy nature faithfully; and we advert to them as exhibiting a peculiar style, which does not only deserve to be praised, but closely imitated, in this sort of subjects.

I am sorry that the eminent performances of Messrs. C. WILD, S. PROUT, J. STEPHANOFF, J.

CRISTALL, &c. &c. &c. do not come under the cognizance of your Magazine; or else, Mr. Editor, I should have felt happy in delineating them with due encomiums, for they are certainly the most elegant gems in this collection of drawings in water-colours. I have only to add—*Perge*—"go on;" and have no doubt but, with the noble spirit and perseverance which animate these artists, the exhibition of next year will considerably surpass the already acknowledged merit of the present one.—Believe me, Mr. Editor, yours, &c. &c.

*A Friend to Improvement  
in the Liberal Arts.*

May 10, 1823.

#### HARE-HUNTING VINDICATED.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

I Have for many years been a constant reader of your excellent and instructive Magazine, and at all times gleaned both information and amusement from its well-stored pages. The communications of NIMROD in particular have been productive of much pleasure to me, and afforded much practical information upon a subject not only differently but *indifferently* treated of, by most writers who have devoted their time to the consideration of his favourite subject—viz. the Condition of Hunters: and I was in hopes that his letters would have furnished matter for great and future amusement, unalloyed by any of those unpleasant and irritating sensations which personality, and an attack in round sweeping numbers upon an inoffensive class of sportsmen, cannot but produce, and which it is impossible that any conduct upon their part can have occasioned.

In making a few comments on the last letter of NIMROD, I beg to be understood as meaning no offence either to him or to the race of *fox-hunters* whom on this occasion he represents: on the contrary, I feel that the public are indebted to him for more valuable information, as far as regards the treatment of horses, than any existing work on that subject at present supplies; and as to *fox-hunting*, I not only look upon it with reverence and regard as a national amusement, but as one of the few remaining, and therefore highly-valued sources, from whence the bold, masculine, and hardy character of Englishmen is to be dealt out to future and unborn generations.

Thus much, however, I shall say, as an established and practical fox-hunter, that the noble science of *fox-hunting* is degenerating fast into a mere system of *fox-riding*, and riding only: that nine out of ten who call themselves fox-hunters at this present time, are an intermediate race of beings between a rough rider and a New-market jockey, whose only qualification for supremacy in the field consists in "topping a flight of rails—coming well into the next field—facing a brook—swishing "at a rasper, and doing that sort "of thing;" and that if I had the misfortune to preside over a pack followed by such ephemerals, I would as regularly provide a red herring drag and six couple of quick hounds, to get them *well out of the way*, as I should throw my hounds into cover when that object was effected, and those nuisances removed.

As I intend, in some future letter, to give my opinion upon the foolery and fallacy of this system, as well as upon other topics con-



nected with the comparative speed of hounds, and the comparative labour of horses that follow harriers and those which follow fox-hounds, I shall now only apply myself to NIMRON's assertion, so contumeliously and tauntingly made, "that "to follow a regular pack of psalm-singing harriers, he dares say it "is *not* necessary to have a horse "in condition: for as puss is pretty "sure to come home to die, and as "at all events there is no fear of "her *going out of the parish*, "his rider can *always* have a pull "at him!"—the *propriety* and *facility* of accomplishing which I shall illustrate, by instancing a few runs with harriers, well authenticated, in the West of England; and by giving NIMRON one word of advice, which is, that if he treads in the steps of Beckford so far as to *insult* the whole race of hare-hunters, who have done nothing to offend him—he had better also, at the same time, imitate that great man in his endeavours to *conciliate* and *appease* them, as soon as his error is made manifest, and plainly brought home to him!

The first run I shall describe, took place with Mr. YEATMAN's harriers, of Stock House, Dorset, whose pack is generally allowed to be the neatest, best, and best hunted in the West of England, with the exception of those belonging to John King, Esq. of Fovelsecombe, near Modbury, Devon, and which might be presumed to be the case, as Mr. King got the best of his blood from Mr. Y. some few years since. Their hounds are exactly nineteen inches high, half and quarter fox, very fast, but stooping, as will be presently seen, to the *coldest* and *lowest* scent, and, instead of *singing psalms*, will go off with a *tune* as *quick* and *fleetly*

as NIMRON's best steed would like to dance to, either across the deep Vale of Blackmoor, in which they are kept, or over the Dorset Downs (which they hunt every Tuesday, twelve miles south of their kennel); to say nothing of the high scenting surface of Dartmoor with its stone walls and rocky tors, hunted by Mr. King, which will be introduced and treated of in the next letter.

I now proceed to describe three runs which I luckily ran with Mr. Y. premising, that they are by no means unusual with that distinguished pack, leaving NIMRON to ascertain the dimensions of the *parishes* they passed through, and to calculate upon the degree of condition necessary to see the *end of them*!

On Tuesday, January 29th, 1822, forty gentlemen, headed by Generals Garth and Wyndham, met Mr. Y.'s hounds on Chiselbourne Down, the best and severest part of the Dorset Downs, and where *very few* greyhounds can be got to give a hare a second turn, after Christmas! The first hare they ran in to, after a burst of thirty-seven minutes; the second they killed in a very severe burst of forty minutes, five minutes only elapsing between the death of the first and the starting of the second hare. The third was found in about thirty minutes after the death of the second, and ran in to on the open Down, after one of the severest bursts of forty-five minutes ever seen on those Downs by the oldest sportsman present. The only persons who could be said to *live* with the hounds were General Wyndham on a horse that had once been in training, Mr. Goodenough on his Irish mare, Major Wallace, and Mr. Alwer, of Fiddletown—the

first and third gentlemen riding only the first and part of the second run, and the last changing from one hunter to another, in order to get them in wind: and if Nimrod fancies his best-conditioned hunter can live with these hounds during three good chases, he will do more *than any other man has done* for the last thirteen years, during which they have hunted the Down country!! Every horse having had enough (and not wishing to join in another such *psalm* as had been sung to them), the hounds, at half-past two, were walked home *quite fresh*, twelve miles, to their Vale kennel.

On the 31st of the same month, one day only intervening, these same harriers (that is, sixteen couple selected from twenty) hunted, as is usual, in the Vale of Blackmoor; and as their feet were rather tender, from the Down flints; Mr. Y. walked them to the meadows adjoining the river Stour, under Stalbridge town. It was so raw a morning that the white frost was quite fresh at eleven o'clock; and from that time till one, P. M. they were kept steady to the *walk* of the hare, *unravelling every maze, and hunting her out step by step*. The hare had stolen away so long before them, that it was only *by the drop of the stern* that we could discover that they had found! At this moment they went away along the great meadows by the river's side at a tremendous pace, till puss was obliged to turn at right angles up towards the town, thence under Lord Anglesea's park wall, and across the enclosures to Henstridge. Leaving Inwood, a cover of eighty acres, to the right, she went away to Henstridge Bowden, through the whole of that parish to Milborne East Hill, down the hill to Mil-

borne Port, leaving that town to the left, and away over a fine open down country for Milborne Wick, thence across the sheep slaits for Charlton Horethorn, and on without a moment's check to *the fifth parish in succession*, called Pointington, in the county of Somerset, where the bounds got from scent to view and killed in the middle of the slait, having done the whole, *of at least ten miles as the crow flies*, in one hour and twenty minutes: it being just twenty-five miles north from the spot where the last hare was killed, on the Chisselbourne Downs, on the Tuesday preceding!!

Perceiving that my paper is exhausted, and thinking that the patience of your readers must be in a similar condition, I now conclude, promising in my next to give you the account of another run with Mr. Y. and a description of a few Dartmoor runs with Mr. K.—In the mean time, Mr. Editor, I remain obediently yours,

VENATOR VAGUS.

May 25, 1823.

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#### ON RIDING ROUGH OR FULL- TRAINED HUNTERS, AND ON TIMING RACERS.

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To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

WE seldom meet with a more apt exemplification of the *medio tutissimus ibis*—a middle course is best—than the dispute which furnishes the present subject matter. After a long, attentive, and practical consideration of the subject, I think both extremes unprofitable and absurd; but, were I compelled to adopt either the one or the other, my own feelings being chiefly consulted, I would certainly prefer hunting in a de-

cent and horsemanlike style with NIMROD.

Beyond a doubt, horses constantly running abroad, with the option of a loose stable or shed, in bad weather, and by night, will maintain themselves in the best state of health, and preserve their limbs in a state of healthy tension and activity, and exercise their whole bodily functions, with a vigour and energy not always enjoyed by those which are confined to the stable throughout the hunting season. But granting the full force to this wholesale argument, there are drawbacks in the case, which the most prejudiced must admit, and compromises which due reflection will force upon us.

Without intending to compare trifles, or mere matters of taste, with those of real importance and utility, I may venture to lay some stress on the desire of an amateur, or one attached to the sport, to appear in the field among his compeers in a seemly style, with respect to the condition of his horse, and eke of his own *toggling*, which is extremely apt to be sullied and rendered uncomfortable, by the frothy and foggy lathering of an out-door and untrained hunter, from which moreover the discharges from his stern chase are sometimes unpleasant, especially in an open season, when there is plenty of grass, and on those occasions when the wind may chance to set strong abaft the rider. It is agreed, without scruple, that horses thus managed, will continue in health and vigour, and hunt, or work in any other mode, to the latest date; but it must be also allowed, that horses summered abroad, and wintered in the stable, will do the like; at any rate, to that age, beyond which they

ought not fairly, and cannot with safety, be put to violent or youthful exertions. It has always been a boast that these self-trained horses never want wind, and, in the opinion of a late correspondent of yours, they are not so liable to be out of wind, as those that are kept in a confined stable. Now I must own, I have ever been sceptical on that point, and should rather suppose that the moderate exercise, galloping and walking, of the trained and stable hunter, is far more likely to improve his wind than his own walks upon the winter's grass, the slippery and unsound nature of which must contribute to make him foggy and loose, rather than to improve either his wind or his carcass. The horse is, indubitably, the proper and the best place for all labouring animals during the winter, in a climate like ours—an argument which is not weakly confirmed by the necessity of a shed or stable for those also which are suffered to run abroad. Certainly, trained hunters must be more liable to the effects of the atmospheric stroke than the rough; but suppose one of the latter description, after a severe burst of a dozen miles, at a check, in a profuse state of perspiration, exposed to a cold and damp current of air from the N. E. there can be no question that he also would get a cold, perhaps a very severe one; and should he be turned abroad to run it off, there would be no little risk of his presenting, in due time, his proprietor with a specimen of old Markham's "high running glanders." I have, as long as I can remember, known instances of particular gentlemen riding rough hunters: indeed, I was informed by a great uncle that such was his

and his father's practice, in the year of the Revolution, 1688. I know also that such horses have generally performed well in the field; but I have never heard of them, side by side, with the high-bred and trained hunters of the midland counties, where they follow the ancient practice of turning the field into a race course, over which, I am really apprehensive, no rough hunter, however bred, could hold way with them.

Thus, were my hunting days not past, I would not ride a rough hunter; and if not equal, I have yet strong objections to the opposite mode. In the first instance, it is an unfair and unfeeling practice to deny to this noble animal, after working him so severely all the winter, the first and dearest privilege of his nature—a run at spring grass. Of all other comforts, this is the most necessary and useful to him, and the most efficacious in healing wounds and bruises in his limbs, cooling and dispersing obstructions, bracing his sinews, and re-invigorating his whole system. It is absurd to expect, because literally impossible to obtain, advantages and improvements like these in the stable. What would become of those horses that hunt the flinty hills and downs of Surrey and Kent, without the benefit of an annual run at grass? or how otherwise would their cut and bruised shanks and pasterns be healed and strengthened for the next season's work? We know very well that, over a different and less rough and shaking country, and especially over a favourable one, hunters will make a shift and perform to satisfaction, without a spring run and without grass; but it is not so with all; and the prac-

tice is hazardous, and neither liberal nor generous. But the weightier argument remains—it is utterly unnecessary, and comparatively of very limited use, and very little sanctioned by custom. Unnecessary, because we know that hunters which have a run at grass, and are afterwards properly exercised, run equally as well and as truly to the end, even in Leicestershire, as those which pass their whole lives in the atmosphere of the stable. I am well aware that the racer, wintered abroad, loses, perhaps temporarily, but too long to be afforded by that business, the wire edge of his speed; and I recollect an experiment or two in point, communicated to me, at Newmarket, by the late Mr. Roger Rush, when he was clerk of the course there, and in the service of Sir Charles Bunbury. But a bit of speed, and the advance of half a neck, can never be of that consequence in the field, which it is, transcendantly, upon the turf.

Having known, *personally* and intimately, a considerable number of horses of days long past, I am sometimes asked my opinion of their merits, compared with their successors of the present day—a dangerous question to an old man, who must generally, perhaps naturally, feel inclined to enlarge the size and flavour of the apples of Adam's days. But how easy to determine this question to a nicety! Let the custom be established, at Newmarket, Doncaster, York, Epsom, and all the capital courses, of *timing* occasionally, the best horses, from one mile to four—the business to be done by properly qualified and regularly appointed persons.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

## ON THE WANT OF A DEMONSTRATOR IN THE VETERINARY COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

**B**EING a person, either from the want of taste or an ardent attachment to my profession, incapable of forming a judgment on what are termed "sports of the present day," I had neglected to peruse your periodical publication, merely on account of its title; but how much was I surprised, and agreeably deceived, in the idea which I had formed of its *general contents*, when, on casually glancing my eye over the last month's number, my attention was fixed by the subjects which occupy pages 61—68.

Pursuing the remarks made by a VETERINARY PUPIL, I found much to claim my heart's concurrence, but still *more* to challenge my unqualified condemnation. Unskilful as I know myself to be in wielding the weapons of argument, I nevertheless stand fearlessly forward on the present occasion—for I combat on the side of truth: "*Fiat justitia*," though *mine* should be the ruin.

The want of a demonstrator in the Veterinary College has been a subject of the deepest regret to every pupil, and to myself especially; consequently nothing would afford me so high a gratification as the knowledge of this desideratum being supplied, for I consider it as the very stepping-stone to the promotion and perfection of the science: and assuredly Government *would*, on a proper representation, readily yield its assistance to an appointment of that nature; if the Institution should feel its own inadequacy. This granted, its right of interference might advance the respecta-

bility of the profession to the *utmost*, and prevent those from practising in it whose education has not been regularly adopted previous to their becoming students of the College.

As to an *alteration* in the government of that Institution, no enlightened man, who is acquainted with the method on which it is conducted, can suppose for a moment any alteration is requisite; and with respect to that which is insisted upon as to the *Board of Examiners*, I conceive no new organization can take place, which is at all likely to render it either more respectable in rank, more accurate in judgment, or more profound in knowledge and experience. Remove the present Examiners from their seats, and the Professor from his chair, and at once you overthrow the pillars of the Institution, the science will fall into obscurity, and we shall be grovelling in the dark, as were our forefathers.

From the vague ideas which your said *correspondent* appears to possess, and the unwarrantable effrontery with which he has not hesitated by implication to vilify the Professor, I should suppose him to be one of those stay-tape and buckram gentlemen; of whom A YOUNG MEMBER facetiously makes mention (*page 62*), as having taken a leap from the counter to the College, and who, being dissatisfied with the established laws and arrangements thereof, for the want of a better pretence, "would willingly resume his old occupation of measuring out a yard of stay-tape again."

Were my pen accustomed to travel along the paths of eulogy, I might hope to give to the world a character invested with its true and well-merited praise; but the

strongest portraiture which I could bestow would be but a shadowy sketch of that desert which appertains to the Professor, from whom the vituperative breath of his traducer passes away, as vapour from the polished mirror. Let his colleagues deny it if *they can*.

I would ask, would it not be worse than absurdity to argue, that because the effect of a powerful cause became neutralized by the density of the medium through which it was made to pass, that the same cause was incapable of more efficient action on lighter bodies? If the Professor has had to wrestle with minds as dark as Erebus' minds, which have resisted the splendid communication of his scientific intelligence, is their inability to office to be referred as a consequence to him? Away with so irrational and insane a thought!

On the other hand, this pupil says (this modest implicating pupil), "if the objection originates from interested motives." What interested motives? I demand; and whence can they arise? If *pride* be the motive, the wish to take the lead as an examiner the basis, his end would be answered by forming that board of examiners with veterinary surgeons; for every veterinary surgeon is too well acquainted with the Professor's abilities to *presume*, while he possesses his mental faculties, to claim precedence.

That the VETERINARY PUPIL may be as indefatigable in his exertions throughout the term of his days, and that he may descend the hill of life with as much credit to himself and benefit to the community, as the Professor, is my most earnest wish.—I am, Mr. Editor, yours,

VINDEX.

London, June 12, 1823.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## OPINIONS ON THE BREEDS OF HORSES.

THE following are the sentiments on this subject, of a landed gentleman of the shire of Forfar.—N. B. A curious communication from whom will be found in the Number for January last, on the stride of the greyhound and hare:—

"Considerable observation has shewn me and one or two friends who interest themselves on the subject, that pure Arab blood gives a *fashion* and *air* to the produce, which the English thorough blood seldom does. By *fashion* and *air*, I mean a shewy carriage, a smart step, and a certain grace in shape, which I can directly detect in the progeny. Now this grace and air are things ten times more marketable, than the more solid properties of the descendant of the English thorough breed. Our best veterinary surgeon in Scotland, has made the very same conclusion. But although I have no idea of any superior Arab blood being by chance imported, I have no doubt of many Arabs being equal, at this day, to the Godolphin. Why none have appeared, is obvious. A good and true-shaped horse is prized all the world over. If merchants, and consuls, and travellers, choose to buy Arabs, and have not common knowledge of the true shape and form of parts of a swift horse, is it wonderful that the good and true shapes are kept back, and inferior horses thrust upon the purchasers? Our East India gentlemen, it is true, go to Bussorah and the Red Sea, to purchase, and have some knowledge; but the true country appears to me to be the plains of Damascus, and towards

the upper part of the Euphrates : and of Barbs, the interior behind Tripoli, in the plains at the feet of the range of mountains through which the White Nile rolls—I conjecture, about 200 to 250 miles south and south-east of Tripoli. I have seen two Dongola horses in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, but certainly not of the breed mentioned by Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, nor a good breed, at any rate: height about fifteen hands, head long, Roman nosed, narrow towards the nostrils; the neck, at the junction with the head, uncommonly well set on, chaffs open, shoulder rather upright, withers thin, chest uncommonly narrow, a singular sharp ridge on each shoulder point, ribbed rather flat, thigh long-flat, very drooping in the dock, but the consequence, a long lever to the stifle joint, so as to throw in the hind legs far under the belly; well let down in the hocks, and stands greyhound-like; not long on the pasterns, but leggy, gaunt, and built too sharp in the chest and ribs and buttocks, as a sailor would express it: upon the whole, ill-shaped, I think: fit to carry, about eleven or twelve stone. Bruce's horses would carry twenty-five to thirty stone. Colour, black and black brown, and both horses with four white legs.

"We have been seeking in America for fast trotters. It is not known, perhaps, that in Holland, fast trotting horses had been (at least down to the French Revolution) quite a sporting object for a century. *Hardravery*, I think it is called. Annual trotting matches were exhibited at Rotterdam, on the *sekie*, or drive, outside the wall. In Sweden, too, a race of trotters has long been preserved.

Some of our trotting jockies may easily skim over to Rotterdam, *per steam*, and make inquiry. The fastest posting in Europe is on the road between Gottenburgh and Stockholm, done by trotters of fourteen hands high.

"It is strange that our jockies will not look to the Continent, for some qualities in horses which blood cannot give. I remarked that the bulk of the post-horses in Picardy, are stallion galloways, not above fourteen hands, often under, of exquisite shape for cobs or summer pads, fine shoulders, lofty forehands, capital legs, and black tough hoofs, full of spirit, and great trotting qualities: their country is Alsace, the Vosges, and Lorraine. We have no such breed in Britain. For road hacks, I think them excellent. Blood gives none of these qualities, but endurance in lungs."

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#### ON THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN SPRING AND NEATE.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

HAVING been for many years a subscriber to your valuable Magazine, permit me to offer a few remarks on the subject of the late great battle between Spring and Neate.

I cannot but regret that the relation of this fight in the *Sporting Magazine*, is, like the many accounts in the daily papers, given with too great partiality.

Tom Spring has most certainly gained the appellation of *Champion*, and, as far as his manners and general deportment go, he doubtless will for a while retain it: but when a man becomes a hero, it is naturally inquired, How has he achieved his fame? Therefore, let

me ask, can you, Mr. Editor, assert that Tom can, with propriety, boast of having acquired much glory in conquering (after the third round) a one-handed opponent? for such, you must allow, Bill Neate most assuredly was—or are we to conclude that the sympathetic feelings of the (I was going to say) Champion, Tom, were so perfectly alive, as that he meant playing with, and not punishing, his adversary? This, Mr. Editor, is too palpable to go unnoticed: if Tom is a good one (and, believe me, I doubt it not), Bill, with one hand, must have been superlatively brave, or Tom must have killed him. I, therefore, do not hesitate to say, that unless Spring accepts Neate's challenge, he will prove himself full a hundred per cent. at least, lower in the estimation of his friends, than he has hitherto stood.

I would not have it imputed to me that I care one jot who is the Pagislistic Champion of England, or that I felt interested in the success of one man, in the late contest, more than that of another. My wish is, that the accounts generally given after such events, should be submitted to the public with truth and impartiality; and I cannot suppress my indignation, when I read assertions evidently calculated to wound the feelings of brave men; and it must be unquestionably acknowledged that Bill Neate is as good a bottomed fellow as ever went into a ring.—I am, Sir, yours, truly,

Scup.

Brighton, June 10, 1833.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

#### ON THE BILL TO PREVENT BULL-BAITING.

TO HENRY BROUGHAM, ESQ. M. P.

**H**AVE the grace to excuse me, Sir, if, in very inadequate terms,

I venture to express my utter astonishment and dismay at your late speech and resolution, in the House of Commons, on the proposed introduction of a Bill to put an end to that disgrace and infamy which have so long and foully stained our national character—the torture of animals by *baiting*. I could scarcely allow myself to sanction the evidence of my sight and my other senses, whilst perusing your speech, involuntarily exclaiming—*et tu Brute!* And is it possible that the patriotic Brougham, the thunders of whose eloquence hurl terrors and dismay into the hearts of tyrants, and the perpetrators and promoters of oppression and cruelty, could, even temporarily, act a part in such positive opposition to his nature and principles, as to sanction injustice and barbarity in any form; and even to promote the continuance and perpetuation of those vices in the breasts and on the practice of those (the majority of them too of the lowest class in society) for whom he is destined, by the suffrages of his country, to legislate? I could account for it in no other way, than that your mind, great, capacious, and acute however, has been so completely occupied by numerous public duties, that no space has been left vacant for the humble, and comparatively inferior, topic in question. I will, however, not despair: I will depend on the native warmth and goodness of your heart, on that innate love of justice, which, as it were involuntarily, flows from you on every public occasion. I will even suppose you suffering under an unusual fit of mental inebriation, and I appeal to “Philip sober,” console myself that, on the next attempt of those who humanely feel for the horrible and unnecessary sufferings of brute animals—those which the system of nature has ren-



dered necessary, Heaven knows, are sufficiently numerous—I shall have the heartfelt satisfaction of hearing or reading your recantation. In the mean time, as the strongest and most retentive minds have still the need of reference, and as lawyers have recourse to Coke and Lyttleton, I crave permission to refer you to the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, on the recon-dite subject of veterinary and sporting ethics.

It would be a work of supererogation in me, to recur to the abstracts of this subject, but I feel myself impelled briefly to observe, that justice and compassion are essentially the same, and, in due degree, of equal obligation, whether in relation to human or brute nature. Thence, *a fortiori*, the social compact is incomplete, if devoid of a legal sanction for the protection of animals. Let me remind you, Sir, of the consequences of your pleading for and advocating the cruel sports. On what ground do you so? On that of gratifying the customary prejudices and propensities, however vicious, of the lower classes. To gain this end, you employ means, which neither you, nor any rational being, can deny to be cruel and debasing. Thus the ancient, unjust, and immoral principle is adopted, by a patriot and philanthropist, that *the end sanctions the means*! The principle is simple and indivisible; and with what degree of consistency then have you drawn forth the energies of your powerful mind against the pretensions of the Holy Alliance, of those who advocate the continuance of colonial slavery, or the practice of our *equitable* and High Court of Chancery? These imperial, royal, colonial, and legal champions will tell you, with the

utmost *sang froid*, that *their* end is equally just, and profitable, and expedient as yours; and that, in imitation of your own principle, the *means* are unworthy of regard.

It was not the smallest part of my astonishment, that you conjoined, as necessarily associates, the sports of the field with the baiting and torture of animals—

Things so adverse, they never met,  
*In eodem subjecto*, yet.

I speak of *fair* and *legitimate* sporting, which implicates only that necessary degree of infliction on animals, which must unavoidably attend their caption and destruction; and the sufferings of wild animals from field sports, at the utmost, are ten thousand degrees short of those inflicted on the poor horse during his regular and everlasting labours in the service of man. Nor have the rural sports any peculiar necessary tendency to barbarity; and all that a sober and rational morality can require, is to preserve them pure and free from such a tendency, which has certainly, in too many instances, prevailed. Beasts of the chase are pursued to death, the stroke of which they receive suddenly and in a heat and flurry, which precludes much of the torture of dread and apprehension. They are at liberty, and have their fair and natural chance of escape in the pursuit. If wounded, and left to pine in secret, they are still at liberty, in their natural element, and their sufferings cannot be of long duration. The tortures of the fish upon the hook are temporary, and their existence out of water, of momentary duration. The slow and cruel tortures of the living, particularly large animal bait, may be left to the followers of the religious Walton: they are as unnecessary to

sport and success, as they are barbarous and diabolical.

Compare now the most rigorous of these sports with the favoured practice of baiting animals—view the necessity, expedience, and end or consequence, of each. Sporting, no otherwise cruel than from necessity, and not consequently imbruing the human mind with cruel feelings, is susceptible of refinement and reform. But what can be predicated of the practice of baiting, but an unnatural desire of deliberately inflicting the most horrible and lancinating tortures on animal nature, and the encouragement of a foul and preposterous appetite of pleasure therefrom? What possible analogy between the ingenious and hellish tortures inflicted upon the baited bull, bear, or badger, the sufferings of which are continued for months, even years, and the temporary inflictions resulting from the fair sports of the field? What similitude of effect on the minds of each of the classes of sportsmen? It is not either in actual proof, or moral probability, that the fair exercise of field sports has the effect of brutalizing or rendering the minds of its votaries callous or cruel. But can so much be said in favour of the barbarous sports? On the contrary, their very essence and means are injustice, unfairness, and cruelty; and their effect, to nourish and promote the growth of those vices, and to render the human heart callous to every generous or noble impression—in fact, to brutalize the mind of a populace, and to render it prompt and fitted to conceive, and lead to the execution of, the most horrible enormities. Of this we have pregnant examples, in the ham-stringing and houghing of cattle, leaving them to

perish in agony; the tearing out by the roots, the tongues of horses; and in the innumerable various modes of the exercise of natural or acquired barbarity.

I trust, Sir, you will, on reflection, allow that there exists no holy and inseparable alliance between sporting and baiting, and that a thinking man may love the one and abhor the other. As little reason is there in the proposition, which connects the legal prohibition of baiting with a restraint on the diversions of the lower classes, and a monopoly of them in favour of the superior. There are blackguards of all ranks and degrees, and that prince, or noble, was one of no ordinary *calibre*, who, in days of yore, established a bull-running at Tutbury. The whole life of the hero of Culloden was filled with proofs of his claim to a similar distinction. We have also, at the present day, too many of the upper and middle ranks ambitious of the same character (the claims of beasts on our justice and mercy, forming no part of our system of education), and a law to put down baiting would controul their amusements equally with those of the multitude beneath them. Nor could such a law, by any fair deduction, be deemed an advantage to the former, at the expence of the latter. The game laws have no right of intrusion into this question: they are waiting their merited fate, from the justice, or rather common sense, of the country and the legislature.

I am not aware that more was intended by the proposed Bill, than the suppression of *baiting*: and unless the most flagrant, abominable, and wicked acts may be numbered among lawful human pastimes—as indeed robbery, and

cutting throats, in former days, have been—the lower orders would not have been curtailed of any legitimate amusement, in their present habit and possession. Nor do I find, from consulting many of them of no mean degree, as *kid-dies*, *bull-hankers*, and ordinary *coves*, that they would have “grieved in the guts” much, or exhibited any great or thundering dissatisfaction at the loss of the favoured sport, which they candidly acknowledged to be very cruel! They unanimously agreed that they could not so readily part with *dog-fighting*, a sentiment in which I did not venture to oppose them, however averse myself, since I could not contravene the averment that, in such combats, the dog, like the cock, acts a voluntary part.

But, in fine, it is not in the lower ranks principally, that we find this enthusiastic attachment to the cruel and the unfair, in sporting, but, veritably, in the upper, whence such extravagancies, as history instructs us, originated. They are real Act of Parliament sports, sanctioned and advocated with an ardour and energy denied to better causes, by grave legislators, on the ground of *attaining a profitable end, by the foulest means*; on the absurd and erroneous supposition of the practice of cruelty being a source of human courage. The advocates of bull-baiting have been found even among the pious subscribers to Bible Societies, a circumstance which, in the irreverent, might serve to produce an identity of opinion with a great statesman, who, in his late public defence of human slavery, described Christianity as invariably accommodating itself to all kinds of human interests. It is not, then, so much

the lower, as the upperclasses, who are solicitous to preserve the notable British sport of *baiting*, which has found its panegyrist and advocates, both in prose and verse, in a certain part even of the patriotic public press. Aided by the endeavours to correct, which have been used to inculcate this vice, the mind of the multitude might have been entirely purified and cleansed from it, and inclined to that fairness in their treatment of animals, which they always and characteristically exhibit, in their own pugilistic conflicts.—With the highest sense of deference and respect, I have the honour to be, Sir, &c. &c. VOX HUMANITATIS.

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### THE PUGILISTIC RING.

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To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

IN the few lines I sent you on the battle between Spring and Neate, I promised you some remarks on the nature and character of pugilistic exhibitions, and the good or evil they produce—*whether such spectacles are injurious to the morals and the peace of society, or whether they are productive of a contrary effect?* Human nature has been much the same in all ages; and, as the experiment is almost as old as the world itself, we can judge a little of its effect. Let us therefore examine the subject fairly, and see in what light these exhibitions were looked upon by persons and nations, whom we have thought worthy of imitation.

To enable us to form a true estimate of the merits and demerits of prize-fighting, we must go back to very early times. Whatever Lycurgus may have thought of the arts and accomplishments of life, he seems strictly to have proscribed any thing that tended to enervate

the minds of the people. The Athenians, celebrated for the cultivation of every liberal accomplishment, long after their political influence was at an end, never lost sight of the value of gymnastic exercises. In their places of public institutions, they appeared almost to set as high a price on all those arts which tended to cultivate the body, as the mind. They looked upon man as a compound of each, and that his education could not be complete unless both were cultivated, and both properly formed. The statues of Mercury and Hercules adorned their schools—to the former was ascribed the eloquence of Demosthenes; to the latter, the victory of Miltiades. "When Pythagoras," says his historian, "completed the great tour of science, and stored his mind with all the hidden treasures of oriental knowledge, he presented himself, for the first time, to the admiring eyes of Greece, assembled at the Olympic games."

Since the invention of gun-powder, physical strength, and personal exertion, have not been thought so much of, as men are now more on an equality in fighting; but if we are to believe Thucydides, they were at one time in such high estimation that even robbery was honoured, if done with gallantry. We are certain, however, that bodily strength met with the highest honours. The first kings in the world obtained their dominion by being superior to all others in strength and courage; and large stature, and fine shape, were qualifications for a throne. Indeed, we learn from the Bible, that though Saul was chosen King of Israel, by the supreme appointment of the Almighty, yet it seems to have been a circumstance of no small consi-

deration in the eyes of his people, that he was "a choice young man, and, from his shoulders and upwards, higher than any of his people." In David's lamentation over his death, he says, he was "swifter than an eagle, and stronger than a lion!"

Whatever may have been the effect of the gladiatorial exhibitions of the ancients, we are all acquainted with their political purposes. In the first place, it was contended that human blood was propitious to the souls of the illustrious dead. It was found to be a more popular, if not more convenient way than the one resorted to at *Jaffa*, of getting rid of prisoners taken in war, or refractory slaves, who, when skilled in the use of the sword or the cestus, were not the best subjects in a state. It was also thought, that when youth were accustomed to look at blood and slaughter as a matter of diversion, they would learn to despise death, which was so familiar to them. But there was a still more powerful incentive. Such was the absurdity of the Pagan religion, that it could not be kept up, without the attraction of such popular and licentious festivals; and the greatest part of the Roman pomp was taken up in these gymnastic shows. Thus, what commenced in superstition, ended in policy; but the frequent allusion to them in all their best authors, confirms the vast importance attached to them.

"Oh should these sports be but one year  
forborne,

"Rome would in tears her loved diversion  
mourn;

"And that would now a cause of sorrow  
yield,

"Great as the loss of Canna's fatal field."

All their historians, however, seem to agree in the good effect

of those exhibitions with the people. The magistrates encouraged them, and priests\* sanctioned them; and so congenial were they to the feelings of the Romans, that Cicero passed a law to prevent any more exhibiting gladiators, within two years before he became candidate for an office. So numerous were they at one time, that, breaking out from a show at Verona, they had the temerity to declare war against the Roman state; and during the period of the Catilinarian conspiracy it was thought proper to disperse them, lest they should join the disaffected party.

Many circumstances have been adduced in favour of gladiatorial exhibitions. Cicero, it is said, apologized for them in his Tusculan questions. The Emperor Titus, whose virtues are recorded by Christian writers, exhibited them for 100 days in succession; and the no less humane Trajan, was a great promoter of the sport. Cicero, however, only goes so far as to say, that, although the exhibition of wild beasts in Pompey's theatre was "magnificent," yet shedding of *human* blood was only allowable, when guilty persons were the victims. He rightly conceived, that the ear was the best organ for the reception of instruction, and that nothing which could affect the eye, could fortify men against the feelings of their nature, or the fear of death. He adds, however, that these things are regulated by custom, and, in favour of this custom, it is shewn, that, among the Romans, the love of gladiators increased, as their manners, in other respects, became more refined; and that the practice passed from Greece to Rome,

and prevailed most when that country (Greece) may be said to have been the most polished nation of antiquity.

It remained for Christianity to put a stop to gladiatorial exhibitions. Marcus Aurelius attempted it by allowing only blunted swords to be used, saying, that with them skill might be displayed without shedding blood; but they were only finally prohibited by the Emperor Constantine, who forbade them throughout the whole empire, in the year 325, ordering criminals to work in mines instead of fighting in the arena. Thus an end was put to such unwarrantable practices, which, however dignified by the specious show of pleasure, or the more monstrous idea that the dead should require such a tribute from the living, were a disgrace to human nature. A more rational method was soon found out of performing their funeral rites; though on that subject, without looking to the fabulous stories of the Mæonian bard, we have some very interesting anecdotes in Roman history. We are informed by Livy, that, at the funeral obsequies which Scipio performed to the memory of his father, crowds of persons of distinction came to honour the ceremony by single combat. "These," says he, "did not fight like common gladiators, either by force, or for money, but of their own accord and free will. Some were sent thither by their princes to display their courage, for the credit of their country, and others settled law-suits in this manner. On one occasion, we are told that two young Spaniards of illustrious birth, preferring the judgment of Mars to that of God or man, decided their claims to the

\* "Ludi pontificatus."—SÆTONIUS. "Ludi sacerdotum."—PLINY.  
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sovereignty of a city with their swords, by the special permission of Scipio.

What the effect of these examples may have been on the morals of the people, is difficult, at this distance of time, to determine; and whether the soldiers of Hannibal's army fought more bravely for having gladiators exhibited on their parade, is out of my power to say. Although old Brutus was the executioner of his children, and young Brutus was the murderer of his benefactor, yet, making allowance for their motives, we find in their days as many of those amiable qualities that generally grace mankind, as are to be found in most other ages. The Grecians, when these exhibitions were at their height, were forming models for future ages. All public exhibitions have their effect; and, if we are to believe their historians, theatres were the ruin of the Athenians. By the representation of one of Aristophanes' plays, they were instigated to the murder of old Socrates, the best and most inoffensive citizen they ever had. Who will be bold enough to deny, that more vicious habits are contracted, and more immorality practised, in one month, in the lobbies of our English theatres, than are to be found in "the ring" in the whole course of the year. No one doubted the sincerity of Mr. Wyndham's character, or the humanity of his disposition; but he was one of those who thought the prevention of our boxing-matches, as well as conflicts between inferior animals, might be prejudicial to the courage and noble-mindedness of his countrymen, hitherto so conspicuous for each; and in defence of his hypothesis,

Mr. Knight\* thus expresses himself:—"Our boxing-matches," says he, "are contests of the same kind as the fights of the gladiators, only upon a lower scale: and the display of manly intrepidity, firmness, gallantry, activity, strength, and presence of mind, which these contests call forth, is an honour to the English nation, and such as no man need be ashamed of viewing with interest, pride, and delight; and we may safely predict, that if Magistrates, through a mistaken notion of preserving the public peace, succeed in suppressing them, there will be an end of that sense of honour, and spirit of gallantry, which distinguish the common people of this country from that of all others, and which are not only the best guardian of their morals, but, perhaps, the best security for our civil liberty and political independence." "If men" (continues this most able writer) "are restrained from fighting occasionally for prizes, and honorary distinctions, they will soon cease to fight at all, and decide their private quarrels with daggers, instead of fists, in which case the lower orders will become a base rabble of cowards and assassins, ready at any time to sacrifice the higher to the avarice and ambition of a foreign tyrant."

If examples of this nature are not productive of good; if there is no analogy between moral and physical energies, why did the Athenians set so much store by their gymnastic exercises. Why did Hannibal exhibit gladiators before his soldiers? Why did Epaminondas patronize boxing? Why did Themistocles halt his army to shew them a cock-fight? "Those coeks," said he, "are not fighting for their

\* Knight's "Analysis of Taste."

country, or for their household gods, but they are fighting *because one will not yield to the other.*"

Boxing may be called a truly classic sport—the theme of the poet, and a subject for the highest panegyric. When I enter the British ring, I fancy myself at the funeral of Patroclus, or the tomb of Anchises. When I see the men in attitude, I look upon them as models for the artist, and the dying gladiators present themselves to my mind. When I saw Spring stripped in the ring, I thought of Milton's description of Michael—

"His starry front unbuckled, shewed him  
"Prime in manhood."

What we call the "set-to" is also purely classical, and our boxers have their historians as well as the ancients. In many instances, the same terms are used. To avoid a blow, we call "to get away." They called it "*evire*." "*Oculus vigilantibus exit*," says Virgil. The chief difference now between us is, that with them, men of high rank entered into personal contests, that they might have an opportunity afforded them of seeing their models exhibited in every variety of attitude, and elegance of form. With us, men of humble birth exhibit themselves for money; and, when conducted on principles of honour, the profession is considered by no means disreputable, and leads to a comfortable provision for old age.

In my former letter on this subject, I observed that boxing was termed "a truly British art," and I hope it may continue to be so. Christianity allows of self defence, and *man is formed for fighting*: he stands firm and erect, his head drawn backwards, and his chest protruded. The point of his foot

turned outwards, his knees straight, and his arms formed to strike. Notwithstanding this, an Englishman alone fights fairly, and as nature prompts him. The Italian uses the dagger, the Frenchman the sword, the Irishman the bludgeon, and the American has recourse to the most dreadful cruelties.

In "Jackson's Stranger in America," we have the following horrible account of *gouging*, in the state of Georgia:—When two men quarrel, they turn out each other's eyes with the thumb-stroke. In their engagements, they fall to the ground, and the best man gets up with an eye in his hand. The first eye is a victory; and, *for the honour* of the state to which the wretch belongs, they sharpen their teeth with a file, and bite off ears and noses. A humorous account is given of the exploits of a sailor, in a row. Jack knocked out the candle, gouged out three eyes, bit off one ear, tore a few cheeks, and made good his retreat.

The picture in Jackson's room, in London, which may be called the British Gymnasia, pleads powerfully for the pugilate as a science. It represents a Roman quarrel: a person lies dead, supposed to be killed by an assassin; and the picture is humbly recommended to the consideration of those who are labouring to abolish, what is called "the brutal and ferocious practice of boxing."

The training part of our pugilate is also not without its influence. It exhibits, in the most striking point of view, the advantages of temperance and exercise. Man, it seems, not only stands first in the class of created beings, as far as his mental qualifications are concerned; but, "though fearfully and wonderfully made," his

strength, when increased by exercise, exceeds the powers of most of them. In one of my papers on the condition of hunters, I had occasion to allude to some experiments by the hyganometer of Regnier, which affords some curious results. It has been proved that the strength of man exceeds that of a horse, in a ratio to his bulk, which is as one to six. By placing the weight *equally* on every part of the body, a man has been made to stand under 2000 lbs.; whereas no horse could support 12,000. The effect of practice, or custom, in producing strength, is almost beyond calculation. It has been *asserted*, that were a man to lift a calf every day, from the time it was dropped, he could continue to do so when it became a bull or a cow. When Cribb enlisted himself under Captain Barclay's banners, previous to his last battle with Molyneux, he almost substantiated this hypothesis. I had it from Captain B.'s own lips, that when he arrived at Urie, his seat in the Highlands, he could not walk six miles with him, without fatigue, but before he had been there a month, he used to walk twenty miles before breakfast; and he appeared in the ring a fine specimen of the triumph of art over nature.

The art of boxing may now be called peculiarly our own, being entirely neglected in all other countries. Indeed, we stand alone conspicuous in all other manly exercises, and *we stand alone superior in the field of battle!* The *argumentum baculinum* has had its weight in the councils of Verona, as well as in the purlieus of St. Giles's; and the champion of England is no very distant relation to the conqueror of the world. China appears to be the only coun-

try in which activity of body is not held in admiration; but a grandee there is disgraced by shewing that he has the use of his limbs. In all athletic exercises, the beauty of the frame is exhibited; and even among the Turks, the most active man is entitled to the fairest Circassian. In our English jousts and tournaments, the conqueror was always rewarded with the smiles of the ladies, as Dido fell in love with Æneas, because he was a fighting man.

(To be continued.)

#### SPORTING SUBJECTS

IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1823.

11. PORTRAIT of Faun, the property of J. Archbutt, Esq.—F. C. Turner.

15. Fatal curiosity; or the broken glass—J. F. Lewis.

17. Cattle, from nature—H. Milbourne.

30. Portrait of Harlot, a favourite stag hound, with puppies, belonging to Lord Glamis—D. Wolstenholme, jun.

44. Spaniel puppies—S. Taylor.

47. Kittens, from nature—G. Stevens.

51. Portrait of a favourite dog—A. Cooper, R. A.

55. Hawk and prey—J. Sillett.

62. Portrait of Moses, the property of H. R. H. the Duke of York—R. B. Davis.

65. Sketch of birds from the island of Java—W. J. Hebert.

111. Draught horses—A. Cooper, R. A.

125. Portrait of a favourite mare, the property of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Coventry—W. H. Davis.

144. A peacock and other birds, from nature—Rev. P. Nursey, H.



164. Portraits of horses, the property of J. Allnut, Esq.—J. Ward, R. A.

166. Portrait of Lion, an old dog, the property of R. Holford, Esq.—J. F. Lewis.

172. The pheasant in danger—W. Thomas.

218. A teal and snipe—S. Taylor.

228. Diana and Actæon—G. Arnald, A.

239. Turks with their chargers—T. Woodward.

289. Portraits of hunters—E. Landseer.

293. The deer-stealer—J. Ward, R. A.

337. The hawking party (vide Bracebridge Hall)—R. B. Davis.

355. Game—H. C. Smith.

362. Interior of a stable—E. Childe.

374. Portrait of Wouvermans, the property of G. O. Whitesides, Esq.—A. Cooper, R. A.

390. Wamber—A. Cooper, R. A.

405. Grouse shooting, with portraits of dogs in Cumberland—J. F. Sartorius.

407. Dead game—E. Bell.

442. Dead game—Miss Ainslie, H.

444. Wild fowl—J. Inskipp.

456. Portrait of Bob, a favourite old horse, the property of J. P. Baxter, Esq.—J. Ward, R. A.

464. Portrait of an old coach-horse, aged 35 years—R. B. Davis.

478. Portrait of Faddle, a favourite spaniel, the property of the Rev. Sir C. Anderson, Bart.—M. T. Ward.

485. Rat-catching, from a picture by Mr. E. Landseer—J. Landseer, A. E.

525. Portrait of a favourite spaniel, the property of S. Streatfield, Esq.—E. Landseer.

534. Portraits of a favourite horse and dog, the property of the Right Hon. C. Arbuthnot, M.P. &c. &c.—J. Ward, R. A.

544. Skittle players—W. M. Craig.

551. Partridges—J. Weatherby, Esq. H.

588. Harriers, the property of the Hon. Charles Trevor—W. Smith.

637. Portrait of a favourite hackney, the property of G. Battye, Esq.—H. Kinch.

763. Portrait of a hunter, the property of a gentleman—H. Kinch.

922. Portraits of a gentleman and his favourite spaniels—J. Scott.

975. Portrait of an old horse—R. B. Davis.

985. Returning from shooting—M. T. Ward.

1032. Mare and foal: impression from an intaglio—W. Warren.

1109. Risk, by Haphazard, with a filly by Warrior, the property of G. Bruhl, Esq.—R. Henderson.

#### OBSERVATIONS.

Surely the Exhibition Rooms at Somerset House present a most gorgeous, a most splendid collection of what the combination and brightness of colours, enshrined within massy frames of apparently solid gold, can achieve. The wondering eye does not know how to select an object in the immense blaze; and it is some time before the visual organ can work itself into a pleasing rest. The son of Apollo, the daring Phaeton, could not have stood more amazed, when he was admitted in the radiant palace of the sun. Yet we are afraid to say, and indeed sorry to find, that many pieces, which, collectively taken, contribute to the general effect, have not that merit which we were led to expect; but

we are not hunting here for errors or misapplication of pigments—we run after sporting subjects, and they are not many which deserve an unqualified praise. It is the general style every where, and we cannot discern much improvement among the artists who follow this line of painting.

No. 15. *Fatal Curiosity, or the Broken Glass*. By J. F. LEWIS.—The subject is well painted, but rather dark, though it is far from wanting harmony.—No. 166. *Portrait of Lion, an Old Dog, the property of R. Holford, Esq.*; and No. 393, *Portrait of a Blenheim Spaniel*, by the same, exhibit the rare talents of the artist—a great freedom of hand; with an excellent choice of local colours.

No. 374. *Portrait of Wouvermans*. By A. COOPER, R.A.—This performance of our favourite artist is on a level with his best delineations of the dog.

No. 196. *Comus with the Lady in the enchanted Chair*. By W. HILTON, R.A.—No one can deny that this very clever academican has taken Nic. Poussin for his object of close imitation: the performance before our eyes, expressing the frantic ribaldry of bacchantes and satyrs, proves that the imitator is not far from his eminent original. The dancing, tumbling, capering, of this comical gentry, are well designed, and compose a pleasing whole; but we cannot help objecting to the copper-colour of some of these giggling performers. Surely Mr. Hilton does not suppose that the bacchanals of Poussin were painted so dark as we see some in our time. The fact is, that the genius of that great man soared above the minute choice of pigments, and that the breath of time has faded several

of the best passages in his pictures: however, this noble composition does a great deal of honour to Mr. Hilton.

No. 228. *Diana and Actæon*. G. ARNOLD, A.—There is so harmonious an appearance of enamel in this picture, that it attracts the eye, and keeps it steady, till the mind is saturated with admiration. The landscape, and all the rest of the accompanying parts, are exceedingly well painted, and do credit to the unsophisticated pallet of the Associate.

No. 293. *The Deer-stealer*. J. WARD, R.A.—We recognise here with great pleasure, the more than *P. Potterish* faire of this great interpreter of nature, in her various works, and particularly those which, so useful to man, adorn the meadows, climb the sides of the sunny hill, live in the forest, or accompany man in the warlike amusement of hunting. All the component parts of the picture have been painted with care, truth, and elegance.

No. 384. *The Lily and the Rose*. R. WESTALL, R.A.—This picture has for object, we suppose, to shew that the angelic complexion of the female skin, unites and surpasses the brightness in white, and loveliness in pink, of the two "king and queen" of the parterre. It required a genius like that of Mr. Westall to make the attempt, and a thorough knowledge of the pallet to succeed. The young female sporting between the combatants is in a most graceful attitude.

No. 1082. *The Dream of Horace—in marble*. R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.—This piece of *alto relievo*, had it been found in some excavations in the neighbourhood of Rome, or in Apulia, might have deceived the whole academies of

dilettanti and cognoscenti. It tastes so much of the antique, in elegance of forms and boldness of inerring strokes, that we consider it one of the best efforts of the British chisel.

Among so many articles, we might have selected many more objects for our criticism; but want of room, and want of time, must apologize for the shortness and scantiness of our observations.

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*For the Sporting Magazine.*

### DIRECTIONS TO COACH PROPRIETORS, BOOK KEEPERS, AND PORTERS IN GENERAL.

*By One of the Road.*

#### DIRECTIONS TO COACH PROPRIETORS.

**N**EVER fail to enrich yourselves at the expence of the public, nor care by what means. Suppose a person sends a basket of game to be forwarded to London, and wishes to pay the carriage of it, and the carriage amounts to 2s. charge the person paying the carriage 4s. but only credit the firm with 2s. The book keepers or proprietors in London will play you the same trick, so it does not much signify. If your coach is opposed, stick up bills all over the town that you will carry small parcels, under 11b. weight, for 9d. but when delivered always charge, as heretofore, 1s. or 1s. 2d.; because the person to whom the parcel is sent is not likely to know that you have stuck up bills all over the town from whence your coach starts, announcing that you have lowered the price of the carriage of parcels. Parcels you advertise to carry for 1s. or 1s. 6d. always charge 2s. for. Suppose a parcel is sent from any coach office, to be forwarded by

your coach, and the people at the coach office, who send it to you, have greatly overcharged the person to whom the parcel is directed, don't you remonstrate, not even if the portorage also is overcharged—it would only be opening the eyes of the public: all you have to do is, to pay the money, and superscribe the direction "paid out" so much, whatever the sum may be; but if the parcel be fairly charged by that coach, so much the better for you, for then you can easily clap on a shilling, together with another more than the regular price of carriage by your own coach.

#### DIRECTIONS TO BOOK KEEPERS,

If your masters are too busily engaged to attend to these directions, or live at a distance, don't you let such golden opportunities of enriching yourselves escape; but it would be advisable to keep on good terms with the porters. Although booking has been paid in the country, do not omit charging it again in London.

#### DIRECTIONS TO PORTERS.

Whenever a parcel is sent to your office, and you are requested to deliver it as soon as convenient, always keep it a day or two, for their arrogance in dictating to you when it should be delivered. Game, fish, and poultry, in hot weather, should always remain a day or two in the office, at least until you have enough parcels to fill the cart. When the proprietors or book-keepers omit to overcharge a parcel, there is no reason you should not be benefited, on delivery, by *their negligence*: therefore, always keep some printed tickets by you, and after you have quitted the office, make out fresh ones for all those parcels that will bear *taxation* without detection. If you have before been detected in an overcharge

at any house that you are going to leave a parcel at that you have added a shilling to, get some idle fellow to take the parcel for you, and you can wait for him at the corner of the street, or at the ale-house. Should you have any stale game by you that has been sent you by poachers, take the fresh game out of the baskets delivered to your care, observing to replace the same quantity of stale.

### ON THE PACES OF THE HORSE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**A**LTHOUGH the paces of the horse must be familiar to the eye of every observer, yet there are very few who understand the principles of the locomotion of the animal correctly. That a proper knowledge upon this subject is of the greatest importance, will be readily admitted by every person who rides on horseback either upon business or pleasure; for on the good or bad action of the horse a great deal of the comfort of the rider must naturally depend. The natural paces of the horse are, the walk, the amble, the trot, the canter, and the gallop. There are some other paces that are taught in the riding house, such as the croupe and head to the wall, the piaffe, the curvet, and the terre a terre, but these are all artificial, and are, with the exception of the head and croupe to the wall, of no utility, except for the purposes of parade.

I shall therefore begin by describing the walk; which is the most gentle of all the paces, and, however easy it may appear, it is nevertheless the most difficult, and is very rarely well performed. This may be ascribed to various causes; but it chiefly arises from the bad

conformation of the animal. In order that a horse should walk well, it is necessary that he naturally stand well upon his legs, with the weight of his body equally supported by all four, for without this he cannot preserve a proper equilibrium. The head and neck projecting beyond the shoulder and fore legs, consequently occasion a greater weight mechanically than if they were placed immediately over them, and this weight will be either increased or diminished, according to the forward or backward position of the fore legs. In the first place, therefore, if the shoulders be upright, the fore legs generally stand far under the body; hence the point of support is farther removed from the head and neck, and which must consequently increase the weight of those parts. Therefore, if the fore legs do not stand perpendicular, and well advanced before the shoulder blades, it is almost impossible that the animal should move them lightly and with sufficient freedom. There is, however, another point necessary to constitute a good walker, namely, the shape of the hindquarters; for the position of the hind legs should accord with that of the fore legs, to produce a proper harmony in their action. Much also will depend on the back and the muscular power of the haunches and thighs. A long-backed horse is generally easier to the rider, but he is seldom so strong, nor so collected, or, as the French properly term it, "*rassemble*," in the motion of his limbs, as a short-backed horse: besides, a long-backed horse has a sort of vermicular motion of his body during progression.

When a horse walks firm and well, the hind foot oversteps the mark of the fore feet by some

inches: in this case, the animal shews that he is able to move his hind quarters with freedom, and to advance his hind legs well under his body, by which the fore legs are greatly relieved, because the hind legs in this way take more of the weight of the body than they would do when dragged after the animal. The hind legs, therefore, should stand perpendicular under the round bone or hip joint, which connects them with the body. When they are so placed, their flexion and extension will be even and uniform, and the animal will move with much less labour than he would do under a different conformation.

In the walk, the horse moves his legs separately—that is to say, one after the other. Thus, if he begins with the right, he first raises the right or off hind leg, and advances it under the body; but, before the foot reaches the ground, the right, or near fore leg, is raised and advanced, to make room for the hind foot, which (with middling and slow walkers) alights upon the mark of the fore foot—but, with good and fast walkers, oversteps it considerably, as has been just observed. When the near fore foot alights on the ground, the off, or left hind foot, is raised; the left, or off fore foot, then rises, to make room for the near hind foot, in the same way as on the other side.

Thus, the walk consists of a separate and successive action of all the four legs, beginning in reality with the hind leg; for if the hind leg were not first advanced before the fore leg commenced its action, there would be no support for the body during the suspension of the fore leg in the air, nor could the body be moved forwards until the hind leg had quitted its station, in

order to take a new point of support, or centre of gravity. During the walk, the fore leg, which is raised in the air, should for a moment be stationary before it reaches the ground. But this is never done except the body of the horse is properly poised, and steadily and firmly supported by the other fore leg, in which case the horse has a greater command of the leg which is in the air, and which he can throw forward to either a greater or less distance, as the nature and surface of the road may require.

It is likewise a great proof of soundness in the feet; for a tender-footed, groggy horse, is unable to stand long enough upon one leg without pain, and hence arises that short, stiff, and contracted motion which invariably takes place with horses of that description. This habit of suspending the fore leg in the air, in the walk, is more common with foreign horses; especially the Spanish, but it is usually accompanied with a throwing of the foot outwards, which, though it adds to the parade and pomp of the action, still reduces the speed, because this flourish retards the leg, and brings it down nearly in the same place from whence it was raised.

The advantage of good walking is particularly manifest in hilly countries, especially in descending a hill, for there the motion of a loose-made and weak horse is very unpleasant to the rider, who feels the constant danger of his horse stumbling. Horses of this description are seldom able to preserve a straight line of direction; they therefore go down hill somewhat sideways, in order to take off as much of the weight from the fore legs as possible.

On the other hand, a strong-loined and short-backed horse, by

bringing his hind legs farther under him, has the power of relieving his fore legs, and consequently to step with greater ease and security. Irish horses, which are generally high in their fore quarters, short in their backs, and low in their croupes, with their hind legs standing far under their bodies, are almost invariably good walkers, and are generally good hacknies in all other respects. Good walking, however, will, after all, depend in some degree on the rider, for the natural impatience of young horsemen is but ill adapted to teach a horse a pace requiring steadiness and uniformity. Old men, therefore, who cannot bear the fatigue of riding fast, are the best qualified to teach a horse to walk well, a circumstance of no small comfort in hot weather. A horse that walks will generally accomplish five miles within the hour, and there have been some instances of their performing six; but beyond the rate of five miles, it generally becomes a shuffling pace, between a walk and a trot, in which the animal walks with his fore legs, and trots with his hind legs. Some horses who use this shuffling pace are apt to drag the toe of the hind foot on the ground—a very unpleasant habit when the roads are dusty.

The pace next to the walk is the amble, but it is by no means so general as the trot, as there are few horses that adopt it naturally. In America it is a very favourite pace; and it is said that the Canadian horses will amble seven miles an hour. It differs from the walk, in consequence of the animal moving two legs on the same side at once; whereas in the walk, he moves them all separately, and in succession. It is a pace more

common with quadrupeds of the cat kind, as the lion, tiger, &c.: dogs also amble when they move slowly: hence it appears to be more peculiar to animals with long and flexible spines. In a horse, therefore, it may generally be presumed to be a sign of weakness, when he takes to it of his own accord. It is undoubtedly a more unsafe pace than the walk; because, when both legs on the same side are off the ground at once, the horse is obliged to support himself on a single line with the other two, on which account he has not so broad a basis as when he stands on a fore leg and hind leg of opposite sides, in which case both sides of the body are equally supported, whereas, in the amble, the support is confined to one only.

When a horse walks lightly, and well at his ease, his head moves up and down, in conformity with the action of his fore legs. Thus, when the fore leg is raised, the head sinks, and rises again when the leg alights on the ground; and so on alternately.

This nodding of the head relieves the muscles of the neck, and takes off that uneasiness which arises from a long continuance of one position—an uneasiness peculiarly felt by carriage horses when they are reined up tightly with a gag rein, in which case they are constantly throwing up their heads, in order to get relief. The motion of the fore legs and shoulders can never be free and extended, if the horse's head is too much confined by the hand of the rider: a tight rein should therefore always be avoided. A horse that walks well, generally excels in all other paces; for though he may not possess extraordinary speed, still what he

performs will be done well and in good style.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### WHITE HARES—SIR THOMAS DYKE'S HARRIERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

AS I am become a subscriber to your *Sporting Magazine*, I take the liberty of informing you of a circumstance which happened this last season, perhaps worth your insertion: A neighbour of mine, Mr. Solomon, of Maplescomb Farm, Kingsdown, and myself, were shooting on his farm, when we killed two piebald hares, their eyes being nearly all white. About a week afterwards I shot another on the same farm; and in a short time after we also found a fourth on my own, called Bower Farm, Eynsford, near Farningham, which is adjoining Maplescomb Farm, with the hounds, and had a capital run for an hour and half. I saved this hare, which was nearly all white—in fact it was as white as you ever saw a white rabbit, independent of a few small places of the common colour. Some of my neighbours think they were crossed by a white rabbit, but there was no appearance whatever of a rabbit in either of them; and in my opinion, had that been a chance case, it would be a common one: I therefore doubt its being a cross from a rabbit. Most probably they all came from one female hare, as two appeared older than the others.

I am in the habit of hunting at times with Sir Thomas Dyke's harriers, and I assure you they are very much improved for a fox. They killed five fairly-found foxes last year, and earthen several others. They had two or three long and severe runs, one in par-

ticular, when they found in a wood, called Upper Park Wood, belonging to me, on Bower Farm, Eynsford. After running him about an hour, he went to ground in Hog Wood, when another was killed on the other side: the hounds were laid on, and, after skirting our coverts, he took the country to Kingsdown, then headed to 'Squire Eveling's, kept the hill to Wrotham, headed, and crossed the bottom to Seal Chart, Stone-street, to Mr. Selby's, at the Moat, and nearly to the river Medway, where he was met in a lane by a terrier dog, and caught about forty rods before the hounds. It was then getting so dark that we could hardly tell one hound from another. Only two were in at last—viz. the writer, and Dick Beacham the huntsman. We had nearly twenty miles home, and the huntsman's horse was so knocked up, that he was obliged to lead him the last eight miles.—Yours &c.

THOMAS HASSELL.

Bower Farm, Eynsford.

For the *Sporting Magazine*.

### ANECDOTE of the CELEBRATED SIR RICHARD STEELE.

FEW people were greater admirers of prudence and economy than Sir Richard Steele, and few people practised them less. Expensive habits, and a disposition naturally thoughtless, reduced him to difficulties, and exposed him to circumstances not a little painful to a man of so refined and elegant a mind. Amongst the number of those who were charmed with his conversation and writings, and aspired to the honour of his acquaintance, was a certain L——e Baronet, who frequented the same tavern with Sir Richard, and took every opportunity of getting into

his society. This gentleman possessed a large fortune, and great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard to command his utmost ability—adding, that he should feel honoured by his request. These offers, though made with apparent sincerity, Sir Richard, with a politeness peculiar to himself, thought proper to decline, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. Shortly after this, however, some instance of extravagance having reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money to satisfy an unfortunate creditor, he thought this a proper opportunity of calling upon his obliging friend, to request the loan of an hundred pounds for a few days. The Baronet received him with increased civility, began to renew his offers of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion of shewing his sincere friendship and regard. "Why, Sir, said Sir Richard, I am come to you for that very purpose; and if you can lend me an hundred pounds for a few days, I shall consider it as a singular favour." Had Sir Richard put a pistol to his head, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the Baronet could not have shewn more surprise than at this unexpected request. His offers of assistance had been made on supposition that they never would be accepted, and intended only to secure the intimacy of Sir Richard, of which he was particularly proud, so long as it cost him nothing. Recovering, however, from his surprise, he stammered out, "Why really, Sir Richard, I would serve you to the utmost of my power, but at present I have not twenty guineas in the house." Sir Richard, who saw through the pitiful eva-

sion, thus addressed him:—"And so, Sir," said he "you have led me to expose the situation of my affairs, by a promise of assistance, which you now meanly refuse—a disappointment I can bear; but never will I put up with an insult; therefore I would have you consider whether it be better to comply with the terms of my request, or to submit to the consequence of my resentment."

Sir Richard spoke in so determined a tone, that the Baronet was startled, and seeming to recollect himself, said, "My dear Sir Richard, I beg you a thousand pardons: I quite forgot that I had an hundred pound note in my pocket, which is very much at your service." So saying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard put into his pocket, and then addressed him in the following words:—"Though I despise an obligation from so dirty a fellow as you have proved yourself to be, yet rather than be made a fool of, I shall accept this hundred-pound note, and will return it when it suits my convenience; but that the next favour you confer may be done with a better grace, I must take the liberty of pulling you by the nose, by the way of preserving your recollection." This Sir Richard immediately did, and then took his leave; whilst the poor Baronet stood surprised at the singularity of his conduct, and at the same time heartily ashamed of the meanness of his own.

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#### ASCOT RACES.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

I Have been in the habit of seeing most, if not all, of the principal races in the kingdom, but confess none of them afford me



so much pleasure as the Ascot Meeting. Exclusive of the beauty of the scenery, and the excellence of the course, there is a superiority attending the whole, which is evident at first sight. The distance from London, and its vicinity to the Court, are of no small advantage. The former is sufficiently great to keep away that crowd of Cocknies which destroys all comfort at Epsom; and the latter, in addition to the numerous families which reside in the neighbourhood of Windsor, produces a blaze of fashion rarely to be met with on any other race course. The presence of Royalty gives a finish to the thing; and the best horses of the day, with the best jockies to ride them, are to be seen at Ascot.

There is one other circumstance which renders this meeting peculiarly gay and agreeable, and almost unique in its way. Ladies of the very first fashion promenade within the cords between the races, and retire to their carriages, or to the stand, when the bell rings for starting. Very handsome tents, arranged on one side of the ground, well stocked with the choicest viands, are open for the public; and there are temporary stables on the course, for the accommodation of gentlemen's horses.

The last meeting was, upon the whole, a good one, the company being of the best class. On the Monday preceding it was observed by the innkeepers on the road, that more families had gone down, to be in readiness, than had been seen for many years before. The sport was not generally good, only a few races being well contested. That for the Outlands was a very fine one, between Mr. Ramsbottom's Bay Burton and Mr. West's Angelica, beating seven others,

which were not placed. John Day rode Burton, and his jockeyship gave him the race. The Winkfield Stakes, for three-year-olds, was a heavy betting race, 10 to 1 the field against the winner (Bertram), and Cinder first favourite. John Dilly, the celebrated trainer, took 1000l. to 100l. on this race, and won it. Before starting, he purchased Bertram from Mr. Biggs for seven hundred guineas, and won the Renewed Sweepstakes of 10gs. each with him on the Wednesday. S. Day rode him for the Winkfield, and displayed his nice art to the admiration of all present. Lord Darlington's Whisker, with Sam Chiffney on his back, could do nothing with Emilius for the 200gs. Stakes. Mr. Udny has brought a good horse to the post, and it is well that he has fallen into such good hands; for, in his possession, and with Buckle for his jockey, the public may be assured he will win if he can.

On the third day a dispute arose which delayed the sport for a considerable time—a charge of *crossing* having been made against the rider of Netherfield, who came in first for the Gold Cup. There was much conflict of opinion, and no small confusion of tongues—some of the jockies deposing that they saw nothing like a cross; but Wheatley, who rode Marcellus, being positive in his charge, the Cup was given to Lord Darlington. When the horses came to the turn opposite the new course, half a mile from home, the rider of Netherfield was pulling at his horse, and evidently beating all the others. It was, therefore, a matter of some surprise how, or why, a cross should be attempted. Large sums were lost on this race. Dilly had purchased Netherfield, before the race,

for 300l. if he won, and 250l. if he lost the Cup; and he is expected to be a favourite for the Gloucestershire Stakes.

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had been a hard and decisive hit-ter, Neat, with his broken arm, must have received punishment more severe.

AN IMPARTIAL AMATEUR.

June 4, 1829.

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### SPRING AND NEAT.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

IF you will insert the following few lines in your next Number, you will greatly oblige me:—

After perusing the account of the great fight between Spring and Neat, in the last number of the *Sporting Magazine*, I beg leave to offer a few observations. I do not consider that we can fairly decide which is the best man, unless another contest takes place; and for this reason—viz. because Neat unfortunately broke his arm in the fourth round—an accident which of course would prevent him or any other man from doing any thing effective. I will grant that he might have had the worst of the battle in the preceding rounds; but the writer of that account, when he says in his remarks that Spring had won the fight before the accident happened, must have forgotten that there are many turns and changes in a pugilistic contest, and that a battle is not won until one man is disabled from coming to the scratch. In the fight between Cooper and Cabbage, each man had various success: English, the feather-bed maker, likewise was considered quite beaten, but, contrary to expectation, he rallied, went to work, and victory was the result.

Neat's statement is, in my opinion, perfectly satisfactory, and I hope there will be another contest: until then strong doubts will exist in my mind whether Spring or Neate ought to assume the honorary title of champion. If Spring

[We have received a second letter on this subject, in which the writer speaks of the "petty character of the battle, both with respect to the bad fighting of one of the men, and the tameness and ineffective execution of the other;" but reaching us late, our arrangements will not permit its insertion.]

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### CRICKETING.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

AT a late cricket match in this county, a circumstance occurred which, from its novelty, has occasioned a great deal of argument *pro* and *con*. You will therefore oblige me, by giving insertion to the following statement of the case: at the same time allow me to say, I shall be obliged to any of your cricket-playing readers for a decisive answer to the question.

On a player going in, he informed the striker and bowler that they (meaning the striker's side) wanted only four notches to beat: a ball was subsequently struck, for which two was got: the bowler then said to the striker, "Now I'll give you a ball to get the game," or words to that effect. The striker made a good hit, and could have run four notches, but when he had ran three, the bowler said, "There's enough of it," and immediately walked away from the wicket towards a booth. The scouter by this time had got the ball, but seeing the bowler walk away, did not throw it in. The striker then went

up to his wicket, and *deliberately* knocked the bale off. It was then ascertained they had not got enough to win by one notch: the ball was thrown up to the bowler, who insisted the man that knocked the bale off was out.

There being nothing in the laws or rules relating to cricket which decides this point, the opinion of any experienced cricketer (and I have no doubt but many such are to be found among your numerous readers) is requested, on the following question:—Is the striker who knocked the bale off his wicket, under the above-mentioned circumstance, out? or is he entitled to hold his bat, and continue the game?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE GOULD.

Swaffham, Norfolk, June 10, 1823.

#### VETERINARY COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

IT has long been a source of degraded feelings and regret, among respectable veterinary surgeons, to meet with so many instances, which are daily increasing, of illiterate and unqualified men becoming members of the profession—men who have no other pretensions to a medical education, than having merely attended, and perhaps but a short period only, the lectures of the veterinary examiners, with those of the professor, and the practice of the professor's assistant. Many there are whose occupations, previous to entering the Institution, had been so totally different from any thing like scientific pursuit, and at such an advanced period of life, as to render questionable their capability of attaining the information necessary to pursue creditably to themselves, a profession

which has indubitably the same basis requisite for its practice as that of human medicine and surgery. Yet do we find innumerable instances of this class of persons having obtained a diploma from the Veterinary College, entitling them to all the advantages of a well-educated member, who finds, too late, that he has chosen a profession, whose respectability must be continually questioned, when men of such description are admitted to the same privileges in it as himself.

How revolting must it be to a scientific man to be obliged to hear the vulgar notions of an ignoramus balanced against his own—for instance, *vide* the Shrewsbury horse cause, related in the last number of your Magazine, the author of "*Vade Nucombe*," I allude to, whose discourse upon swollen hocks proceeding from an extension of joint water, wind, &c, needs no comment to convince the public, how capable such a quack may be of treating scientifically the diseases of animals to which he, unfortunately for the poor creatures, may be called! But can we expect the profession to become the study of well-informed men, after the professor's public avowal, that, "for successful veterinarians, we must look to the sons of groom and farriers?"

It would be needless to attempt enumerating the many instances, which have come under my own observation, of unqualified persons becoming pupils of the Institution; for, agreeably to the professor's ideas, grooms and farriers compose the greater part, and the head groom of the Institution is at the same time an admitted pupil. This will serve to give some idea as to the class of persons who present

themselves to be made members of the College, and to shew that no discrimination whatever is made as to selecting eligible students for the acquirement of the profession. And we must not be surprised that men of liberal education are deterred from entering a profession which is undeservedly sinking again into the hands of men little inferior to the farriers of former days.

But although the professor has recommended us to look to such class of men for clever veterinary surgeons, I will ask, are these men likely to increase our professional knowledge, either by their theory or practice? are they likely to combat with the superstitious notions of the illiterate—to attribute effects to proper causes, whereby to lead them to a scientific mode of treatment?

How astonished must every subscriber to the Institution be, to hear of such language held out to the public; and, on reference to the prospectus of the Veterinary College, to find the following paragraph:—

“The grand object of the Institution has been, and is, to form a school of veterinary science, in which the anatomical structure of quadrupeds of all kinds, horses and cattle, sheep and dogs, the diseases to which they are subject, and the remedies proper to be applied, might be investigated and regularly taught, in order that by this means enlightened practitioners of liberal education, whose whole study has been devoted to the veterinary art in all its branches, may be gradually dispersed over the kingdom, on whose skill and experience confidence may be securely placed.”—Yours, &c.

A YOUNG MEMBER.

June 20, 1823.

#### THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

FROM the Convent on the Great

St. Bernard, Alpine mastiffs, trained to the service, and which are the largest dogs in the world, are sent forth in couples, at the seasons of greatest peril, to travellers who may be passing the mountain. The dogs are provided, each with a small keg of brandy attached to his collar, the other with warm woollen drapery. Thus accoutered, they search along the dangerous pass, and when they find a traveller, overwhelmed with snow from a storm or an avalanche, the utmost of their canine exertions is immediately called into action to relieve him. If at the great distance from the Convent for their barking to be heard, one of the dogs is taught to return, give notice to the benevolent monks of that establishment, while the other remains, to administer warmth and comfort to the distressed traveller.

The annexed engraving is a beautiful representation of one of those sagacious animals bearing home to the Convent a child, who had lost itself amidst the snows of that Alpine region.

#### SMITH'S DOG BISCUITS.

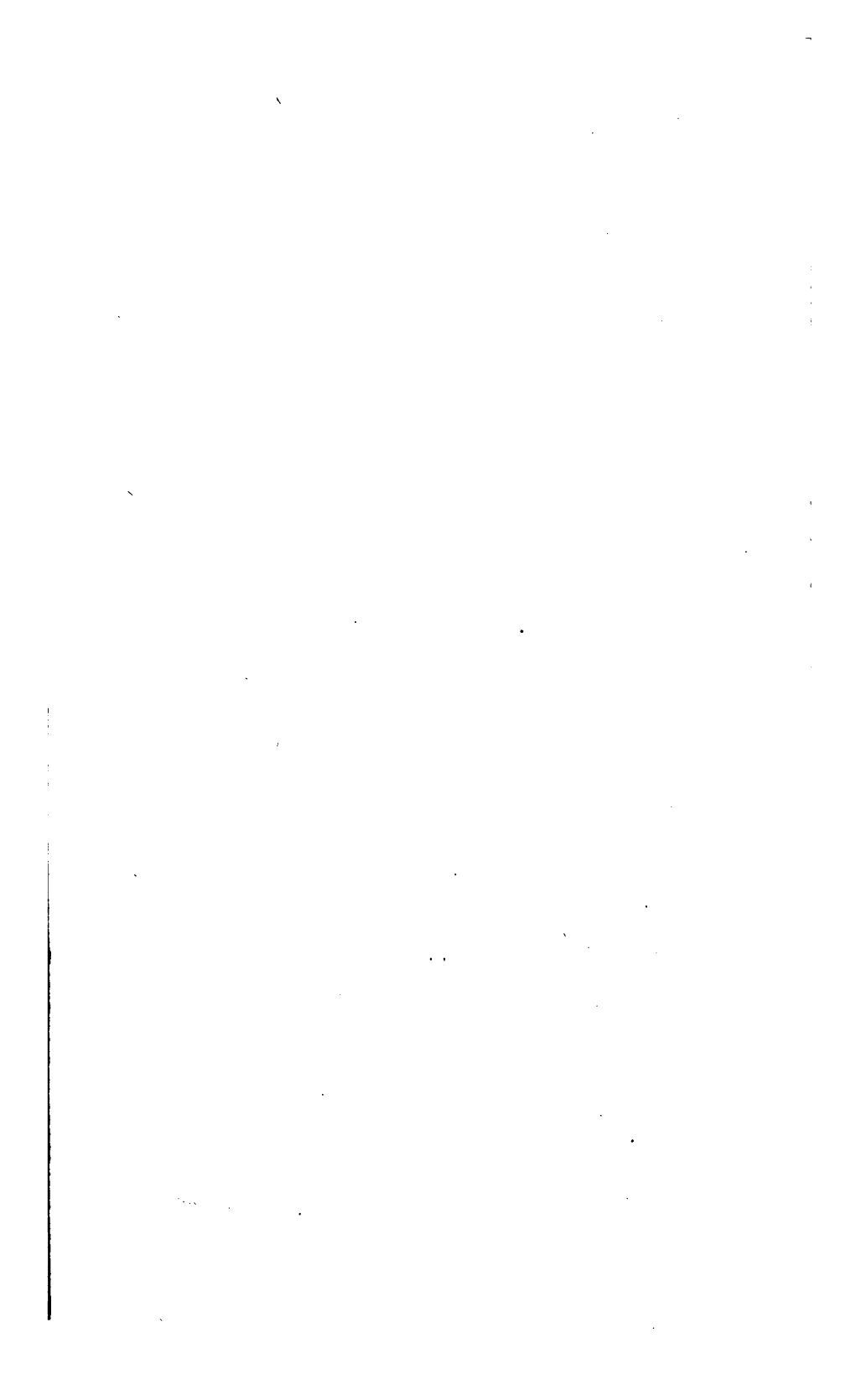
To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

OBSERVING in your Magazine of last month an advertisement of dog biscuits manufactured by Mr. Smith, of Maidenhead, I cannot allow the present month to pass without noticing them, being convinced they only require to be more generally known to meet the decided approval of the sporting world. To my brother sportsmen I think it but just to state, that for these many years I have had in my



**DOG OF ST. BERNARD.**

*Published June 30 1843 by J. Klumpp Warwick Square London.*



kennel from ten to fifteen brace of pointers or spaniels, and generally had them fed on oatmeal, old sea stores, &c. until the season of 1821, when, hearing that biscuits were made in the neighbourhood, I was induced to have them tried, and have continued constantly using them from that time. They have kept my dogs in excellent condition, and, from the nature of the food, free from disease. I consider them much cheaper than oatmeal, as a less quantity will keep them in good condition, and better wind. I generally have in half a ton at a time, and find them keep well.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JAMES MILES,

Keeper to Lord Visc. Ashbrook.

Hurley, June 15, 1823.

P. S. The Eastern Bucks Harriers are regularly fed with these biscuits, and which are generally used by the other gentlemen in this neighbourhood.

#### PROSECUTION FOR GAMING.

WRIT OF ERROR IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, MONDAY, JUNE 10.

The King v. Rogier and Humphreys.

**T**HE defendants in this case were indicted and found guilty at the Sittings after last Michaelmas Term, in the King's Bench, for keeping a common gaming-house, late No. 40, Pall Mall. In Hilary Term last, they were brought up for judgment, when Rogier was sentenced to one year's imprisonment in Cold Bath Fields, to pay a fine of 5000*l.* and to give security for his future good behaviour for five years, himself in a bond of 2000*l.* and two sureties in 1000*l.* each. Humphreys was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, to pay a fine of 200*l.* and to give similar security for the same period.

A writ of error was obtained by  
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the defendants to set aside the judgment of the Court of King's Bench.

Mr. Curwood was now heard at the bar of the House in support of the writ. He submitted that neither gaming nor keeping a gaming-house was an offence at common law, *per se*; and that to support an indictment at common law, the offence must exist at common law, and not be merely created by statute. Secondly, if a house could be indicted as a nuisance, from the mode in which it was carried on, as a play-house might be, which although lawful in itself, yet it might be so conducted as to become a public nuisance, then those circumstances which rendered it a public nuisance, ought to be shewn on the face of the indictment, that the Court might judge whether they amounted in law to nuisances or not. In support of this, the Learned Counsel referred to 1 Hawkins, ch. 75, sec. 7. Thirdly, he contended, if playing for excessive sums made the house a nuisance, the sums played for ought to have been shewn on the face of the indictment, inasmuch as what were excessive sums was matter of law, being regulated by statute. Losing 10*l.* at any one sitting, or 20*l.* within twenty-four hours, was illegal; but in the present case no sum had been set forth. A Court of Error ought to see, on the face of the record, that the sums lost were excessive, and that the Jury ought not to be left to draw the inference of law. Fourthly, if playing an unlawful game made the house a nuisance, it was clear the Jury had drawn a wrong conclusion in law: for they found that "Rouge et Noir" was an unlawful game; whereas it, in fact, was not an unlawful game, not being prohibi-

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bited by statute. In the last Act of Parliament passed to prevent gaming, this was not enumerated among the various games prohibited. The list presented was, "Faro, Ace of Hearts, Rolypoly, Roulette, Hazard, and all other games of chance."

The Lord Chancellor.—Pray, Mr. Curwood, what is "Rouge et Noir?"

Mr. Curwood.—My Lord, I do not know exactly what it is.—The Learned Counsel said, if the game was not prohibited by statute, as it was clear it was not, it was not prohibited at all.

Mr. F. Pollock, in support of the prosecution, said he would first call their Lordships' attention to the consideration which had been given to the subject in very early times, before he noticed the arguments offered on behalf of the defendants. The earliest statute upon gaming was made in the 12th year of Richard II. c. 6. By this statute, all Sheriffs, Mayors, &c. were empowered "to arrest any servant or artificer who should use buckler, sword, or dagger, or play at foot-ball, quoits, casting of the stone, or other games." This statute was made to prevent people from leaving useful arts. Another was made in the 11th Henry IV. which recited those games, and "dice, tennis, and such like games," were introduced in addition to them; but "a person might use his bow, because the defence of this land depended upon archery." In the 11th Hen. VII. c. 2. for the first time "cards" were prohibited. It was either in the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV. that cards were first introduced into England. This statute said that persons should "ne play at tennis, dice, cards, bowls, nor any unlawful game." This statute was

repeated in the 19th Henry VII.; and in the 33d of the same King, ch. 9. sect. 18, it was stated, that "any new game that shall hereafter be invented by cards shall be unlawful." The Learned Counsel then alluded to the case of the "King v. Betterton," where the defendant had a prohibitory writ issued against him, having an unlicensed play-house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But this case, he said, was by no means similar to the one before their Lordships. It was the opinion of the Lord Chief Justice Holt, that the erection of a stage for a rope dance was a nuisance. By the 33d Hen. VIII. the keeping open a gaming-house was an offence at common law, indictable as a common nuisance, and might be suppressed and fined at the discretion of the Court. When this present case was tried, the Court had all the facts before it, and was able to judge of all the circumstances connected with those facts. It had been asserted that not less than a million of money could be obtained for the support of the party. It was not a heavy fine that had been imposed, supposing such an assertion to be true. The Learned Counsel concluded with trusting their Lordships would affirm the judgment given by the Court of King's Bench.

Mr. Curwood replied in an able and ingenious speech.

The Lord Chancellor said he had no doubt in his own mind respecting the judgment given; but if their Lordships wished he would take the sense of the House upon it.

After a short pause, the Lord Chancellor proceeded to the woolsack, and declared the House affirmed the judgment given by the King's Bench.—Judgment affirmed.



## FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A Low termagant woman, who had a notorious large mouth, having applied for board and lodging, was asked by the mistress of the house to be seated. During the interview, the daughter of the latter came into the room to inquire what meat she should bespeak for the ensuing week, for that the butcher was at the door? "Why," replied the mother, "now that we are going to have an extraordinary month, you must provide accordingly." "Extraordinary month!" quoth the enraged applicant: "Whatever my month may be, I suppose I eat no more than others, and sooner than swallow a morsel of your providing, I'd fret my g—s to fiddle strings!"

AN Irish gentleman having a pair of new boots sent home to him, proceeded to try them on; but after a great deal of labour, and pulling and straining, till, from the blisters on his hands, he could no longer continue the violent exertion, he desisted, declaring that he perceived very clearly he should never get these boots on till he had worn them a day or two.

## THE SONGSTERS: A NEW DUET.

"My wife," says Dick, "loves gin so dear,

"She sings its praise aloud;"

"And mine," said Ned, "if gin was near

"Would warble in her shroud!"

"Dear souls," cried Dick, "then let them drink,

"To stint them were a pity;

"Besides, a SHROUD duet, I think,

"Is new, and something pretty!"

W. U.

## IMPROMPTU.

You always are making a god of your spouse,  
But this neither reason nor conscience allows:  
Perhaps you will say 'tis in gratitude due,  
And you adore him because he adores you:  
Your argument's weak, and so you will find,  
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind!

A GAMEKEEPER'S ORTHOGRAPHY.—"To Lord ——— Park  
Laine London Sent 9 Partridges  
1 Cwail 1 Hair December 6th."

## EPIGRAM

*On a Man of the name of Treble being apprehended for picking pockets.*

Treble with London pickpockets,  
they say,  
Has long time held the tenor of his way:  
If this be true, and can be proved the case,  
Then Treble's tenor has been thorough-base.

## EPIGRAM.

"Sir Harry," cried Charles, "can you pay me your bet?"  
"No, the d—l fetch me, if I can,"  
"Ah! he's no need to fetch you," says Charles, in a pet,  
"For you're going as fast as you can." ONE OF THE TURF.

A GENTLEMAN who unfortunately met with an accident, from which he was bruised on the head, and received a black eye, having occasion to be at the Prince's Dock, Liverpool, early one morning, to conceal the disgrace which he thought attached to the circumstance, placed his hat as much as possible over

his face, to avoid notice, when a vigilant officer thus accosted him ; —“ Pray, Sir, what are you smuggling in your hat ? I must ascertain the goods !” “ There is no good attached to it,” said the other : “ I am smuggling a black eye !”

A COUNTRY schoolmaster lately proved the antiquity of stage-coaches by the following passage in Cæsar's Commentaries :—“ *Cæsar profectus est ab urbe SUMMA*

DILIGENTIA,” the true sense of which evidently is—“ Cæsar left the city on the top of the diligence.”

LINES

*Sent with a couple of Ducks to a Patient, by the late Dr. Jenner.*

I've dispatched, my dear Madam,  
this scrap of a letter,  
To say that Miss ——— is very much better :

A regular doctor no longer she lacks,  
And therefore I've sent her a couple  
of quacks.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Tattersall's, June 23.

THE season draws near to a conclusion, and the company is expected soon, according to standing custom, play or pay, to disperse itself throughout the country. The commencement of this season, as we stated at the time, was dull, and the weather particularly discouraging ; but subsequently, things took a more favourable turn, and Tattersall's since, has been numerously attended, and especially by persons of the highest rank in the sporting line. The subscription-room having been much crowded on sitting days, Messrs. Tattersall propose, that in the ensuing season, the whole yard shall be allotted to the use of the gentlemen subscribers on particular days. Some business was done to-day, at long odds, shewing a decided opinion in favour of the merits of certain horses.

Horse Bazaar, King-street.

This splendid establishment seems to have passed the usual ordeal, and no doubt is any longer entertained of its ultimate and complete success. However extensive the space to be filled, there is generally a great show of company, and frequently of the first distinction ; and by a singularity, which we believe to be without precedent, the Bazaar has become a promenade for the ladies as well as

the gentlemen. The coach and saddle rooms are now complete and in full feather—the former affording a *vista*, which for shew and extent is no where to be paralleled. Mr. Young advertises a subscription room for the gentlemen of the turf, upon a plan of great extent and general accommodation. Nothing can more plainly demonstrate the immense increase of population and wealth in this country, than that it is able to bear such an additional establishment as the Horse Bazaar.

THE TURF.

We understand that Lord Lowther has sold his colt, Tancred, to a North Country Gentleman, for a large price, and that he is arrived at Midlam Moor.

Petronius, the celebrated racer and stallion, died on the 11th ult. of an inflammation of the lungs, at Marlefield, near Kelso, N. B.

We understand that the York August Meeting will commence on the 18th of August.

The great Derby Stake has not been run in so short a period as this year since the time it was won by the celebrated Smolensko, the property of the late Sir C. Bunbury. Buckle, the successful rider of the winners of the Derby and Oaks, on Emilius and Zinc, ran over the ground for the former in 2 min. 46 sec. ; and

for the latter in 2 min. 54 sec. The great difference is supposed to be on account of Zinc taking the lead, and keeping at a very steady pace through the race, Dandizette being the only one attempting to make play, and that not till near the distance post, for the Oaks.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood (the first favourite for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster), with several other horses, passed through York on Wednesday morning, the 11th instant, on their way to Hambledon, for the purpose of being trained. Sherwood is in fine condition.

#### THE JOCKEY CLUB.

The Jockey Club, at a meeting, held at the Clarendon Hotel, Bond-street, May 24, 1823, came to the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, that, to prevent disputes, the following rules must be adhered to, in all nominations for stakes made after the 1st of July, of colts or fillies, which have not started before the time of naming:—

"1st. The sire, dam, and grandam, of the colt or filly to be named, must be mentioned, if known, unless the dam has a name which is to be found either in the stud-book or racing calendar, in which case the name of the sire and dam will be sufficient.

"2nd. If the colt or filly to be named be own brother or sister to any horse or mare having a name in the stud-book or racing calendar, it will be sufficient to name it as such.

"3d. If the dam or grandam be sister, or dam or grandam, of any horse or mare having a name in the stud-book or racing calendar, it will be sufficient to mention her as such.

"4th. In case the dam or grandam should not be known, the sire of the colt or filly must be mentioned, together with such other particulars as will be sufficient to identify the animal.

"5th. In case of the dam having been covered by more than one stallion, the names of all the stallions by which she was covered must be mentioned.—By order of the stewards,

"J. WEATHERBY."

#### HUNTING.

We understand Mr. Walker has sold his hounds to Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart. who has given up the management of the Quorndon Hunt, and has disposed of his pack to Mr. Osbaldeston. Mr. Shard has finally arranged to hunt the Hambledon country the following season, and is about fixing his excellent establishment in the centre of the Hambledon Hunt.—*Hampshire Chronicle*.

We understand Sir Bellingham Graham is to hunt the western part of Staffordshire and part of Shropshire, the ensuing season.

#### EQUESTRIAN MATCHES.

A match against time was decided on Lansdown, near Bath, on Friday, May 30. A poney, the property of Mr. Edw. Wilson, butcher, of Widcombe, was matched to gallop 5 miles in 15 minutes, which he accomplished with ease in 12 minutes and 29 seconds!!

Two great matches, for 200 sovereigns a side each, took place Monday, June 2, over a three-mile circle, on Atwell Downs, Essex. The first was undertaken by Mr. Rowbottom, to trot Felix, a Lancashire roan horse, sixteen miles in one hour, and to carry ten stone. The horse was backed at 5 and 6 to 4 to win; and he did the ground as follows:—

	min.	sec.		min.	sec.
1st 3 miles	11	... 10	5th ditto	... 11	... 15
2d ditto	... 11	... 12	Last mile	... 3	... 46
3d ditto	... 11	... 14			
4th ditto	... 11	... 13		59	50

The horse never broke once from the trot; and the race may be considered to have been won by jockeyship.

The next match was for Mr. Rowbottom to trot his bay mare in harness fourteen miles in one hour, and to carry twenty stone. This match was performed on the road from the same starting place, and betting was 6 to 4 on time. It was done as follows:—

	min.	sec.		min.	sec.
1st 4 miles	17	... 4	Two miles	8	... 10
2d ditto	... 16	... 50			
3d ditto	... 17	... 6		59	10

The mare won this race tolerably easy, and was well driven.

A trotting match for two hundred sovereigns, between Captain Milward's bay horse Geolphia, and Mr. Harrington's brown mare, took place June 16, over two miles of turf, at Wrexham, Essex. The match was to trot eighteen miles against each other, and to carry nine stone. The horses started at opposite ends, and the mare did the distance in 68 min. 57 sec.; the horse, in 69 min. 25 sec. The race was won easy by the mare, in the last two miles. The mare broke into a gallop in the sixth mile, and the horse in the thirteenth mile. The horse was backed at five to four after the first two miles.

#### OBITUARY.

On the 13th of May died, suddenly, John Worth, Esq. of Worth House, near Tiverton, in the county of Devon. Some years ago, Mr. Worth kept the Dulverton stag-hounds; nor were they ever better managed than when under his direction, or the country better stocked with deer. Mr. Worth had also, at the same time, a very clever pack of harriers.

#### PIGEON SHOOTING.

The noblemen and gentlemen of the Old Hats Club, this month held their second meeting for the season, at their original place of rendezvous. Much excellent shooting took place; and at the close of the day, a match for £01. at twenty-five birds each, was shot by Lord Kennedy and Lord Pollington, which was won by the latter, by two birds.

The second match, between Lord Kennedy and Mr. Osbaldeston, at 100 birds each, charge limited to 1½ oz. of shot, was finished at Hanworth Park, on the 28th May. The result of the three days' shooting was as follows:—

May	kill m.
26. Old Hats—Lord Kennedy	.....26... 7
Mr. Osbaldeston	.....22... 11
27. Hanworth Park—Ld. Kennedy	26... 7
Mr. Osbaldeston	.....24... 9
28. Hanworth Park—Ld. Kennedy	27... 7
Mr. Osbaldeston	.....26... 8

151 49

Lord Kennedy shot with a single detonator by Samuel Nock; Mr. Osbaldeston with a single detonator by Joseph Manton.

The third grand match commenced at Hanworth, on the 2d of June, play or pay, 100 birds each, charge unlimited, at twenty-one yards' distance, and ended in favour of his Lordship, by only one bird. The match lasted three successive days. Mr. Osbaldeston shot the two first days with a large single gun, made for the occasion by Smith, carrying three ounces of shot, which he relinquished on the third day for a celebrated single gun by Joseph Manton, used by him in the two former matches. His Lordship, however, continued to shoot with his single gun, made by Nock, and with a charge under two ounces. All the guns were detonators.

A grand match for 200, took place on Monday, June 2, on Bagshot Heath, which was finished on Tuesday morning, between six of Oxfordshire, with seven picked men from the Ashton and Midgham Clubs, against all England, at seven birds each, twenty-one yards from the trap. Thus marked \* are Club men.—Five to four on Oxon.

OXON.	killed	ALL ENG.	killed
Mr. Dove	..... 6	Capt. Smith	..... 7
* Mr. Harrison	..... 6	Mr. Goodchild	..... 6
Mr. Freemantle	..... 5	Mr. Green	..... 5
* Mr. Gilchrist	..... 5	Mr. Mason	..... 4
Mr. Hammer	..... 5	Mr. Poulter	..... 4
* Mr. Norris	..... 4	Mr. Fenwick	..... 4
* Mr. Hancock	..... 4	Mr. Craven	..... 4
* Mr. Rogers	..... 4	Mr. Kemp	..... 4
Mr. Fleming	..... 3	Mr. Phillips	..... 4
* Mr. R. Mason	..... 3	Mr. Hawthorne	..... 3
* Mr. Progers	..... 3	Mr. Marsden	..... 3
Mr. Newman	..... 3	Mr. Jones	..... 3
Mr. Horton	..... 2	Mr. Gwyder	..... 2
	53		53

The tie was shot by the first six on each side, on Tuesday morning, at three birds each. Oxfordshire killed fifteen birds, and won the match, the other having bagged thirteen only.

A pigeon match, for twenty sovereigns a side, took place Monday morning, June 16, on Hounslow Heath, between Messrs. Masterman and Gyblett, at eleven birds each.

Mr. Masterman killed eight birds from the trap, having missed his first, sixth, and ninth birds. Mr. Gyblett missed his second, fourth, seventh, and tenth birds, and lost the match by one. Captain Morrison next undertook, for a dinner for the company, to kill six from nine swallows, to be let loose from a trap twelve yards from the gun, which he lost by killing five only.

#### ROWING MATCH.

Tuesday, June 10, the river between Blackfriars and Vauxhall Bridges presented a most animated appearance, in consequence of a rowing match for the Othello Prize Wherry, given by Mr. Kean, the actor, in commemoration of Garrick's last public appearance, on the 10th of June, 1776, the same being for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund. This match was contested by seven pair of oars, and won by Charles Maynard, and John Goatley, who instantly leaped into the prize, amidst the acclamations of an immense crowd of spectators. Mr. Kean was in an eight-oared cutter, to witness the sport.

#### OTTER HUNTING.

A grand otter hunt, by the hounds of Mr. Gittos and Mr. Moor, of Llandrindod, and the principal gentlemen of Presteign, took place on the 19th ult. near the latter town. Several otters of great size were speared, after trailing down the river Lugg, four miles: one animal measured from nose to tail 4 feet 6 inches, and weighed 28½ lbs. The lambs of a gentleman in the vicinity had been destroyed by otters, and part of a lamb was found in one kennel, from which two otters were hunted and killed.—About thirty gentlemen dined at the Castle Inn after the sport.

#### DUEL.

A duel took place Wednesday, June 4, in a field leading from Smallberry-green, near Brentford, between G. M. K. Esq. and Capt. A. The quarrel originated over a disputed bet on Epsom races, and blows had been before exchanged. Capt.

A. was badly wounded in the shoulder.

#### A VICIOUS GAME COCK.

Monday, June 2, at the Fighting Cocks Inn, at Winfarthing, Norfolk, a large cock, of the true fighting breed, attacked a beautiful child, about a year and a half old, belonging to the family of the landlord, and wounded him in several places in the head and face, and if timely assistance had not been at hand, there is little doubt that he would have repeated his attacks till he had deprived him of his sight, if not of his life. The cock was killed immediately.

#### SHOCKING BARBARIISM.

The pinder of Skelton, in Cleveland, having caught a she-ass upon the common, incarcerated the poor beast, with little or no food, in his pinfold during eleven days. In this period she foaled a fine colt foal, but, goaded by hunger, the ravenous mother actually fell upon and devoured her offspring.—*Doncaster Gazette.*

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Small bits of cheese thrown into a pond every day where there are young trout, will not only make them grow to a large size, but they will become tame.

A correspondent observes that, generally speaking, the smallest foxhounds in a pack are the fastest, and in a long day prove the stoutest.

The county of Sussex is considered to produce the best oatmeal for hounds and greyhounds.

#### THE ROAD.

On Tuesday, June 16, Mr. John Thorogood, one of the proprietors and driver of the Norwich Times Day Coach, completed the second year of his driving this coach, to London one day, and back the next. This extraordinary task has never been for one instant relinquished by Mr. Thorogood, either from illness or fatigue, and, taking into consideration the changes of weather and labour the driver of a coach undergoes, forms one of the

most striking instances of corporeal strength ever recorded.

#### COCKING.

A main of cocks was fought this month, at Buxton, between the gentlemen of Derbyshire (Gilliver, feeder), and the gentlemen of Cheshire (Potter, feeder), for 10gs. the battle, and 200gs. the main, which excited more interest than any former match within recollection. Considerable sums were depending on the event. The following are particulars of each day's play:—

DERBY.	M. B.	CHESHIRE.	M. B.
Tuesday .....	3	1	5
Wednesday ...	3	0	1
Thursday .....	3	1	1
Friday .....	2	1	6

11 3

13 8

Potter, with Fleming as setter, thus winning the main by two battles, and the byes by five battles.

#### LONGEVITY.

Mr. John Gardiner, of Tivetshall, Norfolk, has at this time a mare in his service that has attained her 36th year. He has also a favourite cat at the advanced age of twenty-six, which in the month of April last brought forth one kitten.

In this Magazine, about fifteen or sixteen years past, there was an account of two horses, the property of Edward Brown, Esq. then of Dulwich, the one upwards of forty, the other upwards of fifty years old. One of them drew a water cart, and did light jobs, not injurious to him, in his very advanced age. Mr. Brown had both their portraits, very correct likenesses. Mr. Young, of the Horse Bazaar, has at this time a cat between twenty and thirty years of age.

Of the longevity of eels, the following instance is recorded:—John Meredith, an officer of excise, who resided in a cottage at Llanvas, Brecon, having, in the year 1781, caught a small eel, put it into a well in his garden; which is about nine feet deep, and three in diameter, but seldom contains more than two feet of water, except the neighbouring river, Usk, is swelled by floods, when it

completely fills. Upon one inundation, in 1822, the eel above mentioned appeared on the surface, and was caught in a pail, when, to use the language of Margaret Price (carrier from Brecon to Swansea), who tenanted the cottage at the time, it was "as thick as her arm, and coiled round the pail from bottom to top." Thirty-one years it has existed in its narrow abode, to which it was again consigned, and where it may probably still continue.

#### CRICKET.

On Thursday, the 23d of May, a match of cricket was played, at Hockwold cum Wilton, in Norfolk, between eleven married and eleven single females, for eleven pairs of gloves, which terminated in favour of the former. The parties were dressed in jackets and trowsers, tastefully decorated with blue ribbands.

Eleven gentlemen, whose names began with B. played at Lord's Ground, against eleven of all England, for a handsome stake, on Monday, June 16.

First innings, all England.. 103

Second ditto..... 203

306

First innings of the B.s... 320

On Monday and Tuesday, June 9 and 10, a match of cricket was played on the new cricketing-ground, Brighton, between the Brighton and Godalming Clubs; the latter winning by three wickets and three runs. But *this*, the Brighton Club say, *would not* have been the case, *could it* have brought its *best* eleven into the field! The return match was played at Godalming, the week following, when Godalming again beat, with 71 runs to spare.

#### PEDESTRIANISM.

On Tuesday, the 3d inst. at five o'clock, P.M. James M'Mullen started, near Morpeth, to walk 104 miles in 24 successive hours, which he accomplished 53 min. 30 sec. within the time. We are told that M'Mullen is a very poor man, with a wife and family, and that being reduced to the

last stage of poverty during the late severe storm, he adopted this method of raising the wind.

On Wednesday night, the 4th June, at 12 o'clock, Mr. Ralph Abernethy started from Knightbridge to go on foot to the 60 mile-stone on the Winchester road, and return, in 28 hours. He won the match 10 minutes within the time.

A man named John Eaton, of Cambridge, being matched by some tradesmen for 40 guineas, to run from a garden on the north side of the turnpike near the Castle, over Chesterton fields, to cross the river in a boat, and proceed through Papermills turnpike to the White Lion, Newmarket, a distance of 13 miles, in 98 minutes, he started on Thursday, June 19, at four o'clock, and performed the same in 99 minutes 45 seconds; consequently he lost the match by 1 min. 45. sec. The betting was three to one in his favour when within three miles of Newmarket, but the wind retarded his speed during the latter part of his journey.

*Captain Swan's Match.*—Captain Swan failed this month in a match to do 600 miles in ten days, at Bexley, Oxfordshire. It was for 100 sovereigns, and the following was each day's performance:—

First Day 70 miles	Seventh Day 58 m.
Second ... 65	Eighth ..... 56
Third ..... 61	Ninth ..... 50
Fourth ... 59	Tenth ..... 30
Fifth ..... 60	
Sixth ..... 62	Total 531

The pedestrian fell lame on the ninth day, and on the tenth day his legs were swollen to that degree that he could not proceed past the thirty miles.

*Great Pedestrian Undertaking.*—Mark Hawkins, a Lancashire man, started at twelve at night, on Friday, June 20, at Tyburn Turnpike, to beat the performance of the celebrated Powell, who went on foot to York, and back to Shoreditch Church, 394 miles, in 1792, in five days and 13 hours. This pedestrian is matched by some Lancashire people for 200 sovereigns to do 400 miles in five days and 12 hours, excelling the per-

formance of Powell six miles in distance in an hour's less time. The ground chosen is to the 200 mile-stone near Corwan, in Merionethshire, and back, which is about 73 miles a day. The pedestrian is backed at even to win. He performed the first 28 miles, without stopping, in five hours. His lounge is about five miles an hour, with an occasional start at the rate of from seven to eight miles an hour a short distance. He is accompanied by one person only, on horseback.

A young man of the name of Walker, now residing at New Malton, about 18 years of age, undertook, a few days ago, for a rump and dozen, to run 924 yards in two minutes and forty seconds, which he accomplished with seeming ease within the given time.

*A Challenge.*—As the friends of Halton are dissatisfied with the late match, Ashton has challenged Halton to run any distance between three and six miles, over Doncaster course, at any time before August next, for any sum between one and two hundred pounds.

#### ANIMAL SAGACITY, NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

About twelve months ago, a man, named Logan, who formerly resided in Russia, lost, in Koningsberg, a dog, which was taken by the crew of an American schooner and carried to Charleston: he was removed to the Plantagenet, then in that harbour, but now in this port; and as Logan was walking down the quay, he was surprised by a dog fawning on him, and to his great joy found that it was his old and long-lost friend. The dog seems to have understood Dutch perfectly well, for when his master spoke to him in that language he exhibited the strongest emotions of joy. He is now residing with Mr. Logan, and appears quite satisfied with his lot.—*Belfast News Letter.*

We have this week, through favour of Mrs. Ridler, of the Lower George Inn, in this city, visited a litter of rabbits, of most extraordinary deformity, consisting of ten in num-

ber, two only of which are perfect, two have no ears, two but one ear each, two have only three legs each, and two others are blind. They are all living.—*Gloucester Herald*.

There is in the possession of a gentleman in this city (Canterbury), a young jay, perfectly healthy, and in every respect formed like the common bird of this description, except the breast, neck, and head; the two latter of which are completely inverted, and the breast is on the shoulder of the bird.—*Kentish Chron.*

On Tuesday, June 10, at Wrotham, a dog (supposed to be mad) upset a bee hive, and attacked its busy inhabitants with great fury. The bees did not retaliate on their assailant, but took flight as far as Dunk's Green, where they entered the house of a poor man, and dreadfully stung three little boys and their mother; and in rescuing the sufferers, several neighbours were much stung.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

One of the Uckfield harriers lately pupped sixteen puppies, beautifully marked with blue and white. Our informant, who is an old sportsman, has never seen a finer litter. A bitch, a few years ago (of the same breed), had the most extraordinary litter of eighteen.—*Lewes Express*.

A bird rarely seen in England (the Nutcracker) was shot on Wednesday, May 28, at Holton, Suffolk. It is of the size of a magpie, and the general colour of its plumage is a rusty brown marked with triangular white spots. These birds are very numerous in Germany, where they inhabit the forests, and lay up stores of nuts and acorns for their winter food.

Near Llanrwst, Wales, a wild cat was caught this month, in a trap, measuring three feet seven inches in length, and fourteen inches high.

On Friday, the 30th May, an extremely fine woodcock was taken alive in the grounds at the seat of George Strode, Esq. Plympton, Devon. This bird was in fine condition, but was easily secured, in consequence of having lost a few feathers from one of its wings.

On the 5th of June, two fishermen of Polperro caught (whilst it was sleeping), on the water, a fine bird, called the great northern diver, loon imbrim, or embergoose, beautifully spotted, weighing 15lbs. They brought the bird to Liskeard, and sold it to Mr. James Hawken, of that town, in whose possession it is now, alive, he having fed it on raw beef.

Mr. Thos. Walton, printer, of Redcar, has two tame sea-gulls, the one he has had sixteen and the other fourteen years in his possession, which he always took for male birds, when the eldest of them, last week, made a nest, and has actually laid two eggs. The eggs are of the colour of a plover's egg, but considerably larger. What makes it more singular is, that the birds never shewed any symptoms of breeding before, during the whole time he has had them in his possession.

The following display of courage in a hen, happened lately in a stable belonging to Mr. R. Vause, of the Windmill public-house, without Castlegate Postern, near York. A hen with young chickens, went into the stable to brood, and whilst two of Mr. Vause's neighbours, and his own daughter, were admiring the young family, an immensely large rat was observed to come from behind some old wood, and make a furious attack upon the chickens. The hen immediately fell upon the assailant in so vigorous a manner, that in about the third or fourth round she laid her enemy lifeless on the stable floor. The manner in which she destroyed her antagonist, was by catching hold of its back with her bill, and striking with her wings and feet in a manner similar to a game cock.

#### FISHING.

Lately, as Mr. Flint was trolling with a minnow, in the river Hull, near Frodingham, Yorkshire, he hooked a pike, which, after two hours struggling with his slight tackle, he succeeded in landing. It weighed nearly 17lbs.

#### HATCHING EGGS BY STEAM.

A man of respectable appearance,



who said he had travelled through many nations for the purpose of ascertaining the most effectual way of hatching eggs without the assistance of the bird, appeared before the Lord Mayor of London, at the Mansion House, June 25, to make known his discovery of an infallible mode of producing chickens from eggs, by the application of steam, without waiting for the delays of nature. He then placed upon the Chief Clerk's desk a basket, containing chickens and ducks, which were hatched in the artificial way, and appeared to be well acquainted with the person who introduced them to the dignity of the City's notice. The chicken hatcher declared that his discovery far exceeded in its effects all that could be expected from any animal either with two or four legs, for he could produce the living young in a prime state, and in a shorter time than they could be produced according to the laws of nature. He had constructed a machine for the eggs, and, by the judicious application of steam, contrived to fulfil the ends of nature, to the surprise of all who watched the progress of animation in the egg. When first he advanced in his labours with the engine, he was obliged to sit up thirty days and thirty nights to turn the eggs, lest the birds should be deformed, but now he had brought the thing to such perfection, that he was not obliged to sit up one night for a brood of one thousand chickens, and they appeared in a more unexceptionable character than if brought up under the care of their mothers.—The Lord Mayor asked what peculiar benefit arose from this discovery, as it was well known that poultry was in great abundance?—The chicken-hatcher replied, that this immense advantage arose from it,—that the public could always be accommodated with what was very frequently a great rarity—new-laid eggs. The fowls which sprung out of the steam had the extraordinary faculty of laying at all seasons, whereas those to which nature was the handmaid, were not at all to be

prevailed upon, except at stated periods, to supply the delicacy.—The Lord Mayor then signed an affidavit, stating the power of the invention, and the chicken-hatcher called together his chickens and ducks, which had amused themselves in the course of the investigation by feeding before his Lordship, and departed.

#### THE FUGILISTIC RING.

Tuesday, June 17, 1823, three battles were fought near the Old Maypole, on Epping Forest; the first between *Bishop Sharp*, of Woolwich, and *Cooper* the gypsy, for 50l. a side; the second between *Defoe* and *Raid*, for 15l. a side; and the third for 20l. a side, between *Stockman* and *Barrow*. The company was numerous, and the first battle in particular excited much interest in the fancy.

#### *Cooper and Sharp.*

At one o'clock, the men entered the ring, Spring and Richmond seconding *Cooper*, and *Hudson* and *Sampson* picking up *Sharp*. Betting 5 to 4 on *Gyp*, who was the heaviest man.

Round 1. Both appeared in good condition. *Sharp* immediately went to work, and his left hand told slightly. The Gypsy retreated. Some blows were exchanged, when, in closing, a severe struggle took place: *Sharp* had the best of the throw.

2. The Gypsy with a right-handed hit, made *Sharp* stagger, and he also went down on one knee, but jumped up again immediately.—“Well done, *Cooper*!”

3 to 8. The Gypsy in those rounds kept chiefly on the retreating system: he was bored to the ropes in the 7th round, and in the 8th was severely thrown.

9. Both looking steady at each other's eyes for an opportunity.—“Go to work!” said Spring: “What are you hesitating about?” The Gypsy followed the Champion's advice, made play, and put in two or three rum ones, which produced a lump like an egg under *Sharp*'s ear. *Cooper* administered pepper, and, in the struggle for the throw, *Sharp* fell on his face. The West

end swells smiled with content; and the Gypsey the hero of the shouts.

10. Sharp came up to the scratch rather *groggy*, but instead of the Gypsey following up the success of the last round, he suffered Sharp to pause and gain his wind. Cooper missed his lunging hits, and, in closing, was thrown.

11. This was a short round. The Gypsey received a *nobber* that sent him staggering against the ropes, where the dose was repeated, and he went down.

12 to 16, in favour rather of Cooper, who shewed a little of his former superiority.

17 to 36. In all these rounds it was something like *trick and tie*, as to superiority. Sharp did not go up to the Gypsey to give him the *finish*, or to try in what ratio his *pluck* stood as to a determined *taker*; and it was conspicuous in the extreme that Cooper preferred *long bowls to tipping* all *NINE*. The amateurs did not like the battle as "a fight," though both sides were in hopes of winning.

37. The superiority of Sharp in this round was so decisive, and his conduct so generous and manly, as to receive thunders of applause from every spectator round the ring. Sharp hit the Gypsey so severely, that the latter, in retreating, got between the ropes. Sharp disdained to take advantage of this opportunity, and walked back into the middle of the ring, beckoning with his hand for Cooper to follow him. Some exchanges took place, and the Gypsey received a heavy fall.

The contest continued till the 56th round. In the 47th the Gypsey began to fall off, and it was clearly seen how it would end: his strength gradually deserted him, and at length he was compelled to give in. The battle occupied one hour and twenty-five minutes. Sharp went and shook hands with Cooper.

REMARKS.—The hitherto "tremendous Gypsey" has at last been conquered; yet the judges called the above mill a bad fight—a long in-

nings, and but little to shew for it. The face of Sharp had scarcely a mark upon it; and the Gypsey said "he was not hurt." A medical man on the ground examined the shoulder of the Gypsey, and he pronounced "the *clavicle* to be fractured," which is connected with the collar-bone. If the Gypsey had taken the *lead* instead of *retreating* from his adversary, it is thought he must have won it.

#### *Defoe and Reid.*

Round 1. Defoe was not in good condition, but his activity and eagerness to commence offensive operations were much admired by the amateurs. Like all new ones, Defoe was in too great a hurry. Reed, however, was not destitute of science; and he stopped two or three hits with much skill. Defoe hit over Reed's guard, administered pepper, and the latter slipped down.

2. The right eye of Reed was terribly punished, and the claret flowing in profusion. He stopped well several hits; but he again *napt* terribly, and was also thrown.—Six to 4 on Defoe.

3. This was a fine fighting round—both of the men on their mettle, and hit for hit all over the ring. Reed's face was in a lacerated state, but he scorned to flinch. Both down.—Shout of applause.

4 to 13, and last. The amateurs appeared at a loss which to admire most, the fine fighting and activity of Defoe, or the true courage and skill exhibited by Reed. The latter was certainly over-matched. The battle was over in *nine* minutes. It was the first appearance of Defoe in the prize-ring, and he proved himself a good performer. In the phrase of the *fancy*, the fight was pronounced "delightful." Reed, although with a good portion of science, got *nobbed* all to pieces, but he cut up like a *brilliant* of the olden times. He did not say "No," but his backer ordered him to be taken away.

#### *Stockman and Barrow.*

Tom Jones and Wooley handled the "Lively Kid," Stockman; and

the Champion Spring and Holt were selected as seconds for Barrow.— Five to 4 on the latter.

1. The execution done by the Lively Kid in this round astonished the oldest fancier. Barrow had not a shadow of chance to win: his head was a complete chopping-block to his adversary, and indeed it was cut and come again to the end of the chapter. Stockman slipped down.

2 to 11, and last. Barrow took his *punishment* like a Cribb: he also fought well, and evinced a good knowledge of throwing. But the hitting of Stockman was terrific; and he got at Barrow with the utmost ease. This battle was over in seven minutes. The *fancy* were in raptures at the execution and style exhibited by Stockman, and the *pluck* shewn by Barrow, who was carried out of the ring, and conveyed to the May Pole Inn.

After the races at Epsom, on Friday, May 30, a boxing match, for a subscription purse of 10l. took place, between Harris, well known to the prize ring, and Youna, no stranger to the amateurs. After fighting seventeen rounds, which lasted thirty-three minutes, Harris was declared the victor. It was a hard-contested battle.

*Oxford, June 12.*—Between the conclusion of the commemoration and the commencement of the concert, a boxing match took place on Bulling Green, between two well-known Oxford men, called the *Potman* and the *Boatman*. Carter, the pugilist, and Harry Bell, the noted dog-fancier, seconded the first; the other was seconded by George Keats, and Stephens, the sweep. A great number of gownsmen were present. It was a good stand-up fight of twelve rounds in sixteen minutes, and was well contested until the last two rounds, when the Boatman, Halk, was beat to shatters. The men displayed a good deal of science, and particularly the Potman, who is a good twelve-stone man: his opponent about eleven stone five.

There was a good deal of money sported on the field.

A manly and a mangling battle was fought on Friday, June 20, on Godstone Common, near Dorking, between Joe Cox, a Gosport caulker, and Harry Ford, a man of science, but a stone lighter than his antagonist, who weighs 12st. 8lb. The battle was for twenty sovereigns: it was hastily knocked up after the first day's Guildford races. Cox was seconded by Giles, the cricketer, and Ford by the Bath tinman.—Eight severe rounds, which lasted thirty-five minutes, were fought. In the first it was four minutes before a blow was struck. Ford made the play by drawing claret amongst the ivories, and some earnest peppering followed. The men rallied each other, and disputed every inch of ground. They broke from each other, and a second rally followed. Ford's science gave him the best of the round, but he was thrown a heavy cross buttock.

2. Ford made his left-handed hit at his adversary's head, and was floored by a *tie-up* on the side, which bent him. He, however, was not to be denied. Six to 4 on Cox.

3. A slaughtering round: Ford placed several hits; but those of his adversary were more powerful. Ford was thrown heavy.

4. Cox was dropped forward by a chance blow on the *bellows mark*.

5. Both were tired: *piping* and *claret* dropping was all the go. No mischief was done in this round, and both went down from the close.

6. A little refreshed by second wind, both unmuzzled again, bent on mischief. Hits were exchanged during four minutes, when Ford was grassed by a hit on the mug, which drew a couple of grinders.

7. Ford made hits right and left tell, but loss of claret had weakened their force, and he was thrown a heavy fall.

8. The right eye of Cox was a blinker, and no longer of use, and Ford bled from the left ear. Cox threw his adversary again, from a

close, after failing at the weaving system.

9. This round settled the battle in favour of Cox, who beat his adversary out of time, and threw him another heavy fall. Ford dropped his head upon his shoulder, and was deaf to the call.

Both were much punished; but Cox, although the winner, shewed most of it.

*Pat. Halton, and Slack, the Derbyshire Champion.*

A match, for 50l. a side, took place between the above boxers, on the conclusion of Buxton races, on Friday, June 12. Halton weighed 10st. 10lb. Slack, in height, is six feet, weighing 13st. It was a most manly battle for forty-five minutes. Halton proved the conqueror.

The people in the New Forest, Hants, were drawn in crowds, a few days since, to see a pitched battle, or rather two, between two brothers, named Soffe, and the others of the name of Peckham. The latter gained the day after obstinately contested battles.

The Fives Court was very well attended Wednesday, June 18, it being a benefit for Ab. Belasco. The sets-to were manly and good, although but few of the first-rate boxers exhibited.

—English and French caused most merriment. The attitude of French was quite original, and although his fists were not in fighting form, he would be at work, and the science of English could not keep him from the muzzling system.—Spencer and Whitehead made a manly set-to in favour of Whitehead.—Collins and Aaron next followed, and gave much satisfaction by some fearless and strong hitting.—Ben Warwick administered punishment to an athletic commoner, and drew the claret from the olfactory organ. Ben's adversary

dropped the gloves, after a couple of turns.—Belasco, junior, displayed the masterpiece of science, in a turn with the junior Gidgeon.—*Ab. Belasco and Neale*—This was a finisher, giving Belasco a fine opportunity for that display of science of which he is master. Neale's head was punched about till he was as wild and groggy as if he had made libations unlimited at the shrine of Seagar and Evans. He lost his temper, which made things worse.

At the Fives Court, June 24, for the benefit of Eales, there was a most respectable assemblage. Harry Lancaster made a very excellent set-to with Shelton. Acton and Oliver made a good set-to, and excited much applause. Holt and Sampson's was a fine specimen of science. The Bristol Youth and Spencer made a good ruffianing set-to. The Champion of England (Spring) set-to with Eales, and knocked his head about to his heart's content. There was no blood spilt about the head of either. It was a most scientific set-to—the Champion had all the best of it in length and in reach. The napper game, as to give and receive, was nearly equal. In the last two rounds weight overcame science.

*Neat and Spring*.—Nothing tangible has yet taken place as to the renewal of the battle between these men. Should such an event take place, Spring, it is said, will be backed at 3 to 1.

Cribb and Spring have been sparring at the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster-bridge, at good salaries, to numerous audiences.

Abraham Belasco and Sampson are once more matched. They are to fight on the 19th of August, for 100l. a side, and 10l. is deposited.

Curtis and Warren fight for 50l. a side on the 8th of July. Warren is rather the favourite.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications arrived too late to appear in this Number: others are under consideration.

G. is informed, that we shall be happy to hear from him again.

The lines of A.O. are too imperfect, and the P.H. C. too lengthy, for our columns.

## POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## ON PLEASURE.—AN ANACREONTIC.

**THO'** wisdom will preach about joy,

Sir,

Yet folly will practise as well;

Men are simple, and life's but a toy, Sir:

In toying it is we excel.

King Solomon—I'm not profane, Sir—

Was a wise, yet a whimsical elf;

He never thought any thing vain, Sir,

'Till he was past pleasure himself.

Away with reflection, be jolly!

Dispassionate dullness despise!

Did you once know the pleasure of folly,

You'd ne'er be so weak, to be wise.

Come, about with a bumper, brave boys,

To our King and our country, success;

Let us drink to these pleasures and joys

Our souls in the bottle express.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## A NEW SONG.—To a Grave Tune.

[FOUNDED ON FACTS.]

**O** Death is a terrible tyrant indeed,  
A raw-boned and cold-hearted sort of  
a foe!

In fighting, he's sure to be taking the lead,  
For his very first hit always proves a  
death blow.

Death, in every parish, a garden has,  
Which is usually called a church yard;  
And the sexton or the churchwarden has  
Over his lodgers a right to keep guard.

A churchwarden once, whom I very well  
knew,

Was piously sitting in church at his  
pray'rs,

When somebody hastily entered his pew,  
And thus, in loud whispers, saluted his  
ears:—

"Oh, Sir, I know where a body is hid,  
'Taken from our church-yard, without  
doubt!"

Gravely the warden then nodded his head,  
Bowed, and followed the messenger out.

The messenger told, 'midst his bows and  
his scrapes,

As how, at his home, not an hour before,  
He saw, as he climb'd up to gather some  
grapes,

A body stretched out, at his neighbour's  
next door.

"Thanks, thanks," says the warden—

"enough you have said:

"Soon will I punish this death-haunting  
spark:

"Quick I'll go;" and (taking some snuff)  
he said,

"I will take also with me the vestry clerk."

Arrived at the spot now the warden and  
clerk,

And finding next door that a ladder was  
there,

Up mounted the warden, as light as a lark,  
And, peeping, exclaim'd, "Here it is, I  
declare!

"Oh, Bob! 'tis horrid—'tis shocking!

"Without any bias a body is here!"

"Ah!" says Bob, "'tis cruelly macking,

"When folks go to *pot*, not to bring in the  
*ster!*"

Determin'd on putting these knives to the  
roul,

The warden now knock'd at the door of  
their den,

When the maid, a brisk lively young  
body, came out.

Says the clerk, "You've a wizen dead body  
within:

"Yes, yes! the fact is made clear to us."

"Then," said the warden, with looks a-  
ther grim,

"Tho' Death may rob us of all that is dear  
to us,

"Still, 'tis not proper that we should rob  
him."

The maid stood aghast, while our heroes  
took care

In approaching the room where the body  
was laid.

Says the maid, as they enter'd, "There's  
nobody there!"

"Not alive," says the clerk; "but here's  
somebody dead."

"Oh! that body belongs to my master,  
Sir:

"Only just look at its beautiful phiz—

"You see 'tis a body he's made out of  
plaster, Sir."

"Gad," said the warden and clerk, "so  
it is!"

The master now came, and the matter ex-  
plained:

He modified, he said, and cut figures that-  
way;

And then of our heroes he justly com-  
plain'd,

Who both cut queer figures, just then, I  
dare say.

"Sir," said they, "we cannot lay blame to you—  
 "Pardon us, then, for what we have done:  
 "Twas certainly on a *grave subject* we came to you,  
 "But it turns out quite a *subject for fun*."  
*Westminster.* J. C.

### THE BEST POINT OF LAW. *A Tale.*

BY J. M. LACEY.

**A** Lawyer once attended the assizes,  
 Where most get blanks, and very few  
 get prizes;  
 Where some who *gain* a cause, yet *lose*  
 their money;  
 And that, you know, is any thing but  
 funny.

Now to our lawyer:—He, alas! was  
 poor!

Yet that he had *two suits* was very sure,  
 Though both were had: the one upon his  
 back

Once *had been*, but was now *no longer*  
*black*;

It look'd as having met with much mis-  
 hap:

*Repose* it wanted, or at least a *nap*.

The other was a *suit at law*, just lost,  
 And clients much too poor to pay the cost.  
 Such was the lawyer's *case*; and, being so,  
 We cannot wonder if his cash ran low.

*Loyal* he was, and much indeed would do  
 To *save his sov'reign*—for he had not *two*:  
 No wish he had to *change him*; but my  
 tale

Will shew his wishes were of no avail.

Lawyer and client, whether rich or poor,  
 The pangs of hunger cannot well endure,  
 Therefore my hero, feeling *inward sign*  
 Of hunger, sought an *outward one* to  
 dine.

*The Crown*, with larder full of hares and  
 grouse,

Though some might call it a *five-shilling*  
 house,

Invited much our sharp-set man of law,  
 To satisfy the cravings of his maw.  
 He enter'd:—Waiters came with list of  
 fare:

Enough to tempt an alderman was there,  
 Yet he resolv'd of steaks to have his fill:  
 He would have had a *snipe*, but fear'd *the*  
*bill*!

Some men may think, though true, this  
 was a shame—

*A lawyer*, and not qualified for game!—  
 No: on his pocket Want put certain stops,  
 And so with *steaks* he satisfied his *chops*.

The waiter, who for law was quite a  
 glutton,

Thought, when the legal man was munch-  
 ing mutton,

That he might get a *lunch of law* the  
 while;

So, putting on a something like a smile,  
 He said, "Good Sir, I've often wish'd to  
 know

A little smattering of law or so:  
 I'm quite aware the law has *limbs* and  
 joints,

But pray just tell me, Sir, about *the*  
*points*.

I've heard of *nine*, but tell me now *the*  
*best*:

If I knew that, the deuce might take *the*  
*rest*."

"Why, Ned," said Brief—(the waiter's  
 name was *Ned*,

The lawyer's *Brief*—which has not yet  
 been said)—

"Why, Ned," said he, "I can't afford  
 to tell ye,

Unless you'll *undertake* to fill my belly—  
 That is, to pay for what I now am eating;  
 Then *the best point* to you I'll be repeat-  
 ing."

"Agreed!" said Ned: Brief open'd wide  
 his eyes—

It *fill'd him*, both with *mutton* and *sur-*  
*prise*:

At least he thought so, and began to say,

"Why, Ned, whene'er you wish to win  
 the day,

*Good evidence*, my boy, you'll ever find  
 (And what I say be sure to keep in mind)

Still *the best point* amongst our many laws,  
 And having that, you'll always *win your*  
*cause*,

As surely as when wanting it you'll lose it:  
 Such *my advice*, and mind you don't  
 abuse it."

"No, Sir," said Ned; and then remov'd  
 the cloth:

Brief too *remov'd*, for he was *nothing loth*.  
 But, marching out, the landlord seiz'd his  
 raiment,

And rather rudely ask'd poor Brief for  
 payment.

Brief now lamented his unlucky star.  
 'Tis true, indeed, they *call'd him* to the  
*bar*,

But here, instead of *seeing him*, why they  
 Swore that poor Brief his reckoning should  
 pay.

He told his tale in verity and truth:  
 Then Ned was call'd, that most *anointed*  
 youth,

Who said, 'twas all the lawyer's vain pre-  
 tence,

And archly ask'd, "Sir, *where's your*  
*evidence*?"

At this poor Brief look'd any thing but  
 calm,

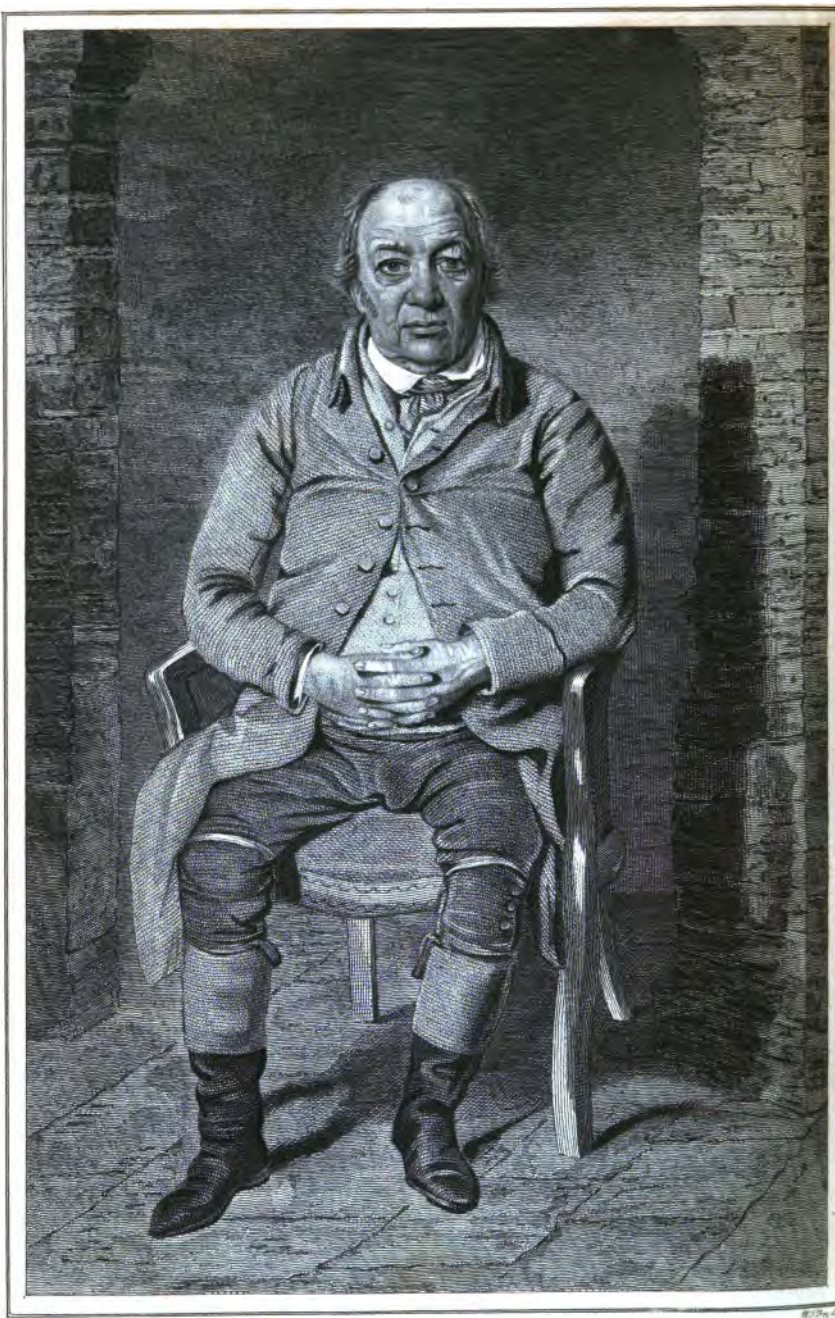
And, to get free, lugg'd out his *sovereign*  
*balm*;

For, while his heart was swelling like a  
 pumpkin,

He found that he was *done*—and by a  
*bumpkin*!

1200  
1200

1200  
1200



TOT INCHLEY.

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### Embellished with,

#### I. A Portrait of TOT INCHLEY.

By "THE WHIP," from the Original while in Possession of E. L. Charlton, Esq.

### TOT INCHLEY.

THE portrait of TOT INCHLEY, which forms part of the embellishments of this Number, was painted by Marshall, for a nobleman, and engraved by Fry. The likeness and display of graphical art must speak for themselves; and no one belonging to the sporting world was ever perhaps so universally known as this very extraordinary man.

He was born about seventy years ago, at the pleasant and romantic village of Great Easton, on the borders of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, with the fine old castle and park of Rockingham in its front, surrounded by a rich gra-

zing, sporting country, with the river Welland gracefully winding through its meadows, well known to fox-hunters as being something between *leapable* and *fordable*, but very often both in attempting one. It is backed by Easton Park, the strongest wood cover in the Langton country, or perhaps in Leicestershire, and requires to be frequently and well hunted to make the foxes fly. This not being the case, few of the Meltonians attend—not choosing to wait the uncertainty of getting a fox away. To wait, in this quick and fashionable country, is out of the question: a fox must be found in five minutes, killed or lost in from fifteen to fifty, and another found within the hour,

or the day is over. Nobody thinks of waiting here, except a few old-fashioned landlords for their rents, and modern tradesmen for their bills. The reader, also, is requested to wait a little, as it is impossible to give even a sketch of this singular character without digression, as he was to be found in all places, from the palace to the pot-house; and in all classes concerned with horses, from the prince to the post boy.

In early life, the subject of our memoir dealt largely in horses, and did well, so long as his natural prejudices would let him "catch the living manners as they rise." But his hacknies, or such as he persevered in dealing in, were like the one so often described by Mr. Sanders, of Green-street, "with a fine lofty ranging forehead, high crest rising well out of his back, the back too short for a saddle, well ribbed up, short legs, and very short pasterns, and clear of white" (of consequence in buying—none in selling); "and can" (he ought to have said) "do any thing he ought not to do—walk five miles in an hour, trot fifteen, and gallop twenty" (and he might have added), "as certain, and with as much ease as he can fly, and so gentle, the most timid elderly person *may* ride him"—that is, if this timid elderly person be not afraid of a little jolting; should not happen to be in a hurry; nor to have heard of such terms as ease, elegance, expedition, elasticity, springs, safety, or of the difference between riding, walking, or being carried.

Unfortunately for Tor, when his timid elderly friends were all dead, and all these things became known to every body but himself, this branch of his trade totally failed. Not quite so unlucky

in hunters, it seems, he bought at one time of his life great numbers, and at enormous prices, of that dear old sort, "the Old English Hunter." Oh! that a pen could describe that solemn shake of the head, the woeful countenance, the heavy sigh and bitter wailings, he uttered for the loss of "*that sort*!"—a sort so well calculated for going out at four o'clock in a morning, cutting a figure in a run of fifteen miles in fourteen hours, to bear a cool reception when he gets home, to submit patiently to being brushed over with a birch broom, turned into a straw yard, and fed on Swedish turnips! To the inexpressible grief of poor Tor, and the only two survivors, admirers of such treatment, and such horses—the last seen were drawing the Old Leeds Coach, when neither the horses, the coachman, nor even the coach, went on springs—the Norwich Expedition, "carrying eight insides," at the rate (if the roads were good) of about four miles an hour—and one in the possession of Tor, which he could never sell. So that, through the *obstinacy* of the age, and a *want of taste* for antiquities, this branch of his trade was, to him, lost for ever.

In regard to his taste for blood horses, of which he bought many, they were what Mr. Jacob Wardel calls *slashers*—a large coarse sort, and better calculated for any purpose than the one intended. Some of these he trained, and ran at Newmarket, and other places; but, like Charles Fox's, they were "not fast enough to tire themselves," nor stout enough to win; and as such were not ready sale, nor very cheap keeping. However spirited it might appear in a horse dealer, few thought it a

prudent plan—all fancied they saw how it would end. In pursuing this course, the greatest exertions of our hero were brought forth in endeavouring to set the *world to rights*, and in persuading men (even young ones) that new fashions—new systems—new sorts of hounds—new sorts of horses—new countries—new modes of hunting them—and even new people—were all wrong. This opinion being persevered in to the very last—added to his unalterable notions about hacks, hunters, and racers, with the people every day more and more *obstinate*—he was obliged (though reluctantly) to exchange a very pretty *freehold landed estate* in his native village, for one in London, six feet long by three feet wide, as *tenant at will*—having died suddenly, in Pall Mall (of moment to young country horse dealers), a natural death, and without a shilling.

In his dress, through life, Tor was very particular, wearing on all occasions, and to all appearance, the same clothes, and so exactly in the same state, as if some person had worn them for him a couple of years or so, just to take the shine off a little; but the few that did not know him will see by the print he was no dandy. Day and Martin do not owe their popularity to him, neither was he indebted to them for their printed instructions for cleaning boots. He always cleaned his own (when they were cleaned), and began by putting them on: then, with a pail of water and water-brush, or a piece of hay-band dipped in the horse-trough, he touched them over nicely—for he was not without his spark of pride, though his face did not seem to partake of these indulgences; neither did his hat or

coat often get brushed, as in them no improvement *could* be made. Many thought him rich, because he was eccentric; others honest, because he spoke bluntly and sincere, never fawning, but always observing the same manners, and using the same language to the prince, the peer, and the ploughman.

Tor had evidently read somewhere of “wine that maketh glad the heart of man,” and never neglected an opportunity of understanding and thoroughly proving it. “Oil to give him a cheerful countenance,” he either used sparingly, or it had no effect, if one might judge from contemplating his features. A volume would not contain half the peculiarities of this singular character, so well known to sportsmen of the last sixty years. It is for the amusement of the younger ones only this hastily-written description is intended.

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#### A FEW LINES FROM NIMROD.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

SINCE my last, a grand event has taken place in the sporting world—namely, the Great Gloucestershire Stakes, at Cheltenham, 25gs. each, fifty-six subscribers, won quite unexpectedly by Mr. West's Angelica.

In a few lines I wrote you in a former Number, I mentioned this gentleman having purchased part of Bourton-on-the-Hill training ground, in Gloucestershire, built stables, *et cetera*; and having got Crouch, who brought Smolensko and Gustavus to the post for the Derby, as his trainer, I ventured to predict that he would “turn up a trump” before the summer was over; and my prophecy is fulfilled.

In a short account I also sent you of Ascot races, I hazarded my opinion, that Mr. West's Angelica was out-jockeyed for the Oatlands, or she would have won it. Here, however, I am called upon to make an apology to Buckle, for having, in a moment of inadvertence, and in the confusion of the week's sport, substituted the name of John Day, for his, as the rider of Bay Barton, in this well-contested race. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to see the uninterrupted success of that accomplished jockey; and nothing can be more adverse to my intention, or feelings, than to attempt to detract from his merits or reputation. I only wish he could live for ever, and if his body were as incorruptible as his mind, doubtless he would.

However, to return to my subject. Mr. West has, at last, turned up the trump which I anticipated, and it is his own fault that he did not turn it up sooner, for he had it in his hand. A carpenter is of no use without his tools; neither is it of any use to bring a horse to the post, whether trained by Mr. Crouch, or any one else, unless he has got a good jockey to ride him. Now really there is no excuse for Mr. West not having one of the best jockies in England, as well as the best horses for him to ride. He has got every convenience to breed and train them; and he has got—what every man has not got—and that is, besides his large country estates, *a map at his lawyer's* (for I have seen it), as big as the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, on which he has nothing to do, but to put his finger on a *spot*\*, and say—

"Let this *spot* be sold, for I want to give a thousand guineas for a race-horse!" Such a man should have the *best* of every thing, and nothing second-best about him. If good wishes will make him a winner, he has mine; for he is a good preserver of foxes, a great friend to fox-hunting, and the right sort of English country gentleman.

By the way, Mr. West had a four-year-old colt that ran for the Gold Cup, at Ascot, by the name of Opodeldoc, which he told me was for sale. He is got by Orville, out of Arquebuse, by Sancho; her dam by Pot8o's, out of Editha, by Herod: and though no race-horse with Netherfield and Marcellus, is very likely to make a valuable hunter, having very hunter-like action, with large legs and feet, and of fine temper. From his size and blood, he would also make a good stallion. Mr. West at the same time told me that Barbara, own Sister to Angelica, was for sale, and likely to carry a light weight to hounds; but, perhaps, he may now think it probable she may do something else, as she has proved herself to be of a good family, which is no bad recommendation to her.

When on the subject of jockeyship, and racing, I was very much amused with the account of the grand match that has been lately run at New York, between the American Eclipse, and Henry, who, it seems, was brought thither from a distant part of the country for the purpose; by which it appears, that unless a transatlantic mile is shorter than an English one, they have got some good horses in that country, as, in one heat, the four miles were

\* This valuable property lies in the midst of the London Docks, and the price Mr. West got for one of these "*spots*" a few years since, was recorded in the papers as a presage of better times.

run in seven minutes and thirty-nine seconds, being almost equal to any thing upon record—particularly as the heat before it, had been run within a second of the same time—but, unfortunately, they have not given us the weights.—The horses starting by the “tap of the drum,” is quite a novel idea, and, perhaps, might not exactly suit some of our young ones, who are rather queer at getting off; but the ebullition of feeling exhibited by the people at New York, shews that under all climes, the sports of the field are congenial to human nature. To be sure, it is diverting to picture to oneself Sam Chiffney, on the shoulders of a Yankee, borne off in triumph after having won his race, to the tune of “See the conquering hero comes!” and, it appears, Mr. Purdy felt more at home on the back of his favourite Eclipse. I wish the editor of the New York paper had gone a little more into detail, and given us the reasons why Taylor did not ride Henry the two first heats, and why Purdy was not put on Eclipse at first, as we are led to believe they are the Buckle and Chiffney of that country. Perhaps, had Taylor ridden Henry the two first heats, and not made all the running, as he did, it might have altered matters considerably, for it will be observed that *he waited on Eclipse the last heat, and was only beat by a head.* On the other hand, had Purdy been on Eclipse the first heat, he might have saved him running the last at all. They wanted your Newmarket correspondent, OBSERVATOR, Mr. Editor, to have given us the age, “names, weights, and colours of the riders,” in technical lingo; and how amusing would it be, if some good artist were to go around the

world, and give us sketches of the different costumes of the riders, and the forms of their horses, in all different countries; as well as some account of their method of training, trials, &c.! I have often thought how it must have surprised my Lord Charles Somerset, when he landed at the Cape of Good Hope, during the races, to see the black jockies riding without sboses or stockings, a ludicrous account of which I saw in a letter from the late Lady Charles, to one of her sisters. What a contrast to Tom Goodison upon Sunbeam!

Indeed, we have only to cross the water to Ireland, to see a little difference in these things. Some years since I had a horse in training at the Currah of Kildare, and making a match with the celebrated Colonel Wardle over the bottle, to be run *the next day*, I went off in the night, seventeen Irish miles, to have my horse set for the race. When I arrived at the stables, about one o'clock in the morning, I saw, by the light of the moon, that the key was in the door. Accompanied by a friend, I entered. There were seven horses in the stable, and one of them the best of his year! After walking two or three times up and down it, a young voice exclaimed—“Ah! what are you after here?” “What am I after!” said I—“what is your master after, that he leaves his horses in this way?” “Sure, didn't master lock me in here to take care of them,” said a ragged urchin in a hay bin. However, it is an old story, and I will not tell the sequel. I set my horse myself, and lost the race.

To return to New York. I can easily conceive this to have been a most interesting race, not only as relates to the stakes—20,000 dol-

lars!—but, as being made by one party of sportsmen against another (as if York and Doncaster were to contend against Newmarket), that interest must have been increased an hundred fold. We cannot wonder at the backers of Eclipse being proud of their horse; neither can we wonder, in the moment of triumph, that “Long Island Eclipse” was to beat all the world; but the world is a wide place, and no doubt *Mr. Fan Rust*, his owner, is aware of this. I always take a leaf out of another man’s book, when I think it will suit my own; and I like Yankee’s idea much, that “size and bone are essential to strength, and ought to be taken into calculation; and supposing blood and bottom to be equal, must always win.” To encourage horses of this description, they have Wetter weights in the United States.

One word more, and I have done. I am one of those who think that there is enough of deformity in human nature, without adding to it by artificial means; neither do I think it desirable that men of rank and fashion should make themselves the laughing-stocks to the vulgar. Gentlemen jockies, generally speaking, look enough little like jockies, when dressed in proper caps and jackets; but when they adopt the costume of a dancing-master to ride a race, they cannot but appear highly ridiculous, and quite out of character. I need not say, I allude to the Cooked Hat Stakes. I am not going to applaud *Mr. Braithwaite* for the altercation, it seems, he occasioned at Hampton, by not having the “regulation cook,” because, if he had not ap-

proved of the articles, he need not have entered his horse. I cannot, however, but admire his taste. Such is the deformity of a cocked hat, that it is now banished from the army, excepting among the musicians, and is only seen under the arm of a gentleman in full dress, or at the opera, where it is convenient in a crowd. I have ridden many races in public, and occasionally to oblige friends; but I should be sorry to be asked to ride one in a cocked hat. The foolish practice originated in a frolic of *Sir William Maxwell’s*, at York, or Doncaster, I forget which; and so true, to the letter of it (without applying it in this case to *Sir William*), is the old saying, that “one fool makes many,” it has now crept to *Shrewsbury*, *Oswestry*, *Hampton*, and several other places. A celebrated orator of antiquity always had a slave behind him when he addressed the multitude, to pull him by the garment, if he said any thing to make them laugh, thinking, no doubt, that “*Punch*,” or a mountebank, could do that quite as well as he could. This is all very well for a philosopher; but in these polished times, when it is thought almost inhuman to laugh, a smile should not be allowed, at the expense of what we call “good taste,” which is every thing. The lines\* enclosed were sent me, on a horse, which, it seems, has been in many hands, but once in the possession of *Mr. Hawkes*, of whom, as a celebrated sportsman, I spoke in my last letter upon *Warwickshire*, and thinking it time to conclude, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

NIMROD.

\* See our poetical department.

## THE VETERINARY COLLEGE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

ON perusing the last Number of your publication, I find a bombastical ebullition from the pen of VINDEX, whose zeal for his friend Coleman outruns discretion, and whose gratitude to the VETERINARY PUPIL, for having gained "his heart's concurrence," by now agitating a subject which, for want of having been agitated many years ago, has caused "the deepest regret," not only to VINDEX, but to every pupil of the College, is somewhat whimsically shewn by challenging the VETERINARY PUPIL, poor fellow, to a combat, which must, according to the language of VINDEX, end in the ruin of one of them.

Now I dislike implication as much as any man; but when a writer takes it up as the basis of what he would put forward as argument, he has no right to complain if a weapon, unfairly snatched, be again seized and turned against himself. I should therefore think it much more likely, that VINDEX has himself a desire for the forceps of a demonstrator, as being the very "stepping stone" to promotion, than that a veterinary pupil should wish to take the lead as an examiner.

By implication also, VINDEX so identifies the Professor and the Veterinary College, that he makes the existence of the one to depend on the existence of the other; for, in the language of metaphor, he says, remove the Professor (that is, Coleman) from his chair, and veterinary science will be involved in ruin.

I have too high an opinion of the sound discretion of the Profes-

sor to believe that thirty years' occupation of the Professor's chair, and a contract for nearly the same period to supply Government horses of the British empire with medicines on his own terms, have not afforded him the means to flourish, though the Veterinary College should crumble into dust, and drop from him; while, on the other hand, notwithstanding the assurance of VINDEX (who is the only person I know of, who has even hinted at the removal of either the Professor or present Examiners), I trust that the Veterinary College will flourish long after the time shall have arrived when the present Professor, according to nature's laws, will be numbered among men of days gone by.

I, therefore, do not participate in the melancholy bodings of VINDEX, that we shall be "plunged into obscurity, and left to grovel in the dark, as were our forefathers," when the dispensations of Providence deprive science of Professor Coleman; for I hope that if in thirty years the Professor and his colleagues have not, by their instruction, produced one individual capable of filling up the chasm that must sooner or later occur, from among the many who have contributed their twenty-guinea fee, we shall, at least, be able to supply the loss from the same profession which gave Mr. Coleman to the Veterinary College.

VINDEX assumes, that no enlightened man, who is acquainted with the "method on which the College is conducted, can suppose for a moment any alteration is requisite." I, in my turn, must assume that VINDEX would not voluntarily exclude himself from this class; yet, he has before told us, that this method has been to him

a subject of the deepest regret, nay, more, that it has caused the same deep regret to "every pupil at the College:" here, then, have we the important dictum of even VINDEK himself, that improvement is wanted.

Your correspondent, A VETERINARY PUPIL, has two points to bring forward: the first is, the want of a Demonstrator; and, so far, he has the "heart's concurrence of VINDEK: the next point is, a supposition that, after having educated for thirty years, some members of the veterinary profession may have been produced capable of forming an accurate opinion of the attainments of their juniors. To suppose the converse of this, would be a libel on the abilities of the Professor, that even those who travel most distant from the "paths of eulogy" would not venture on: coming from himself, as it is stated to do, it is too delicate a point for me to consider.

Now, allow me to ask VINDEK a question or two. To what branch of his Majesty's Government would he confide the Veterinary College, in return for paying a demonstrator? Is the "indefatigable Professor" unequal to the task of advancing the respectability of the profession? And has he no power to reject those whose previous attainments have been defective?

To save VINDEK the trouble of answering my last question, I will state the fact: the rejection of an improper person, who presents himself as a pupil and candidate for a diploma, rests wholly with the Professor; but, in rejecting a

would-be pupil, he rejects also a fee of twenty guineas.

There is a much shorter course than seeking a grant of public money to remunerate a demonstrator. Let the public-spirited Professor pay so necessary an appendage to his lectures out of the fees he receives for giving them, and which are surely sufficiently ample; for we have the authority of Veterinary Surgeon Percival, of the Royal Artillery,\* that the medical teachers give their lectures GRATUITOUSLY to the veterinary pupils who attend them: twenty guineas, therefore, for Mr. Coleman's lectures only, will very well bear the charge for a demonstrator.

In early times, the Professor, besides his lectures in the theatre, gave a clinical lecture in going through the stables, and prescribed for the patients at the same time. Although this duty may be performed equally well by another, I am informed its performance has nearly ceased on the part of the Professor. For the mere lectures in the theatre, unaccompanied by demonstrations or elucidations of any kind, does the Professor of the Veterinary College receive a fee of twenty guineas from each pupil.

I shall be happy to devote an hour's consideration to VINDEK, whenever he may be pleased, and you may be pleased, to favour the public with his lucubrations—for his letter now under consideration has very much the character of an after-dinner production—and remain, Sir, yours, &c.

AMICUS VERITATIS.

\* Since there are two veterinary surgeons of this name in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, the authorship of some elementary veterinary lectures, lately published, is very vague. However, be the dedication of this book to the Committee for Examining Pupils, either a joint or separate production of those gentlemen, it is sufficiently good authority for the fact here stated.



## THE PUGILISTIC RING.

(Concluded from p. 144.)

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

WHEN chivalry was at its height in this country, *ladies* were spectators, not only of sham fights and martial exercises, but of real duels. According to Lord Shaftesbury, they sat as umpires of the doughty frays. His Lordship tells us of a gentleman who thought he could answer to *his own sex* for not having accepted a challenge that had been sent him, but "how," said he, "shall I appear before the maids of honour at night?" The last English tournament, it seems, was held at Westminster, and a grand sight it must have been. The jousts were proclaimed in France, Flanders, Spain, and Scotland. The challenger entered the field richly accoutred—his horse trapped in white velvet. The knights who rode before him were apparelled in white, and "their hozen cut in the Burgonian fashion." Sir Richard Cromwell obtained the ring as his reward, from the King, which he bore on the fore gamb of the lion, as his crest. In 1279, tournaments were held at Kenilworth, where there were one hundred knights armed, and, adds the historian, *as many ladies*. Thus it would appear that in these dark ages, our countrymen rather lost sight of propriety, for, in the gladiatorial exhibitions of the ancients, it seems they did not steel their hearts against the becoming softness of the female character, as, with them, no woman was allowed to be present on such occasions, under the penalty of severe punishment. We read of one, however, who ushered in her son in disguise, and being discovered, was

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only pardoned on account of her father, brother, and son, having been all winners at the Olympic games.

It has been observed that the vulgar borrow vices from the great; and the great condescend to borrow some from the vulgar. On this account it is urged, that evil arises from noblemen and gentlemen patronizing the pugilistic ring. Moralists, however, have been given to exaggerate the evils of the day; for I am inclined to believe, that so far from this being the case—so far from mischief accruing from noblemen and gentlemen being present at pugilistic exhibitions—as in this free country these exhibitions will exist whether they patronise them or not—their countenance and support are, in a great measure, conducive to propriety of conduct, and keeping things straighter than they would otherwise be, considering the nature of the game that is to be played. The great Augustus was not only a patron of all manly sports and diversions, but would stop to see a battle in the street; and we find no proof that this sort of amusement led to the decline of any once celebrated state. On the contrary, Greece, whose nobility and gentry seldom passed a day without practising some bodily exercise in public, was, as I before observed, forming models for all future ages, when her gymnastic exhibitions were at their height. "Her literature," says one of her panegyrists, "remains the model of all that is perfect in composition, a source of the purest delight, an object of boundless admiration. *Those training schools and exercises, which moulded the human frame into its most perfect form—those triumphs of art, commemorating the triumph of intel-*

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*lect—have, hitherto, left all imitation at a distance."*

Let us look at this subject in another light. From the active life and temperance of those who existed before luxury and high living were known in the world, the powers of men were said to be greater than they now are, and it is conjectured that we have degenerated, in the progress of ages. Such may be the case, for anything that I know to the contrary; but of this we are certain, that some late appeals to the bayonet have proved that the English possess strength and courage beyond all other nations in the civilized world. Admitting this to be the case, would it be prudent to interfere with or alter the manly pursuits of the country? The Italian has relinquished them; but the Italian is cruel. The Englishman continues them, and is brave and humane.

There are those, however, who say prize-fighting is inhuman; to see two men first shake hands, and then strike at each other without any natural impulse which might excite them to do so. It would be difficult, perhaps, to free it from this charge; but humanity, says a great authority, is the virtue of a woman, generosity that of a man; and we have had some fine instances of generosity in the British ring. After the elder Belcher lost an eye, and was otherwise worse for wear, his goodness induced him to meet *the Chicken*, who was in his prime. Nature having deserted him, it was in the power of his adversary to have won the battle at one blow; but dropping his hand, when the opportunity for inflicting it presented itself, he exclaimed, "I will not kill you, Jem!" Instances of gene-

rosity from the conqueror to the conquered are too numerous to mention; and after the last great battle, we find Spring going to see his adversary, and presenting him with a ten-pound note.

There is another objection which has been made to pugilistic science; and that is, that, like something else, *a little of it is dangerous*—it being apt to seduce us into the practice of our fists, on unworthy occasions. Thus, when the King of Ithaca broke the poor beggar's jaw, at the gates of his palace, he fully exemplified this charge. When gentlemen, however, have acquired the art of boxing, in perfection, it gives them, on some occasions, a happy advantage, and they generally avail themselves of it with effect. When the late Colonel Mellish was in his prime, he was ready at all times for "a turn up;" and with him it was—a word and a blow. Knowing his propensity, a fighting post-boy was instructed to insult him publicly on the race-course at York, *for the honour of the road*. Mellish leaped from his coach-box, and said, "I'll be 'first turn' now, Sir, if you please," and licked the fellow well, in less than ten minutes, to the great satisfaction of all present. There is a good story on record of Scroggins, where science came very *a propos*. Walking one night in the streets of London, he saw a brother tar—a good deal over the line—engaged in a battle with a man, against whom he had no chance to win. Scroggins went to his assistance; but seeing that he must strike his colours, had recourse to the following stratagem:—On Jack being floored, Scroggins went down with him, and, taking advantage of lamplight and other confusion, *told Jack to pick him up* for the next

round; when, the fellow not perceiving the exchange, he went in, and gave him his quietus, by two rattling facers and a good body blow, and Jack went off in triumph. This, it must be allowed, was an unfair advantage, and can only be justified by the peculiar circumstances attending it; but it is to be hoped that boxing on fair terms will never be done away with in this country, for who can read the following extract from the battle between Hudson and Shelton, which took place on Harpenden Common, near St. Alban's, on the 10th December, 1822, without feeling proud that he is an Englishman?

Round 5th. The fighting now was truly terrific on both sides, and Shelton well timed his opponent, and sent him staggering away by three repeated facers, without any return. Yet the goodness of Hudson was so high, that he finished the round in great style, and had Shelton down again.

Round 6th. Hudson's face was now cut to pieces, and Shelton's in a bad plight; both piping. The latter *turned around from the severity of the hitting*, but again resumed fighting like a game cock, till both were down.

Round 7th. Both terribly distressed, but Shelton down.

Round 8th. This was a short round, but terrific, from the execution done. Shelton *nobbed* Hudson at every turn, and *milled* him down.

Round 9th. Hudson, like a game cock, disputed every inch of ground till he went down, distressed beyond representation. Still his friends considered him winning, and offered 2 to 1.

Round 10th. In this round it might be termed "any body's bat-

tle;" but the courage on the one side, and the manliness on the other, exceeded all praise. Both down. Five to 1 on Hudson.

Round 11th. Hudson commenced fighting; but his terrific points were gone, and he began to hit round. Shelton planted three or four tremendous facers, the claret following every hit. *Still Hudson was dangerous*. Shelton going down quite exhausted, had the worst of the round.

Round 14th and last. The fine fighting of Shelton rather gave him the lead, and as Hudson was going down in a distressed state, so as to make it doubtful whether he might come again to the scratch, Shelton put in a tremendous blow under his ear, that rendered him insensible to the call of time. It was very doubtful if Shelton could have fought two more rounds. On being placed on his second's knee, he fell down on the ground. Both men were led off the ground—Hudson as blind as a bat. All this was done in less than fifteen minutes!!

Let us picture to ourselves a 74-gun ship, manned with Josh. Hudsons (for that was his profession), and a regiment of soldiers composed of such men as Shelton.

The training of pugilists is now brought to great perfection, and the effect of *condition* (without the help of mashed potatoes and Swedish turnips) ascertained to a very nice point. The discipline, however, is very severe; but, continuing the comparison of present and former times, not so much so as that practised by the ancients; for we find, that to prepare them for running, they actually submitted to the operation of having the spleen destroyed by fire. Their boxers were made *fat*, but by what process, I know not. Thus Te-

rence calls corpulent men "pugiles." They also rubbed their joints with some particular sort of oil, to prevent strains. Despite of all their nostrums, I should conceive the last feat of the Lancashire man, who went four hundred miles in five days and twelve hours, being nearly eighty miles a day in succession, stands about first of all human efforts.

There is one part of the British pugilate which I cannot pass over, and that is—the appropriate and technical language in which the history of each battle is written, so much to the amusement of the public. The circulation of these histories through every ale-house in England, cannot be without its effect. The most celebrated poets of antiquity have had recourse to the ring for some of their most diverting incidents; and the battle between Pollux and Amycus, in the 30th Idyllium of Theocritus, is supposed to be one of that great poet's masterpieces.

Whether, then, our present system of prize fighting be beneficial to society, or whether it should yield to what is called "a better taste," is become a question of national importance; and, like all those which are interesting to the feelings of humanity, is one difficult to determine. There are, no doubt, reasons against it. In the first place, it is illegal—every public prize fight being a breach of the peace; and it is also illegal, inasmuch as it is a kind of gambling on life. With respect to the former of these objections, it may be said to be, in part, done away with, by some of our most respectable Magistrates having allowed prize fights within their jurisdiction; and as to the latter, it will be found that very few lives have been lost in the British ring.

There are many people who think they see a change going on in the character of the British people, and that exotic manners and amusements are gaining ground amongst them. It was Mr. Wyndham's opinion that nothing contributed so much to preserve the native spirit of his countrymen, as the masculine character of their amusements, amongst which boxing may be placed in the front rank. "It is too late," says some writer, "to make a man brave in the field of battle: he should be so before he goes thither." If, therefore, it is possible that the abolition of prize fighting may be prejudicial to that sort of bull-dog spirit of an Englishman, which is to be found in no other nation, we should pause before we attempt to effect it. The stiletto is unknown in England, as is also the hired assassin; and I will venture to say, that when conducted on principles of honour and fair play, the objections to prize fighting must retire before the arguments in its favour. That cruel sports do not make cruel people, has been proved by abler pens than mine; but that a noble and manly spirit is produced by noble and manly diversions, the experience of the world has testified. Whoever would wish to see the real and unadulterated stamp of an Englishman, let him look at Tom Cribb, so long the champion of his country. With what pleasure must this man look back on his past life! Raised from the humblest situation to one which few would not envy, as far as the honour of it goes; and to a state of affluence much beyond what he had reason to expect, this invincible pancratiast now receives the rewards of his bravery, and his honest conduct in the ring. From his first battle with Maddox, he proved that he

was neither to be beaten, nor to be bought, being a *diamond*\*—though in the rough—*above all price*; and he has furnished an example to all future aspirants to his proud title, which it is to be hoped they will not fail to imitate—viz. always to win, if they can. He may now, like *Vejanus* of old, enjoy himself for the rest of his life, and say, with another hero—

"To younger champions now the game I yield,  
Here hang my conquering arms, and here renounce the field."

NIMROD.

### A NEW CODE OF GAME LAWS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*,  
SIR,

AS this is now a time of much interest to the landed proprietors of England, with regard to their game, from the introduction of a new Bill† into Parliament for the amelioration of the present game laws, especially as to the sale of game, if you think the following hints and remarks on that subject in general, worthy of a place in your deservedly esteemed Magazine, you will much oblige your old correspondent and constant reader,

SCOTII BRITANNICUS.

West Lothian, June 20, 1823.

EVERY one must allow that there is, and has been, a want of efficiency, and a certain degree of oppression, in the game laws, since time immemorial; but never have they been more feeble in their operations, than since the two new Bills were passed some years ago, nor with any future change can they be more so; and any alteration whatsoever is to be anticipated with pleasure, as having some chance of contributing towards their amelioration. The Bill at present

to be introduced into Parliament, I have no doubt, will be of considerable benefit in the suppression of poaching; but still the evil will be far from being eradicated, until there is almost a complete erasure of the present rights, laws, and punishments, relating to game, and an entirely new code substituted in their stead.

It is not my intention to notice singly any faults which (in my opinion) may occur in the proposed Bill, but to offer the outlines of an entirely new code, in which I shall deviate from a systematic form, by sometimes giving my opinion of, and dissent from, the present and intended acts. But before proceeding farther, I must express my disappointment that the new Act is not to extend to Scotland or Ireland, hoping, if any benefit is realised in England, it will not be denied them. I must likewise express my ignorance, in a great degree, of the law of manorial rights in the case of game (these laws being unknown in Scotland); but, as far as I understand of their formation, they appear to be at present, and to remain for ever, a great bar to the suppression of poaching, the proprietors of estates within the manor having no interest in the preservation of the game, which is to them like a perpetual heirloom; and this prohibition is far more irksome and unjust to people in their rank of life, than the veto of the landlord is to the tenant, who takes his farm under the conditions of preserving the game for the landlord's use—yet he still complains of an agreement he entered into, with his eyes open, and receives more popular commiseration than the person who is not lord but proprietor of his estate.

\* At this time he was called the "Black Diamond."

† On the 30th of June, Lord Cranbourne's Bill was postponed till next Session.—Ed.

Perhaps some one of your correspondents, versed in the sporting laws, will take the trouble of explaining the nature and power of the manorial rights, with regard to the Game Laws. It is to be understood, that throughout these remarks that follow, I am not taking the case of lord of a manor into view, along with the other subjects.

*Outlines of a new Code of Laws relating to Game, and intended, as far as they have power to reach, as a great prevention, if not an entire eradication, of Poaching.*

First—Let Majesty renounce all right over the game of Great Britain, and let it be the real property of a proprietor, as long as it remains upon his estate. When it removes of its own accord, or is driven to the grounds of another person, then the former proprietor loses all right to it. The law of punishment against qualified persons destroying game, without the proprietor's permission, I leave to the opinion of the legislature; for an accidental trespass, it should be as lenient as possible; that against unqualified persons, though protected by a certificate, should be more severe; but this I treat of again, in mentioning the tax to be imposed in lieu of a certificate. The law against a poacher should be the same as that which protects the cattle or hen roost of any one.

Second—That the revenue may not be diminished by this change of property in game, let a tax (for the discharge of which a certificate must be given) be imposed on all proprietors who shoot or course, at least equal to the present. Let all unqualified persons pay a higher tax than the proprietors of land. Unqualified persons above the middle rank of society to receive a certificate, upon giving in their

names at the office: those below the middle rank should be obliged to shew a written permission to sport, from a qualified person, especially those whose character is doubtful, before they can receive a certificate, which should be of a different form from that of the higher rank. These persons should also be punished most severely when found trespassing. All these three gradations should be distinctly specified in the books at the office of issue, open to any one's perusal, and also be published in the newspapers, as at present. Let gamekeepers (the killing sort) be taxed higher than they now are. Keepers (solely so used) should be entirely exempted from tax, except, perhaps, paying a small sum for a regular commission from Government, authorising them to act as constables for the interest of their master, as far as regards the apprehension of trespassers, poachers, and destroyers of game, on his estates.

Third—Let the qualification of all persons to sport, be the same as at present, except that all persons who possess any quantity of land, over which the manorial rights of another do not extend, should be considered as qualified persons. This would be the great succedaneum for the prevention of poaching; for as the law stands at present, the proprietors of land over which there is no lordship, if it is below a fixed extent, are prohibited from killing their game: wherefore it is not to be wondered at, if this class do all in their power to extirpate a race of animals in which they have no interest, and also encourage the poacher as far as lies in their power. But the restriction, if taken off, would entirely alter the case, the game on

their small properties would increase, and the market (if opened) would be in a great measure supplied from this channel.

Fourth—Let the sale of all kinds of game be allowed, under the proper restriction of a licence, only to be given to persons of known character, who will take their oath not to buy game, except from a proprietor of land in his own right, or a person deputed by him. Perhaps also those who might breed game, in the same manner as poultry, should be allowed to sell it to licensed or qualified persons. Let there be a heavy fine laid upon all who sell game, unless qualified or licensed persons; also upon licensed persons who might deal with those unqualified. Thus, rather a disagreeable clause of the proposed Bill might be given up, which is, that of proprietors putting their names on the parcels of game sent to the licensed poulterers, &c. which might be dispensed with, they being obliged to shew a line from the proprietor who sent it, placed within the package, and being also obliged to give an account from their books of all game sold and received. All parcels of game sent to any one but a licensed dealer, must have the name of the donor upon the exterior.

In all the other clauses of the present Bill I cordially agree, and wish it every success. It will be perceived that the changes proposed cannot lessen, but are likely to materially benefit, the revenue, and may yet be the means of removing some taxes which press heavily on the poorer orders of the community, but which would never be felt by those who prosecute the luxurious sports of the chase, or those pampered sons of Epicurus,

who feast on the spoils procured by the exertions of their robust and more hardy equals in society.

#### ON THE DISTEMPER OF DOGS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

HOW many valuable dogs have sportsmen the mortification of seeing destroyed by this deadly malady, and yet how inadequate has been any cure hitherto attempted to stop its progress! If at any time one may have recovered a dog labouring under the severest stages of the distemper, how seldom will it be found to take effect a second time, under the same circumstances! The researches of Blaine and of Taplin have proved equally ineffectual. Both may have erred in their idea of the true nature and seat of the disease; or, it may be, its variety and malignity elude or defy the power of medicine. Be that, however, as it may, one thing is clear, that their supposed panaceas have met with ample refutation, long ere now, in the disappointment of sportsmen, and all taking an interest in this sagacious and useful animal.

That no cure which could stand the test of experience, even though at times unsuccessful, has yet been discovered, must, I think, in a great measure, be owing to the indifference of those who, having the ability to search still more into its origin, content themselves with the mode of treatment at the time most in use, without either inquiring into its operation or its aptitude. This, certainly, is to be regretted; but there cannot be a doubt that, by a careful and repeated dissection in every stage of the disease, its root might be dis-

covered, and a remedy to check its ravages be applied. It is not sufficient that one dissection should, however marked the appearance, determine its seat; for the virulence of the disease, if the dissection, as it generally is, has been made on the death of the animal, may have reached to another quarter, and even appear more distinct there than in the part where it originated—or if the dissection be made at a very early stage, the diseased part may remain altogether unnoticed, or so slightly perceptible, as to leave great doubt as to its cause, or what is likely to be its effect. If, however, every stage were traced, from its very first germ to its *camé*, I hesitate not to assert, that, from the true knowledge thus obtained, a receipt that would in most cases be effectual, might easily be discovered. Until, however, such attention shall have been paid, any cure which has practice, even though little, to sanction it, must be acceptable to those who take an interest in the dog. I therefore transmit to you the following means of cure, which, in fifty-nine cases out of sixty, I have found effectual, even in the very worst stages.

That every dog is subject to the distemper, and that it is contagious, are propositions which, from my own experience, I can say are not grounded on fact. I have seen many a dog attain an old age, without even shewing the slightest symptoms of it; and I have also seen dogs kept in the same kennel, fed from the same trough, and drinking the same water, with those labouring under it, who have never suffered the least change in their health or spirits. This has occurred so often under my own observation, that I can no longer doubt

the truth of the assertion I have now made; and considering it, as I do, an epidemical disease, I can as easily account for it, when once entering a kennel, attacking the whole of its inmates, as by supposing that it is contagious; while, with such an idea of it, the practice of inoculating healthy dogs from the matter of those distempered, must be wholly abrogated. This, which is often practised on puppies, with a view to subject them to the risk of the disease, I have always found ineffectual, and though a running at the nose and eyes, more or less, may always be occasioned, it arises merely from the virulence of the mucus applied to so tender a part, without its entering into the constitution, or communicating the disease. When the dog recovers from the effects of this inoculation, which are not unfrequently very severe, and regains his original health, he is, I have found, as liable as ever to the distemper, besides, as almost always happens, having his nose completely spotted. Such are the effects I have uniformly found myself, and on which I have had my own experience confirmed by the observation of others.

Although in these two points—the contagiousness of the disease, and the liability of every dog to take it at some time or other—I disagree with most who have treated this subject, still, if any means can be procured which either mitigate the disease when caught, or render it less likely to be taken, there can be no cause why these should not be adopted. Vaccination for this purpose has been in common use for some years back, and, as far as I can yet say, has been attended with considerable success. I have invariably found



that those dogs inoculated with the cow pox, take this disease much more seldom, and get over it much more easily, than those that are not; and as the operation is so simple, and so unlikely to do any injury to the dog, it seems to be a preventive which every dog, when young, should be subjected to.

After the dog, however, has decidedly taken the distemper, the first medicine which should be used, is a vomit. A couple of table spoonfuls of common salt, and as much sweet oil mixed up with it, is as good as any thing for this purpose. Vomiting, in the first stages of the distemper, has long been in vogue, and is a highly-proper treatment. If the dog is of a full corpulent habit, he should also be bled, though not copiously, as, when bled too much, it serves only to weaken him without being attended with any more beneficial result. After giving the vomit, it has been usual to administer powerful cathartics: these serve only to render the dog less able to bear the disease, without in the least hastening its removal. Mild laxatives, instead of those, should be administered, such as jalap and calomel, in small quantities, so as to allow the latter to accumulate in the system—for the disease I am inclined to regard as at first connected with the liver, and ending in the lungs. Mercury, if it could possibly be made to take effect by rubbing in on the sides, would, I am convinced, be of great utility: this, however, when the disease is rapid and inveterate, the weakness of the dog precludes, and the risk of cold to which it exposes him is so great, as to render preferable small doses of calomel, keeping up his strength until it may have so accu-

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mulated in his system, as to act in the functionary parts of the liver, by means of some active tonic. In the usual remedies, this tonic is completely neglected. In the fifty-nine cases which have been brought under my observation during the spring and summer, and in which I have effected a cure, though some of them of the very worst nature, I have made use of the sulphate of iron, which I am not aware has been before used in this disease. I have generally given it, from ten to twenty grains, or even more, according to the strength of the dog, together with five or six of camphor: these are made up into a pill, and given once or twice a day, as the case demands. I have never, except in one case, found it to fail, and even then the dog, a very fine fox-hound, though he had been in fits for several days, so far recovered, after a few doses of this medicine, as to be able to make use of his limbs: he had, however, to be killed, as there was little appearance of his ever fairly recovering. In all the other cases, some of them almost equally virulent, this was the only cure I used, and I found it efficacious, beyond my most sanguine expectations.

If any of your readers, who take an interest in the health of so useful an animal as the dog, adopt this treatment, they will, I am confident, find the distemper less mortal, and its consequences less lasting and pernicious.

May I not express a hope that some of your correspondents, possessing the ability, will seriously turn their attention to this disease, and attempt, by careful dissection, to cast some light on its origin and progress?—Yours,

ACTON.

July 8, 1825.

B B

## VETERINARY CASE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**T**HE following extraordinary fact in veterinary medicine may perhaps be thought worthy of a place in your Magazine.

A fine cart mare, the property of a gentleman near this city, after having been rode to market, was about three o'clock in the day taken suddenly ill. The proprietor treated the case as one of common gripes, and administered the usual remedies, notwithstanding which the mare continuing to get worse, about seven in the evening Mr. Lewes, of this place, veterinary surgeon, was sent for, and he immediately pronounced her case not to be common gripes, but some obstruction in the intestine. He treated the mare accordingly, and in the course of a few hours she voided a stone weighing one pound seven ounces and a half, and twelve inches and a half in circumference. Upon being broken, the nucleus was found to be a nail about an inch and a half long.

The mare is now doing well, having since had a foal; and certainly owes her life to the quick perception and skill of the surgeon.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

VIATOR.

Hereford, July 10, 1823.

## ON NICKING OF HORSES.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**T**HE readiness with which you at all times devote a page of your interesting Magazine to veterinary subjects, induces me to offer you the following remarks on nicking.

This operation is performed merely to improve the appearance

of the horse, or to please the fancy of the owner, and must therefore be considered as a piece of *cruelty* practised on that animal, for mere show. That his appearance is improved, in many instances, by the operation, none will deny; but that it is frequently injured, must also be admitted: this we see daily, in the unsightly turn-up commonly given to Irish horses—the loss of hair, the awkward twist, or fatal consequences, as lock-jaw, &c. sometimes produced by it. From these circumstances it would appear that the operation has been, within these few years, in a great measure, laid aside, and cocktails have been thought unfashionable. Fashion changes, however, and people will sometimes have their nags to carry their tails in a position to please their fancy; but if this must be done, humanity dictates that it should be with the least possible pain to the animal. With that view, allow me to make the following remarks.

The operation of nicking consists in making several transverse incisions in the under surface of the tail, dividing the muscles that depress it: the tail is then suspended, by means of a weight and pulleys, for two or three weeks, to prevent the muscles uniting again as the wound heals up: by this means the depressor muscles lose their power, and it is supposed their antagonists, which elevate the tail, not being counteracted by the depressors, draw the tail into an upright position. If this were correct, we should find the tail erected to its full extent immediately after the operation: this, however, is not the case; for although we find that the elevators raise the tail, considerably, after

the operation, it is nothing when compared to the extent it is raised, after being for some time in the pullies. From this it would appear, that the keeping of the parts in one position for some time, has a considerable influence in making the horse carry his tail erect; and this is illustrated by the difficulty a person has in extending his arm, after keeping it for some time in a sling. The difficulty with which an old carriage horse grazes, from having had his head reined up for a length of time, and by the preternatural contraction of the flexor muscles, tendons, and ligaments of the leg, in those cases of strains, where the leg becomes knuckled—from these cases we may infer, that if the muscles of neck, arm, or leg, become so contracted by habit (or by being kept in one position for a length of time), so that they will not allow the natural extension of the part, that the muscles of the tail may also be acted upon by the same means, and that the same result will be produced.

There are in animal bodies two sets of agents—the arteries and absorbents; the former building up or nourishing the system; the latter pulling down, or removing, those particles of matter that are unfit any longer to perform their functions, or that are no longer wanted. Now if the tail is elevated, and kept in that position for some time, by artificial means, the muscles that elevate the tail will be confined, and unable to act, in consequence of their length; and a part of them being thus useless, will be immediately removed by the absorbents, while the depressors, being kept on the stretch, will become exhausted, and will be lengthened by the addition of new matter. The ligaments will also

undergo the same change, and as they possess little or no elasticity, the tail, when taken out of the pullies, will be kept in the given position, and a habit once acquired will not be easily removed.

Thus we see the wished-for effect may be produced, without subjecting the animal to the pain, danger, or inconvenience of nicking, and that too by merely keeping the tail erect for the same length of time as in nicking—viz. two or three weeks. This may be done by pullies, applied in the same manner as in nicking, with a small addition of weight, or by means of three lines passing from a bandage on the tail and fixed to the roller (one in the centre and one on each side), which may be kept forward by a breast cloth, or by the pad that Bartlet recommends, in his chapter on nicking, and of which he gives a plate. I may further state, that I have tried the experiment, and have found it to answer all my expectations.

By inserting this in your first Number, you will, perhaps, save many an animal from a severe operation, and at the same time oblige, Sir, your obedient servant.

WILLIAM DICK.

Edinburgh, June 21, 1823.

### CONTESTED WAGER.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

AT a convivial meeting, a few evenings ago, three gentlemen agreed to toss with each other which of the three should pay for three glasses of grog. The mode of tossing was proposed as follows:—The first two to toss which of them should be out, the loser to toss again with the last person for the stakes. Upon this a strong

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dispute arose whether the last person had or had not a better chance than the others. A wager was the consequence, and it has been determined, erroneously, I think, that the last person has a better chance than the other two. My view of the matter is this:—A. and B. toss which shall toss for the stakes with C. When they start, each has the same chance of losing the stakes with C. B. loses, but has still an equal chance of winning the stakes with C.; and at the last toss, as C. has not a better chance than B. it follows, that the chances are equal.

We are all sadly together by the ears about it, and the decision of some of your calculating friends in next month's Magazine, would be a real charity.—Yours, &c.

PISCATOR,

Hereford, July 10, 1873.

#### ON THE UTILITY OF PUGILISM.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*,  
SIR,

IN one of your Magazines, some few years back, a correspondent made a comparison between the boxers of the old and new school, in which the old school had, I think, justly the preference: but one has since been added to the list of the moderns (Jack Randall), who, I think, will hardly find his parallel among the ancients. If your correspondent is still in the land, may I beg of him to tell me with whom he can compare the unconquered Jack? I am happy to see pugilism so ably and classically treated as in your last, for much is needed to remove the unfavourable opinion which prevails amongst a large part of our countrymen. Upon a first consideration, or, perhaps, from frequently

hearing it, so represented, one is led to think that a prize ring is composed of the worst and greatest blackguards, high and low, in the kingdom. Such was once my own opinion, and a great deal of persuasion was necessary to prevail on me to go to a fight. My first appearance was at Moulsey, to see a battle between Eales and Hall. I went prejudiced against fighting, but, the clearing the ring, several thousands seeming at once to feel one spirit, Mr. Jackson moving like one of Homer's heroes among men, the introduction, stripping, shaking hands, and the fight altogether, made, and always make, an impression on me I cannot describe; but, if it makes the same on all, it leads to good. There is something so fair and manly in the thing, that I should conceive it most beneficial to the lower orders to witness it: though there are many at fights, as well as at other places, who have no other feelings on the subject, than as it may fill or empty their pockets, I verily believe. A friend of mine, once decidedly averse to pugilism, was travelling I think in a part of Lancashire, where there was a combat going on, on the American principle, as in your last, and worse even than that. It made a convert of him: he said, "These men should see, most assuredly, what fair boxing is, for this is as a contest between savages." This, I should say, was some years back. All in the ring have seen many very noble and humane actions take place in fights; and, when it is considered that so universally a tempting thing as money, is the prize contended for, it must be owned by all, that forbearance at such a time reflects great honour on the pugilist. Such sights cannot be pre-

judicial to the morals of the lower orders.

I cannot think so bad of an Englishman, as that he would ever be an assassin; but fighting it out fairly, does away with many gloomy, malicious, and dangerous thoughts. As for the fighting for money, when Greeks were what we wish, and hope to see them again, they had their contentions for prizes, and boxing was among the rest. I beg your pardon for the length of this letter, especially as the subject is now in such able hands.

YOUR CONSTANT READER.

July 3, 1823.

### GAME OF CRICKET,

IN REPLY TO A QUERY IN LAST NUMBER.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

**I**NFALLIBILITY of judgment belongeth to no one, and therefore, in giving the following opinion on the cricket case submitted by Mr. GOULD, in your last Number, and towards which he solicited, at the same time, attention and elucidation, I by no means affirm that it must be the correct one. As its foundation, however, appears to rest upon fair dealing, common justice, and propriety, and as I think I may claim to myself some practical, to say nothing of theoretical, experience, in the noble and manly game that gave birth to the question, I have some confidence in believing that I have looked before I leaped, and have not gone the wrong side of the post, in hazarding its promulgation.

I should, then, decidedly say, that the striker is out—and first, because he acts upon a wrong presumption as to the very score of the game, and *must therefore pay*

*the penalty of his own miscalculation*: nor should he have acted upon the bowler's irregularity in quitting his post, and exclaiming "there's enough of it;" nor upon the scout's remissness in not returning up the struck-out ball; inasmuch as *these cannot be supposed to controul their whole side, nor, in such a case, could their apathy be deemed fatal to the state of their game.* The batsman, too, not only does not take, as he ought to do, advantage of the fieldsmen's supineness to run the requisite number of notches; but, on the strength of his own calculations, puts himself out, whilst, by general admission, a run is yet to be made for his party to become the conquerors. These reasons I conceive to be sufficient to convince your correspondent that the striker is *not entitled* "to hold his bat and continue the game."—I am, &c. &c.

ΦΙΛΟΣ.

### A LETTER FROM NIMROD, IN REPLY TO VARIOUS REMARKS ON HIS LETTERS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

**N**O sooner does any one attempt to talk, write, or dictate to the public, than from that moment does he become a public man: he submits himself to a critical synod, which, whilst it has the power to approve and applaud him, if right, has the privilege to contradict, refute, and expose him, if wrong. The greatest magnifying glasses are a man's own eyes, particularly when looking at himself: he regards his notions as undoubted truths, forgetting that others may do the same, and, if suffered to proceed with uninterrupted success, he may in time be induced to believe that no one knows any thing

but himself. It is difficult, however, to instruct, without some affectation of superiority, for what is obvious is not always known; but to attempt to usurp a tyranny over the opinions of others, is at once unwise and presumptuous. We all draw together at the same fountain; but it will not do to measure by the standard of perfection.

It is now eighteen months since I first attempted to amuse your readers by a monthly contribution to the *Sporting Magazine*, and cannot but feel flattered by the favourable reception my letters have met with. They have, as yet, been most indulgently treated, and have given rise to very few objections; but, as by collision of opinion, the truth is elicited, it is to be hoped, that where error is detected, or false principles advanced, they will be immediately noticed, that they may be either rectified or acknowledged.

The first notice taken of these letters was in September last, by a correspondent who signs himself A BIT OF A JOCKEY, and who is, I believe, an old contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*. As he gives us to understand he has been a sportsman in his time, his name carries some authority in your columns; and as he has renewed the subject in your last Number, questioning much of what I have asserted, I feel called upon to offer some remarks in my turn. Let not the BIT OF A JOCKEY imagine I wish to prove him wrong; my object is, to prove that I am right. It is not, as I before observed, my wish to obtrude my opinions despotically on others, but I do not yield my ground to him, without better reasons than those which he has brought forward for wresting it from me. Nature teaches by ex-

ample, and not by precept; and if, when writing on subjects like these, we prefer experiment to argument, we shall be less liable to go wrong. One of Des Cartes's four maxims should ever be before us—"to admit nothing for truth but what we have proved to be true;" for the best guide to knowledge is through the medium of experiment. The indulgence of theories, and *suppositions*, impede the progress of all practical science, and only serve to confound and dishearten. One or two of your other correspondents also demand my notice, and unless I can answer them satisfactorily, the reputation of NIMROD's letters is at an end.

As the BIT OF A JOCKEY, as it were, analyses my letters, I must take the liberty of doing the same by him, and I think I shall shew that he argues in a manner peculiar to himself, inasmuch as he generally commences by approving, and finishes by disapproving of, the positions advanced by me; and in one instance produces an old mare of his, to confirm one of those positions which I had advanced, and which he had rejected. "I hardly expected," says he, page 299, Number for September last, "and it is with much pleasure I have found, on so good and practical authority, a warranty of the soundness of certain old and favourite opinions of mine—to wit, that a horse may go near the ground, and yet go safe." Does the BIT OF A JOCKEY suppose that the idea of a horse going near the ground, and yet going safe, is confined to him or to me? He cannot, however, deem it the *sine quâ non* (neither did I) of excellence in a hack, that he go near the ground. "The fact," he says, "*lies far more à contra*;" although he after-

wards gives us some alarming instances of the danger of riding those which go high from the ground, and brings his old mare to prove that the only good hack he ever had "went as close to the ground as many race horses."—"When a high goer comes down," says the *BIR OF A JOCKEY*, "it is with a mighty crash: he scorns to do things by halves. A gentleman at Dulwich," continues he, "had a favourite mare, got by Croft's Brilliant, a remarkable high goer. She came down, once for all, in a speedy trot, at which she was capital, laid open her knees literally to the bone, and bruised her rider in the face and head most painfully." "Perhaps," adds he (page 302), "all high goers, with the knee much up or bent, touch the ground first with the toe."

Now, so far from the *BIR OF A JOCKEY* disturbing my assertion, that it is essential to a good hack that he should go near the ground (he will recollect that I added—"and safe"), I think your readers must agree with me, that he has completely confirmed the truth of it, so he might as well have left it alone. He must, however, observe, that I only meant to convey the idea, that low and smooth action, with the heel well down, was essential to a good hack. A good hack implies a pleasant hack; and as one that goes high from the ground cannot be a pleasant hack, according to my logic, he cannot be a good one. The knee thrown up with violence, may look well under a butcher's boy, trotting up Oxford-street with his tray, but no horse with such action is fit to carry a gentleman.

The *BIR OF A JOCKEY* next says, he is also "very glad to find, on so good and practical authority as mine, that it is in the

power of the rider to support his horse in case of a false step." Did the *BIR OF A JOCKEY* ever doubt this? If he did not, it is scarcely worth his while to tell us that "the great Mr. Bakewell insisted upon it, that in pulling at a horse when stumbling, you only assisted him to fall, that is, pulled him down, instead of lifting him up." If this great Mr. Bakewell be the man I take him to be, he was great as a breeder of cart horses and long-horned cows, but I never heard of him as a horseman who was to teach the world to ride; and really, Mr. Editor, the pages of the *Sporting Magazine* should be better occupied than by detailing such nonsense as this. It reminds me of the answer made by a man who was asked how he could eat such a hodge-podge for his breakfast? "What won't poison," said he, "will fatten, and what won't fatten, will fill up."

NIMROD, says the *BIR OF A JOCKEY*, supposes that mares are more likely to kick in harness than horses. After confirming this hypothesis by an historical allusion to the gulf of kicking mares—added to his own experience of "having had more mare-kickers, than either geldings or horses"—he yet tells us that "gentlemen left off driving mares, not from any defect on the score of kicking, but from the caprice of public taste." When on the subject of mares, the *BIR OF A JOCKEY* tells us that the circumstance of Eleanor winning Derby and Oaks the same meeting was fortuitous and lucky, as she was a racer only of the third class; and, as if further disposed to detract from her merits, he asserts that *he believes* she was ridden hackney two seasons, being in those barren, and, had he been dis-

posed, he might have had a day's coursing on her back." I am at a loss to conjecture what all this had to do with Eleanor as a racer; for if she were barren, what better could be done with her than making her useful in some way. But I must be allowed to ask, how does the *BIR OF A JOCKEY* make it appear that Eleanor was only "a racer of the third class," when my recollection informs me that she beat the following horses? Penslope, Orville, Quiz, Cheshire Cheese, Lignumvite, and her sister Julia, who was second for the Oaks of her year; and she (Eleanor) was afterwards sold for 1200 guineas, as a brood mare!! As to those paragons of perfection, Flying Childers and Eclipse, which the *BIR OF A JOCKEY* never loses an opportunity of presenting us with, it is almost time to put them upon the shelf. They may have "stood proudly aloof, and at a distance" from all other racers of their day, but when writing on subjects like these, we should never lose sight of reference to circumstances, and recollect, that it is 108 years since Childers was foaled. That he was a race horse we cannot doubt; and that he gave Fox, a year older than himself, 12lbs. over the Beacon, and beat him. Much, however, of what we have heard of him is handed down to us on the dubious authority of oral tradition; and, allowing that he did run over a course at Newmarket, 380 yards more than four miles, in seven minutes and a half, we must also recollect that Hambletonian ran over the Beacon, which is four miles and 358 yards, in seven minutes and a quarter! As to Eclipse, we must give him all his honours, though it must be borne in mind that he came to the post under very

peculiar circumstances—never having started till he was five years old.

The *BIR OF A JOCKEY* has given us an outline of a good hack, and so has Shakspeare, in his horse of Adonis, and a pretty brute he must have been—

"Round hoofed, short jointed, fetlocks  
ahag and long,  
"Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and  
nostrils wide,  
"High crest, short ears, straight legs,  
and passing strong,  
"Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks,  
tender hide."

The poet says nothing about blood; but the *BIR OF A JOCKEY* insists on it that a horse cast in his mould, "blood or no blood," must be a good hack, and allowing him three parts racing blood, must carry a man a good day's hunt, as if no other qualifications but shape and make were wanting to carry a man, what he calls, "a good day's hunt." As for myself, I have no faith in the line of beauty in a horse. I was once so imprudent as to give 230 guineas for one whose "outline" was so fine, that the Noble Lord who possessed him was in the habit of exhibiting him for an hour every day, at the top of St. James's-street, to the admiring spectators; but of all the brutes that were ever ridden over a country, he was the most powerless and helpless, when it was deep. Is the *BIR OF A JOCKEY* quite correct when he says, the fore feet of a hack cannot well stand too close together?

Despite of the "outline," I still stick to my text, that action is every thing. The *BIR OF A JOCKEY* says, I have "beaten Demosthenes out and out; for it is not equally true of the orator, as of the horse, that action is all in all." Did I say it was? "There are in the horse," says he, "swift action, slow action,



and safe action; and no more need be said. A horse which leaves his hinder legs in the lurch, that is, when they project out straight behind him, can neither carry weight, nor go over the road with safety. Some horses go upon their heels. I once had a remarkable instance of that kind, yet there was no lameness, nor appearance of starting of the tendons—in the stable phrase, the back screws." All that I can say to this is, to give the text, but your readers must find the commentary.

The BIT OF A JOCKEY, still a little in the spirit of opposition—which, after all, is the way to get at the truth—now stands up as the champion of trotting hacks, having been, as he tells us, an old trotting jockey in his time. He confesses, however, that "the canter is a charming, pleasant, and, if you will, gentlemanly pace, and that a horse never looks to so great an advantage as in a graceful canter;" yet to shew off his trotting, *with the present King of France for his jockey*, he tells us, on the authority of a stable keeper, that his Majesty had a horse which could trot sixteen miles in the hour with him, but at the end of it, "it was even betting which fumed, fretted, and sweated most, the King or his horse." Now I cannot help thinking but your readers will agree with me, that had his Majesty been mounted on one of those smoothly-cantering hacks which I ventured to describe as the only horse fit to carry a gentleman, much less a King, on the road, his Majesty would have ridden much more pleasantly than on this high-trotting Norfolk brute. I have also no hesitation in saying, that a high trotter, with a long stride, is the most dangerous horse

that can be ridden, for when he does come down, which the BIT OF A JOCKEY clearly proves he is likely to do, from touching the ground first with his toe, "he does not," as he observes, "do things by halves."

I have now done with the BIT OF A JOCKEY's first "remark on NIMROD's letters;" and which, indeed, I should not have noticed at all, had it not been for another epistle from him in your last Number, in which he scrutinizes, narrowly, my system of getting hunters into condition, by "stable management," as he calls it, and contrasts it with that of birch besoms, steamed potatoes, Swedish turnips, and cold quarters, as recorded by the OLD SPORTSMAN, in another Number of your work; and after a long, attentive, and *practical* (Quere, has he tried them both in this short time?) consideration of the subject, thinks both extremes "unprofitable and absurd;" but, says he, "were I compelled to adopt either the one or the other, my own feelings chiefly consulted, I would certainly prefer hunting in a gentlemanlike style with NIMROD."

Now, I fear, I must again convict the BIT OF A JOCKEY of a little inconsistency here, in a few words. "Beyond a doubt," says he, "horses constantly running abroad, with the option of a loose stable or shed, in bad weather, and by night, will maintain themselves in the best state of health, and preserve their limbs in a state of healthy tension and activity, and exercise their whole bodily functions, with a *vigour and energy* not always enjoyed by those which are confined to the stable throughout the hunting season."

To this he adds, in language not quite like that of Cicero—"Without intending to compare trifles, or mere matters of taste, with those of real importance and utility, I may venture to lay some stress on the desire of an amateur, or one attached to the sport, to appear in the field among his compeers in a seemly style, with respect to the condition of his horse, and eke of his own togging, which is extremely apt to be sullied and rendered uncomfortable, by the frothy and foggy lathering of an out-door and untrained hunter, from which, moreover, the discharges from his stern chase are sometimes unpleasant, especially in an open season, when there is plenty of grass, and on those occasions when the wind may chance to set strong abaft the rider." Again, "it has been a boast that these self-trained horses never want wind, and, in the opinion of a late correspondent of yours (the OLD SPORTSMAN), they are not so liable to be out of wind as those that are kept in a confined stable." "Now, I must own," adds he, "I have ever been rather sceptical on that point, and should *rather suppose* that the moderate exercise, galloping and walking, of the trained and stable hunter, is far more likely to improve his wind than his own walks upon the winter's grass, the slippery and unsound state of which must contribute to make him foggy and loose, rather than to improve his wind or his carcase."

Now would it not have been more candid and consistent in the BIR or A JOCKEY, either to have passed this over, or at once to have admitted that the stable was the proper place for a hunter during the winter season? Instead of

this, he goes on *to doubt*, and brings up his great uncle, and his great uncle's father (he might as well have brought old Adam at once) to prove, that hunters lying out, "performed well in the field in the year 1688." Now as I have reason to believe that a blue coat is much more like a black coat, than the system of hunting, and the manner of riding to hounds, were, in those days, like the system of hunting, and the manner of riding to hounds, in these—and a still greater difference in the management of horses—I see nothing like proof in the remark. One of the earliest impressions my recollection conveys to me, is that of a sportsman of the old school, and I have him now in my "mind's eye." I think I see him in his brown bob wig, and threadbare hunting cap, dirty leather breeches, as thick as a bullock's hide, with boots to match. His coat was cut to cover all, a belt around his waist, and a whip that would have knocked a bullock down. He rode a large cropped brown horse, which no master of a fast coach would look at in these fast times; and he took his leaps in that cool manner, yclept "standing," that would have enabled his rider to have offered up a prayer for his safety, whilst the hounds, if there were a scent, would be getting two fields before him. This gentleman had gained much celebrity from having jumped over a sawpit without knowing it was there; and was the only man in the parish he lived in, who would leap a five-barred gate; but from what I can recollect of him, and from all that I have heard of him, as I believe in salvation, I believe that a good Meltonian would go six miles over a country in less

time than he was used to go two.\* Going one hundred years still further back, it is really absurd to think that the treatment of a hunter in the year of the Revolution can bear any comparison with the treatment of him at the present day, when all things relating to the character of hounds, horses, and their riders, have undergone as great a revolution in their way, and "the sublime code of fox-hunting jurisprudence" has been so corrected and amended.

"Were my hunting days not past," says the *BIT OF A JOCKEY*, "I would not ride a rough hunter;" nevertheless, he has "strong objections to the opposite mode," and insists on the necessity of a run at Spring grass. Your readers will find, on referring to my letters on condition, that I do not object to turning horses out, "*under favourable circumstances*;" but have given it as my opinion—which I now repeat, with increased conviction of its truth—that a run of three or four months at grass, and grass only, is both prejudicial and dangerous to the hunter. As to the charge of *cruelty*, in keeping a horse in the stable, well fed and watered, and doing nothing, it amounts almost to weakness to mention it. If we admit this, what should be done to the monster who rides him, perhaps, sometimes beyond his strength! I must confess, as far as my experience has gone, I have never seen much pleasure expressed by horses, when at grass in the summer, for the mo-

ment they can espy a stable door open, they will enter into it, to get away from the flies which torment them. But away with such sickly sensibility, only fit for my grandmother in her dotage! Is a man who has given three or four hundred guineas for a hunter, not at liberty to preserve his health and life, in the way he may think most effectual, without being called "cruel," because he does not let him run about all day in a pasture—"the dearest privilege of his nature"—destroying his condition, and subject to all sorts of accidents? One of your late correspondents says, he thinks *NIMROD* a man of great humanity, and recommends every hard rider to read his letters, as *preventives of the evils and sufferings arising from riding horses in bad condition*. For my own part, I think there is a just mean to be observed in all matters of this nature. I have ever thought, with Judge Hale, in his contemplations, that "there is a certain degree of justice due from man to the creatures, as from man to man; and that an excessive use of their labour is an injustice for which we must account." "I have always, therefore," says the Judge, "been merciful to my beasts." Such, however, was the false humanity of the author of "*Sandford and Merton*," that he would not have his horse broken by a horse-breaker, lest he should use him ill; so the horse broke his neck in return, and thus a good man lost his life by his folly.

\* Having read this sentence over, and, if I may be allowed to compare small things with great, it reminds me of the bully "*Peppercull*" of the great Unknown. "He had a martial and a swashing exterior, which, on the present occasion, was rendered yet more peculiar, by a patch covering his left eye and a part of the cheek. The sleeves of his thickest velvet jerkin were polished, and shone with grease: his buff gloves had huge tops, which reached almost to the elbow: his sword belt, of the same materials, extended its breadth from his haunch bone to his small ribs, and supported on one side his large black-hilted back-sword, on the other a dagger of like proportions."—*NIGEL*, p. 379.

As to the necessity of turning horses out to grass "to heal the wounds and bruises in their limbs, and their bruised shanks and pasterns," these evils, and the remedy, must exist only in the imagination of the writer. I have never seen horses' legs in any country—and I have hunted among flints—cut and bruised in this unqualified manner. All that I have to observe here, is, that should any injury be done to the fleshy parts of a horse's leg, a dose or two of physic, a poultice, and a loose box, with rest to the limb, and security from the irritating effect of flies, will prove a speedy cure.

The BIT OF A JOCKEY, however, says—"the weightier argument against not giving a hunter a summer's run at grass still remains—namely, that it is utterly unnecessary, and very little sanctioned by custom. Now I know not where the BIT OF A JOCKEY resides; but I can assure him that so far from the practice of keeping hunters in hard meat in the summer, being very little sanctioned by custom, it is practised by nearly all the hard-riding men of the present day, and has been so for many years; and as to what those do with their horses, who do not ride them hard, it is of little consequence, as the same necessity does not exist; and it is to be observed, the practice appears an expensive one, at first sight, but cheaper in the end, for reasons which I have already given, and which I do not think it necessary to repeat.

I now take my leave of the BIT OF A JOCKEY, not without assuring him, that as he tells me he is an old man, he is entitled to my respect, and may be allowed to praise the apples of Adam's days,

as Nestor did before him. If, however, the apples of our time are no better than they were in his, the world has existed for nothing; and it may as well return to chaos again. It is difficult to divest the mind of its experience; and allowance must be made for the tyranny of custom. Nevertheless, let the BIT OF A JOCKEY recollect, that in spite of ancient and venerable names, much is now exploded of that which was thought to be good, because that which is proved to be better is substituted in its place; and little value can be placed on judgments formed through the falsifying medium of prejudice. "It is looked upon as an insult," says Mr. Locke, "for a man to adhere to his opinion against the current stream of antiquity; but it is neither arrogant, nor presumptuous," adds he, "to depart from it when he finds it to be wrong." We are not obliged to believe all that we read in any book but one; and if a practice be founded in error, it cannot be too soon exploded; but *it should be first convicted of error*. Let the BIT OF A JOCKEY also remember that sportsmen are not antiquarians, and would rather be informed of what is useful and familiar to them now, than what was good in their grandfather's time. There is a certain courtesy also due from a writer to his readers, which should never, for a moment, be lost sight of; and if we cannot instruct, we should endeavour to amuse. Old Socrates said his mother was an excellent midwife, but she could not deliver a woman who was not with child; neither can a man write on subjects which he does not thoroughly understand. To doubt nothing, and to understand nothing, are synonymous terms, and some-

thing must be allowed to the imagination, when writing on such subjects as these. Practice and theory, however, are often at issue, and before we intrude our doubts on the public, we should give good reasons for thinking that such doubts can exist. As the *BIT OF A JOCKEY* is a frequent contributor to your pages, would it not be better if, instead of following me, and snapping at my heels as I proceed, he were to take fresh ground, and try for fresh game? Your columns are open to all subjects; and he cannot fail finding some which would be agreeable to the "man of pleasure, enterprise, and spirit."

Taking leave, then, of the *BIT OF A JOCKEY*—though not without assuring him that what I have said has only been in answer to his observations on my past communications, and not with the slightest intention of entering into any controversial correspondence with him—I have next to observe, in reply to one of the late contributors to your Magazine, who addresses himself to me, on the "art of riding," that men who ride to hounds, or over a race-course, hold all instructions from riding masters, and riding schools, excessively cheap. The seat necessary for holding horses together in a race, or assisting them over a country, is not to be acquired by riding a lady's pad upon sawdust, in a riding school. Though the gallant "young Harry with his beaver on," as your correspondent observes, might "witch the world with noble horsemanship," yet we must be aware, that the horsemanship of his day was little like that of the present. In the first place, the rider, and his horse, were so encumbered with trappings, that they could not

exert their natural powers with effect; and all their graceful manœuvres were performed on a horse highly caparisoned, in a gentle canter. In the sports of the field, parade was the principal object; and riding after hounds, as we do now, was unknown in that or much later ages. They slipped their greyhounds, or flew their hawks on foot; and the highly-menaged horse was, consequently, more useful to them than the speedy hunter.

Amongst us, no man who is a judge, rides horses which do not pull together, and are not well on their hanches; but this must be the result of well-formed hind legs, and pliant shoulders, and not of the forced discipline of a riding school, which is too injurious to speed, to be had recourse to for the field. Nature will not allow such liberties to be taken with her work, with impunity. Thus much in answer to your correspondent *POLLUX*.

I have now one other subject to allude to, and that is—a letter in your last Number, signed *VENATOR VAGUS*, or "hare-hunting vindicated," applied, in great part, personally to me; in which the writer, quite in the language and character of a gentleman, as well as a sportsman, calls me to account for "reflecting upon an in-offensive class of sportsmen"—meaning hare-hunters—"which," he adds, "no conduct on their part *can* have occasioned."

Now it sometimes happens, that as the discovery of iron was the foundation of all arts and sciences, so effects, in the more trifling transactions of life, are to be attributed to remote causes—and this exactly applies to myself, in this instance, with respect to the charge against me. If *VENATOR*

VAGUS will be kind enough to refer to my letter on hare-hunting, in your Number for September last, he will find that I by no means ridicule, or "insult," hare-hunters, or their amusement; and only condemn it when it affects the style and character of fox-hunting. I am free to admit, that when in the habit of visiting Sir John Dashwood, whose pack I describe, going out with them, and daily inspecting his hare-hunting establishment, I could not help thinking "*materiam superabat opus*," as with nearly the same expence and trouble that he was at, to keep a pack of harriers,\* he could have hunted some fox-hunting countries. Nothing, however, that can be gleaned from my description of Sir John's establishment, or the nature of the sport, can be construed into a contempt of any part of it, and I should be extremely sorry if it could. I was, I confess, brought up with, what may be called, "a cheap consideration" for hare-hunting, having been born in the neighbourhood of two masters of fox-hounds, who never lost an opportunity of ridiculing it. One of them called it "hunting all day in one field;" and on it being observed to the other, that his only son, when very young, was seen out with a pack of harriers, he replied, "Why yes, I have *entered him to hare, but hope he'll be steady afterwards*." For my own part, I have hunted but little with hare-hounds, and if any thing disrespectful towards them should have escaped me, I must be allowed to urge in my defence, that nothing tends so much to beget a contempt for them, as following fox-hounds

for many years of one's life. That constant "ware hare" that one hears; the disappointment the finding one sometimes occasions; and, above all, the mischief a pack of harriers are *supposed* to do, in countries where foxes are scarce, all contribute to this effect. As to drawing any just comparison between harriers and fox-hounds, I have before observed, the poles themselves are not more wide; and as to the relative work of the horse which follows the one or the other, it never can bear a comparison, neither can the runs with Mr. Yeatman's harriers, good as I admit them to be, bring them any nearer together. On the contrary, like Junius's honest lawyer, they are "distinguished by their singularity, and operate as exceptions." Before I quit this subject, however, I must be allowed to remark, that if it should appear that I have been a little hard upon hare-hunters, VENATOR VAGUS has returned the compliment to the modern fox-hunters.

Bringing my subject, then, to a conclusion, I will candidly admit, that I was put a little out of humour with harriers, and every thing that belongs to them, by a letter which appeared in this Magazine in February last, bearing the signature of AN OLD SPORTSMAN—not only, as your agreeable correspondent, VAGUS, observed, "*slicing obliquely at NIMROD*," but directed to set at nought all that he had said on the condition of hunters. Now I am certain VENATOR VAGUS will do me the justice to say—particularly as he has done me the honour to express his approbation of what I have written

\*I knew another gentleman who kept a large establishment of horses and servants for harriers. On being asked why he did not keep fox-hounds, he replied, "a hare makes d—d good soup!"

on that subject—that it was a little galling, after all the trouble I had taken in my detail, to see a brother sportsman come forward, and with one stroke of his pen, scratch out every thing that I had said, as a tutor at Eton would serve a faulty theme, and this on the authority of a pack of harriers. I once more repeat, that I do not wish to force my opinions on others; but I must insist upon better reasons, and better authority, for altering my system of getting hunters into condition, than those the OLD SPORTSMAN has produced. Speculation may do on the Stock Exchange, but we must have *proof* in the stable; and not until he writes you a letter to the following effect, will I shut up my writing desk, and yield the palm to him:—

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR—Your correspondent NIMROD is an ass. He has occupied a great many pages of your valuable Magazine, which might have been much better filled, with a parcel of stuff, about getting hunters into condition. It is all d—d nonsense! Grooms, helpers, hot stables, hot water, flannel bandages, curry-combs, and brushes, beans, and body-clothes, are all useless expences, and I will prove to you that I am right. On Monday last I met the Quorn hounds, at Brooksby Gate, when we had a remarkably fine day's sport. As the Duke did not hunt that day, we had Tom Smith and all the other hard-riding men of his Grace's hunt. The horse I rode was taken up that morning out of a field, where there was an open shed, and a spring of cold water at his command. To be sure (like some of the rest of the field), he looked as if he had drank

rather too much over night; but, he went *particularly well*. We had a beautiful burst of twenty minutes, and then a run of an hour, almost without a check. In each of these, *he was decidedly the best horse going*. He never seemed to want a puff (not half so much as I did), and took his fences to the last in the most superior manner. When he got home, he ate his chopped straw and Swedish turnips, or steamed potatoes, I forget which, as if nothing had happened, and the cold spring water did not give him the colic at night.

This, Mr. Editor, is the way in which I manage my stud: I give a fellow, who is half a fool, a few shillings a week to brush off the dirt with a besom, which I purchase, by the dozen, at the commencement of the season. I have followed this practice\* for several years, and my horses are never troubled with colds, swelled heels, inflamed eyes, and all the other evils incident to horses got into a state of unnatural condition. To be sure (like my dairy maids), they are very rough in their coats, but I like them better for that!—I am, Sir, &c.

Now, Sir, on reading this letter, I would have bowed with submission to your correspondent. I would have gone to my groom and said—get yourself another place, if you can, by this day month, and to my helper, go to hedging and ditching; and I would have looked for a field with a good spring of water, for my horses, and have ordered a dozen of the best birchen besoms. As it is, however, I shall turn a deaf ear to it all, and notwithstanding *the doubts* of the BIR OF A JOCKEY, and the OLD SPORTSMAN and his harriers; and, in compli-

\* Vide Letter.

nance with the wishes of VENATOR VACUUS, I shall in my next resume, what he calls my "favourite subject"—the condition of hunters. I confess it is a favourite subject with me, because I have experienced the benefit of it so much; and perhaps I cannot more forcibly express myself in commendation of it, than by repeating what I said before—that "a horse in condition, and out of condition, bears little resemblance to himself. 'In person,' he is the same; 'in re,' a very different animal." With the same confidence do I submit to your readers, that keeping horses that follow fox-hounds in good hard meat, in the summer, and thereby preserving the groundwork of their condition, is both profitable and judicious, and not, as the BIT OF A JOCKEY observes, "unprofitable and absurd." The best atonement for a fault is the acknowledgment of having committed it; and if I have said any thing to give offence to hare-hunters, I humbly crave their pardon; but I cannot suffer any thing that relates to the system of fox-hunting, to be tried by the test of hare-hunting.

NIMROD.

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#### AMERICAN RACING.

(FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST,  
MAY 28.)

**Y**ESTERDAY the match race between Eclipse, and a southern horse called Henry, was run, over the Union Course. It will be recollected that the gentlemen from New York, while in attendance on the match race last fall, at Washington City, between Eclipse and Sir Charles, offered to run the former, this spring, on the Long Island Course, for 20,000 dollars, against any horse that could be produced

in the United States or elsewhere, and gave the southern gentlemen from that time (November, 1822), to the time of starting, to look round and name their horse. The challenge was readily accepted, and 3000 dollars fixed on as the sum to be forfeited in case either party declined running the race. A number of horses were put in training for the occasion, but only two—viz. Henry and Betsy Richards—were brought on from the south, which, it was judged, could contend with Eclipse, and which of these two was to run the race remained a secret until the signal was given from the judge's box to bring up the horses, when Henry made his appearance, and Eclipse soon after. The doubts which had before been entertained (and they were many) that the southern sportsmen would pay the forfeit and there would be no race, vanished at once, and all was anxiety for the result of the contest. The hour of starting soon arrived; but such was the immense crowd upon the course in solid column for nearly a quarter of a mile both right and left of the judge's box, that some minutes were taken up by the officers in clearing it; nor was it effected without much difficulty. About ten minutes after one P. M. both horses sat off at the tap of the drum: Henry taking the lead and keeping it the whole four miles, came in about half a length a head. Although several efforts were made by the rider of Eclipse to pass his antagonist, still he could not accomplish it. The result of this heat was so different from what the northern sportsmen had calculated upon, that the mercury fell instantly below the freezing point. Bets three to one that Eclipse would lose the second heat were



loudly offered, but there were few or no takers. Time of running the heat, seven minutes forty seconds.

**SECOND HEAT.**—The time having elapsed for breathing, the horses were again brought up for the second heat, but it had been determined in the interim to change Eclipse's rider, as has often heretofore been done, and who should appear but our old friend Purdy,\* who was welcomed with tumultuous cheers from the multitude. He soon mounted, and at the word both went off. Henry took the lead as in the first heat, and kept it until about two-thirds round on the third mile, when Purdy seized, with a quickness and dexterity peculiar to himself, the favourable moment that presented, when, by appearing to aim at the outside, he might gain the inside, made a dash at him accordingly, and passed him on the left, and maintained the ground he had gained to the end of the second heat, coming in about two lengths a-head. The air was now made to resound from every quarter with "Purdy!" and as soon as he had been weighed, the populace bore him off on their shoulders across the Course, in spite of all the entreaties he could make to the contrary. The mercury in the sporting thermometer immediately rose again to pleasant summer heat, and the backers of Eclipse were now ready for any thing that offered: they proposed to bet even, but there were no takers. Several offers to draw were made by gentlemen who had bet on Henry, but not accepted. Confidence was again completely restored to the friends of Eclipse.

Time of running this heat, seven minutes thirty-nine seconds.

**THIRD HEAT.**—When the horses were brought up for this heat, a jockey, named Taylor, known for many years on the southern courses, for his great success, and whose skill was acknowledged to be inferior to no one, made his appearance, when it was announced that he would ride Henry the third heat, instead of the boy who rode him the two former. The course once more cleared, off they went. Purdy taking the lead, and keeping it to the end of the race, came in about the length of a head of his antagonist. The air was now rent with shouts of ecstasy from the New-Yorkers, and the press around the judge's stand for a short time was so great, that nothing could overcome it. The whole course was blocked up in one solid mass of men, ten thousand deep, leaving no ground to bring the horses to the stand, so that the riders could be dismounted and weighed.—Order, however, was at length restored, the riders were weighed, every thing found right, and Eclipse was pronounced the victor. He was then marched off the field to the popular air of—"See the conquering hero comes!" Thus has ended the greatest race that ever was run in this country.

The result has shown that the challenge may be again fearlessly repeated—"Long Island Eclipse against the World." We hope, however, that Mr. Fan-Ranst will never suffer him to run again, but let the country have the benefit of his stock. He has now proved himself beyond all cavil to be a

\* It is said, that on witnessing the defeat of his favourite horse, Purdy burst into a flood of generous tears, and offered even then to redeem him, if permitted. What was the cause of his not being engaged before, the sporting world are anxious to know. It is believed that had he been so, the third heat would not have been necessary to Eclipse.

horse of all speed and bottom, unequalled in this country, or perhaps in any other at this time.—Time of running the third and last heat, eight minutes 24 seconds.

Thus the event has shewn that the opinion of the northern sportsmen is better than that of the southern, that size and bone are essential to strength, and ought to be taken into calculation; and, supposing blood and bottom to be equal, must always win. It has been therefore the object of northern sportsmen, ever since Governor Jay first recommended it, to insure these qualities, by requiring greater weights than are carried at the south. The natural consequence is, a breed of large, strong, and serviceable horses. We hope they will not deviate from this wise course.

It is judged there were upwards of fifty thousand spectators on the field, and it is with great satisfaction that we add, that as far as we can learn, no serious accident occurred to mar the pleasures of the day.

#### "ROARING" NOT HEREDITARY.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

A Great question has been frequently argued with vehemence on both sides in the sporting world, whether a roaring stallion would propagate roarsers? From what has come within my observation, I am inclined to think not; and as I was travelling the other day with the celebrated dealer, Mr. Harris, I put the question to him. He informed me he had purchased upwards of twenty horses, the sire of which is a "rank roarer"—(I decline mentioning the name of the stallion, from motives of delicacy)—

not one of which was the least imperfect in his breathing.

There is likewise a difference of opinion respecting this calamity. Mr. Lawrence tells us, "that which constitutes what is called a roarer, is a defect in the windpipe, it being of irregular form, or insufficient dimensions to admit a free passage for the air." I am, however, of opinion, that the evil is left behind after an animal has had a vigorous attack of the distemper, and which is produced from suppuration. Whenever I have had a horse seriously afflicted in the above manner, I have applied a blister, and have never had a roarer in my stud.

As this is a subject of great importance to gentlemen who breed horses, I hope some individual who is acquainted with it will have the kindness to impart his sentiments through your Magazine.

AN OLD BREEDER OF HORSES.

June, 1823.

#### TROTTING ON THE TURF.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

IN former days, Mr. Editor, I have heard the old *fograms* say, that "it is sometimes necessary for a man to become his own trumpeter." I am about to avail myself of that sage admonition. All sportsmen have long known that I was the first man who, on actual experiment, advised the use of light or racing weights in the trotting match. Now, as it is not so generally known that I was also the first who recommended trotting on the *turf*, of late frequently practised, and as I do not wish to lose the credit of that recommendation, since I took the necessary pains of practical experiment, in both cases, from no interested view, but from

a natural, inbred affection for the horse, and through an unfashionable prejudice in favour of common sense; by way of some kind of reward, my just due, I embrace an opportunity which your pages have afforded, of puffing myself by these presents. The opportunity to which I advert, arose from the account in your last Number of, I believe, two trotting matches over the turf, in my own county, Essex.

I had often ruminated on this plan many years ago, my favourite trotting hack, Betty Bloss, the portrait of which you have in one of your early Numbers, having extremely tender feet, and having been horribly battered, indeed nearly broken down, before she came into my possession; but so great was the general prejudice against such an idea, that I scarcely dared to broach it, for I had already failed in the endeavour to dissuade the making galloping matches on the road, the then common practice of a set of gallops blackguards, who, I am happy to say, are not so numerous in the present days of superior improvement. I well remember reasoning on the subject with one of them, about to match his hackney to run twenty miles in one hour, over the road, stating to him the damage his horse must necessarily receive in his feet and joints, by the shaking of the hard road, and how little comparative injury he would probably sustain, from running the same distance over the turf. The man laughed at me, as an *ignoramus*, and insisted, it was the *rebound* of the hard road which would enable his horse to perform the task, and which, he thought, the horse could not really perform on the turf. Soon after making trotting trials with various weights, from

five stone and half, to ten stone four pounds (my own weight, saddle included), I stated the result to a trotting jockey, at Tattersall's, who shook his head with much gravity, replying that, however it might be with race horses on the turf, "a trotter must have weight to *steady* him." I had no better success with Marsden and Johnson, as I have before stated in the Magazine.

When, in 1796, I published my two volumes, I was afraid, on account of the general prejudice, to go beyond *training* the trotter, on the turf, according to the following quotation:—"No hack is fit to trot any considerable distance until rising six years old; but it is remarkable that trotters, unlike gallopers, do not lose their speed from old age; many having been known to trot as fast at twenty and even nearly thirty years of age (witness Cartwright's old chesnut gelding), as they did in their prime: a solid recompence, surely, for the extraordinary care which these horses demand. As it is obvious that the damage which these horses receive, in their feet, joints, and sinews, arises from their violent and incessant thumping the hard road, common sense will naturally prescribe moderate and sparing exercise, and soft ways; and whenever you see a fellow wantonly rattling his trotter over a pavement, you may very fairly presume a natural affinity between the scull of the jockey, and the materials with which his course is strewed; and even if you go so far as to wish a happy contact between them, humanity herself shall forgive you. *I would even recommend training a trotter on the turf*, wherever that advantage can be obtained. Far from rendering a hack unsteady in his trot, he will trot more steadily

for it; the chief reason for a good trotter flying into his gallop, beside bad jockeyship, being the soreness of his joints and feet. They must have the best grooming, and the constant use of a loose stable."—8d Edit. Vol. I, p. 351.

Trotting matches, at best, are a severe and cruel trespass on the feelings of the animals, their victims; and especially, when under the conduct of the hard-headed and hard-hearted scum of the human creation, high or low born, or of thoughtless and unreflecting youth. The poor animal is half beaten to pieces, in being trained to trot, and then, not seldom, so completely finished in his first match, that every step he afterwards takes, is a step of misery. No longer able to trot for prizes, he is sold to the post-chaise or stage-coach, Mr. Hell-driver impairing little about his soundness, because he says, with a grin, "You know we can always whip them sound, and "three legs are sufficient for a coach-horse." This is old English feeling. Some twenty odd years ago, a broad-bottomed sadler had matched his hack to trot four miles. The nag had been in training a month. The day before the race, the man said to me, "Oh! I have given him such a *dramming* on the road, this morning!"—To which I answered, very civilly—"the more d—d fool you!" And so he found it, next day, when his horse came to the post, as stiff as a post hack; and the edge of speed having been worn off in training, he lost his match very cleverly, and much to the satisfaction of those who backed that stout old trotter, time. When the late Sir Charles Beaubury, a truly kind-hearted man, first promoted short races on the

terf, he said to me, "Lawrence, why don't you try and write down long trotting matches?" I observed, we want to prove stoutness, as well as speed, and such trotters as my old brown mare might chance to make a poor show in trotting a mile, more especially should it not happen to be their *trotting day*. "Pugh!" said the old Baronet, "there is trot enough in four miles, if you go along from end to end, to try the stoutness of the best of them."

I conclude with a word to those unthinking youths who mount the box, and see the coachman to turn into racers, those miserable cripples, the life of which consists of days of the most barbarous abuse, and nights of unceasing torture. Horses for the race are, and ought to be, of a different description; in all fairness, requiring their peculiar condition and treatment.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

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#### ON THE PACES OF THE HORSE.

(Concluded from p. 151.)

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

THE trot differs from the walk, inasmuch as two legs are moved at once—namely, a fore leg and a hind leg diagonally, or on opposite sides: thus, when the near or left fore leg is elevated, the off or right hind leg is raised at the same time. Hence the horse passes over as much ground at two motions in the trot, as he does in the walk at four. That this pace should be well executed, it is absolutely necessary that the horse should be well grown in his fore quarters—that is, that he should rise well before the saddle—and his shoulder blades inclining backwards, with his fore legs

standing straight under the shoulder, neither too narrow nor too broad. If it be too narrow, the elbows will incline too much inwards, in which case the horse will be liable to cross his legs, and to cut the lower and hinder part of the knee of the opposite leg. This is called speedy cut, and is a very dangerous defect, as it frequently causes the horse to drop suddenly, as if he was shot.

If, on the other hand, the chest be too broad, the horse will be apt to trot with a rolling motion from side to side, which is not only very unpleasant to the rider, but also reduces the speed very considerably. There is a certain degree of flexion in the knee necessary to safe and good action; and where a horse trots well, the knee may be seen by the rider advanced beyond the point of the shoulder, every time the leg is in the air. Still, when the knee is bent too much, and raised too high, there must be a great deal of unnecessary action, and therefore a loss of speed. On the other hand, when the leg is thrown out too straight, with the toe pointed, the leg remains stationary for a short period, and consequently there will be a considerable loss of time. The most complete action, therefore, is when the leg is moderately raised, and the shoulder thrown forward. But the chief source of speed in trotting, as well as in all other paces, is in the hind quarters. There is nothing more beautiful than fine action in the hind quarters, where the hock and stifle joints bend freely and in harmony with each other, the animal going as it were upon springs, or, as Virgil says, "*mollis crura repenset.*" This bounding motion, however, may be

carried to an extreme, and in that case it is called the darting trot, and is never so speedy as the quick repetition of action in the less extended trot. It is generally considered fair trotting when the animal can go twelve miles within the hour, but there are many horses capable of accomplishing sixteen and even eighteen miles within the hour. At this latter rate, however, the motion can hardly be called a trot, for it becomes decidedly a run, as may be perceived by the legs moving separately one after the other, whereas, in the trot, two are moved at once, namely, a fore leg and hind leg, on opposite sides.

Horses with upright shoulders, when pressed in the trot beyond their speed, are apt to strike the shoe of the fore foot with the toe of the hind foot, making a disagreeable clacking noise, which is called forging, and rendering the pace unsafe, by the danger of the hind foot getting locked with the heel of the shoe of the fore foot, in which case, if the shoe be not torn off, the horse must inevitably fall, and with great violence. This arises from the horse being, on account of the defect in his fore quarters, unable to advance his fore leg with sufficient quickness, so as to get it out of the way of the hind leg which is brought under the body; and though it may, in some degree, be prevented by a good rider who raises his horse's head, and quickens the action of his fore quarters, yet it is never thoroughly got rid of, especially when tired by hard labour.

Some horses, when pressed in the trot, are apt to get into a shuffling pace between a trot and a gallop, that is, he either gallops with his hind legs and trots with his fore

legs, or *vice versa*. It is a very unpleasant and ungraceful action, and greatly reduces the speed. Horses that trot much upon hard roads soon begin to fail in their legs and feet, and at seven or eight years old generally shew strong signs of being the worse for wear. The concussion is so great in frosty weather, as sometimes to occasion violent inflammation in the feet, terminating in what is called *founder*, or a sinking of the coffin bones, and even to occasion the separation of the hoof altogether. English horses are more frequently injured in this way than foreign horses, because they go more upon their shoulders and with their haunches more behind them, thus throwing most of the weight on the fore legs. Foreign horses also are generally longer in their pasterns, which increases the elasticity and lessens the concussion.

Horses that are short in their backs generally trot wide with their hind legs, especially those that are termed *cat-hampered*—that is to say, with their hocks standing close to each other. By going wide they avoid striking or over-reaching their fore feet, the hind feet alighting on the ground on the outside of the fore feet. They have also another method of escaping over-reaching, which is done by trotting a little sideways like a dog, by which means one hind foot comes between the two fore feet, and the other hind foot on the outside. This method of going, however, is unpleasant to the rider, because, if he sits in a straight direction, he cannot so well adapt the motion of his own body to that of the horse, which is consequently carried in an oblique direction.

Thorough-bred horses seldom make fast trotters; and this, per-

haps, arises in some measure from their being so seldom selected for that purpose. But when a blood horse happens to be able to trot fast, he generally performs it much more handsomely and with much less bustle than a common-bred one, for he steals over the ground at a much faster rate than the spectator imagines.

The canter is a very pleasant pace to the rider, if it be well performed, because it occasions less disturbance to the seat than any other pace except the walk. It gives, however, no additional speed to the animal, as it seldom exceeds six or seven miles an hour, which is not faster than a common trot. In order that this pace should be executed with ease and freedom, it is necessary that the horse should be rather high in his withers, and short in his hind quarters, with his hind legs standing rather under his body—for it is a very laborious and very unsafe pace to a horse that is low before, with his hind legs standing far behind him. In the canter, the concussion is not so great as in the trot, because the action is divided into three motions. Thus, if the horse leads with the right or off fore leg, the feet will come to the ground in the following order of succession—namely, first the near hind leg, next the off hind leg and the near fore leg together, and lastly, the off fore leg: but during this alternation, there is a period when three feet are on the ground at the same time—for instance, two hind feet and the near fore foot will be on the ground just prior to the moment when the off fore foot alights, which having taken place, the near hind foot rises from the ground, leaving the other three (namely, two fore feet and the off hind foot) stationary.

When the horse canters, he carries his body somewhat obliquely, by advancing one shoulder more than the other, in conformity with the leading leg.

Thus, if he leads with the right fore leg, the right hind leg must follow, and consequently be advanced more under the body than the left hind leg. By this position, the feet describe a rhomboidal quadrangle, which gives a greater stability to the body during progression, than if the horse moved with an equilateral projection of his limbs. If the animal leads with the right fore leg, and follows with the left hind leg, he canters false. This will be easily perceived by the rider, as the motion becomes twisted and unpleasant; and whenever it occurs, the horse should be stopped instantly, as he runs great risk of falling.

When the horse leads with the off or right fore leg, it is generally easier to the rider than when he leads with the near or left fore leg, because the rider, holding the reins in the left hand, generally inclines his body a little to the same side, by which he adapts himself to the oblique position of the horse's body. But a horse should be taught to lead with the near leg as well as the off leg, because, by always leading with the same leg, he becomes stiff and unhandy with the opposite leg, and consequently less able to change his leg in turning a corner, which he must do or else incur great danger of falling. When the horse is required to lead with his off fore leg, the rider should shorten the left-hand rein, and at the same time press the horse's side with the left leg, or apply the spur, if necessary. When the left-hand rein is thus shortened, the horse's head and neck will be

inclined to the left or near side, which will confine the action of his left or near shoulder, and oblige him to advance the off shoulder, while at the same time the pressure of the rider's left leg throws the croupe to the off or right side, and brings the hind quarters into the same line of direction as the fore quarters. If the horse is required to lead with the left or near fore leg, the right hand and heel must be employed for that purpose.

The foregoing rules are seldom understood by the majority of horsemen, and even by many who fancy themselves adepts in the art, and it is a very common thing to see a man using opposite hands and heels, and constraining the poor animal, and preventing him from doing that which he would very frequently better accomplish if left to himself.

The gallop is, properly speaking, the canter accelerated to the utmost of the horse's speed. The order of succession in which the feet alight on the ground being precisely the same, the only difference exists in the quickness of the repetition, and the greater extension of the limbs. By following a horse that is galloping upon turf, the impressions of the different feet will shew the line of progression very distinctly. Thus it will be perceived that the fore legs do not alight parallel to each other, as is generally supposed, but that the leading leg comes to the ground a considerable distance before the other, and the same takes place with the hind legs. The impressions, therefore, of the feet will be seen as follow—namely, the off fore leg first, then the near fore leg and off hind leg nearly parallel to each other, and lastly

the near hind leg considerably behind, and forming altogether nearly a straight line.

Hence, all the representations of horses on the gallop by artists are erroneous, because they extend the fore legs forwards, and the hind legs backwards at the same time, which, if it were the case, would occasion the animal to fall for want of support. The truth is, that the hind legs must be advanced under the body to take its weight, to enable the fore legs to throw themselves forwards.

It is true that dogs, and other animals with flexible back bones, gallop with their fore and hind legs extended at the same time, but they have no extraneous weight to carry, which is not the case with the horse.

Thus, with dogs and hares, there is a period of time when all their legs are gathered together under the center of their bodies during the gallop, so that the hind legs cross the fore legs, and to effect this they go with their hind legs wider than their fore legs, so as to enable them to clear each other at every stroke.

During the time of gathering the legs under the body, the back bone necessarily becomes curved or arched, so as to admit the hind and fore legs being brought nearer together, but as soon as the legs are thrown out again, the back recovers its straight position. Now it is manifest that this arching of the back would have been very inconvenient in the horse, because it would have been almost impossible for the rider to have kept his seat. Different horses gallop in very different forms: some gallop high with their forequarters, throwing up their knees as high as their chests. This high action is peculiar to most foreign horses, particularly the

Spanish; and although it adds to the pomp and parade of a charger, or a maneged horse, yet it reduces the speed to a great degree, as well as adds to the labour and fatigue which the animal has to undergo.

On the contrary, the English thorough-bred horse gallops low, and with his fore legs nearly in a straight line of elevation; nor are his head and neck much raised above the line of his body. This style of galloping is much adapted for speed, but it requires great muscular power and command of the limbs, to enable the body to preserve this steady and straight line, during progression. Hence the necessity of the thighs and hocks being well formed, that is to say, that the thigh should be broad and muscular, and the hock broad also, by which the fulcrum or purchase of the hock joint is increased, this being the part from whence the spring is taken. A good conformation is also necessary in the fore quarters, to preserve a proper harmony of action in all the limbs, though it sometimes occurs that a horse badly formed in his fore quarters is possessed of great speed. But this is no reason for neglecting to look at the fore quarters, in choosing a horse for either the road or field. If the shoulders stand very upright, and the fore legs incline much under the body, it must be evident that the horse cannot throw them out before him with that ease and celerity which are essential to complete action. The chief source of speed, however, is in the hind quarters. On this account most fast gallopers have good loins and broad muscular thighs, for without these advantages the hind legs can never be gathered up quickly, and thrown vigorously under the body.

RICHARD LAWRENCE.







# THE WHIP.

*Presented from the Original which is the possession of E. Lechmere Charlton Esq.  
 Lufford Park, Herefordshire.*

## THE WHIP,

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

HAVING been favoured by Mr. J. H. Green, of Ludlow, with a fac simile of "the Whip," taken while it was in the possession of Mr. Charlton, we considered that our readers would be pleased at its forming one of the embellishments of this work.

Regarding the history of "the Whip," we have nothing very distinct or authentic. The following account appeared in our last Volume, at p. 164:—

"The Whip is of very antique appearance, and by no means 'a splendid trophy.' The handle, which is very heavy, is of silver, with a ring at the end of it for a wristband, which is made of the mane of Eclipse. The upper part is like all other whips, except the lash, which is made of the tail of Eclipse. It is reported now to be the identical whip which Charles II. (not George II.) was in the habit of riding with, and which he presented to some Nobleman, whose arms it bears, as being the owner of the best horse in England. This gave rise to the challenge, which for many years promoted admirable sport on the turf, till his present Majesty won it with Auriel, in the year 1787, in whose possession it continued till Mr. Charlton challenged for it, with his celebrated horse Master Henry."

We should be happy to give place to a more satisfactory description, if favoured with it by any correspondent, who may make researches on the subject. Lord Foley having challenged for the Whip with his horse Sultan, which Mr. Charlton declined, his Lordship now retains the prize.

VOL. XII. N. S.—No. 70.

## NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IT is seldom that the July Meeting has any thing in it worth presenting to your readers, except summer skies, long days, plenty of lounging room on the heath, and very little racing; but as this year has differed very materially from many of the preceding ones, you may perhaps think some account of the sport worthy of a place in your valuable repository.

In the first place, there were no summer skies at all; and in the next, the days were so short, that many of the best sporting visitors took the wise old plan of adding "the night unto the day." The course, also, was thronged with the gay and fashionable, equal to some of the Spring or October Meetings, with one old man, *absolutely grown young again*; and racing enough, on two days out of the three, to satisfy its most ardent admirers, and to prove that, "if ignorance were bliss, 'twere folly to be wise;"—as all the knowing—all those enjoying the best information, whatever it might cost, or the most valuable secret, however obtained, and above all, the very best trial horses, belonging to themselves and others—all to a man, lost their money on the great stakes.

The first race was won by Scarborough, on the New Two-year-old Course (the very spot on which the July Stakes is now run), and it may be pronounced, without fear of contradiction, the most beautiful course in the world for spectators, as well as for horses running. Fifty thousand people, placing themselves on the Devil's Ditch,

E 2

may see a race, with as much comfort and safety, as they can witness a scene in the front boxes of our most fashionable theatres. Scarborough is the same horse that won the Craven Stakes in the spring: he is small, with a very good stride, a true runner where running is made, and very valuable in a stable of young ones. Of the eight that ran with him, not one had the least chance.

The July Stakes of 50gs. each, the great attraction of this Meeting, consisted of twenty-seven two-year-old colts and fillies, and is particularly deserving the attention of those concerned in turf affairs, as from the winner, or *those forward* in this race, the best horses for the next year may be generally expected; and many of the horses of the *greatest reputation* have been the winners of this Stakes. So much for the opinion of those who fancy horses are trained too young! C. Wilson, Esq. of Yorkshire, a firm old supporter of Newmarket, at which place his colt had been wholly trained, though bred in the north, was the easy winner. He was for a long time first favourite, but in consequence of a false trial, it is said (and believed), it became twenty to one against him, which so far alarmed his owner, that he was afraid to back him. Great laughter with those whose books it suited, at seeing so much knowledge and experience set at naught. Mr. Udney, too, who sits in the very judgment seat in these matters, brought his colt into favour by beating the above in a private trial; and with so much ease, that in the ring he backed the wrong horse.—(More laughter, though many a *black leg* looked *white*, saying, "No, no, this cannot be!")

—His Grace of Portland, despising both these together, says, "take my word for it, Gents. there is *nothing like leather*; and up comes the Sister to Guerilla a great favourite—impossible to be beat—going in, as the imagination builds castles, a hundred yards *first*. Roars of laughter, to see her *beat as far*, tried too by the flying Gabrielle, who, though her name was a little against her, is, nevertheless, the very source of truth and perfection of trial horses. If it be true, as Solomon says, that "the house of mourning is better than a feast," this party must have been particularly happy. The few that are never pleased thought this a "*Hum*"—they might hum. "There is na' luck about the house;" but the issue of all this was, that there is no doubt they did their best to win. So that the, unskilful, the unthinking, and those who know nothing about it, were the only people who won money on this great event.

There were four other races the first day, all easy. Some thought that *if* Robin Hood had not swerved from Posthumus, he might have won; but there is more reason in saying, *if* he had not been *tired*, he might not have swerved.

TUESDAY, a rainy day, with only two easy races.

WEDNESDAY, five races: nothing very severe, yet so nicely arranged, that most of those who lost their money the first day, did, or had, an opportunity of getting most of it back again.

This large and fashionable assemblage then dispersed to the four winds, most of them with merry faces, and your humble servant to Norfolk. Remaining yours,

OBSERVER.

July 13, 1823.

## SHROPSHIRE HORSES.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

**H**AVING read in one of Nimrod's letters, on "riding to hounds," that Shropshire was famous for its breed of horses, I took the trouble, as I passed through it the other day, to inquire into the truth of his assertion, when I found what he said is not only correct, but that there are, at this period, no less than seven *grey* stallions now covering in that county—viz. Snowden, Friend Ned, Gimcrack,

Lutwych, Claudius, Fitz-James, and a horse, whose name I forget, belonging to a horse-dealer by the name of Underhill. I certainly observed a number of fine coxks, as I travelled along, and remarked that the farmers were very well mounted, and looked, like their horses, of a sporting sort, which I understood they are. Upon inquiring into the state of their hunting establishments, I was sorry to find they were very flat at present, two gentlemen having lately given up their fox-hounds.

P.

## FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

**A** Very healthy old gentleman was once asked in a mixed company, what physician and apothecary he employed, in reference to the unusual vigour and healthfulness of his appearance. He answered, "I have in my earlier days expended a considerable fortune in the purchase of health, and in the continual search after professional skill and integrity. I have found it in combinations as various as its professors are numerous, but I have in no case found myself so honestly served, or so completely satisfied, as with those I have employed the last twenty years; for, during that time, a *horse* has been my physician, *an ass* my apothecary.

till you bear him no longer—dat is de rheumatis—den spose you give him one turn more, dat is de gout."

**THE PERFECT EXQUISITE.**—The facetiae of Mr. Brummell do not furnish a higher specimen of dandyism than the following:—A few days since, one of the most finished fops that ever drove a cabriolet, drew up in the street, and stopping a respectable passer by, this conversation ensued:—"Pray, my good friend (lisping), what is the name of this place?" "Piccadilly, Sir." "No, no, not the street, my good fellow; what is the name of the town?" "London, Sir," replied the unsuspecting man, with a stare. "Oh, ah, so it is! Thank ye, friend, I had quite forgot!!!"

**GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.**—A Frenchman, being afflicted with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism. "One very great deference! (replied Monsieur): spose you take one vice, you put your finger in, you turn the screw

**A FELLOW** who got a livelihood by making leathern pipes for engines, grew tired of sitting constantly at work, and solicited a light-house man's place, at Edystone Light-house, which, as com-

petiters are not numerous, he obtained. As the Edystone boat was carrying him to take possession of his new habitation, one of the boatmen asked him what could tempt him to give up a profitable business to be shut up, for months together, in a pillar? "Why," said the man, "because I did not like confinement!"

A FRENCH journalist, quoting

once from the London paper, the *Independent Whig*, called it *La Peruque d'Independence*. The same paper, speaking of the pugilists, or the "fancy," called them *Messieurs de l'Imagination*.

IN a village in the west, there is a board over a door, with—"Little boys and girls taught to read, at 2d. a week. *Them as larns manners, 2d. more.*"

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TIMES APPOINTED FOR HOLDING THE SUBJOINED MEETINGS, IN 1823,

Abingdon .....	Aug. 5
Huntingdon .....	5
Newcastle-under-Lyne .....	5
Kendal .....	5
Chatham, &c. ....	6
Bromyard .....	6
Salisbury .....	6
Chesterfield .....	7
Oxford .....	12
Worcester .....	12
Goodwood .....	12
Blandford .....	13
York .....	18
Burton-upon-Trent .....	19
Canterbury .....	19
Southampton .....	19
Yarmouth .....	19
Hereford .....	20
Montrose .....	20
Egham .....	26
Bodmin .....	27
Swaffham .....	27
Bedford .....	27
Caledonian Hunt .....	Sept. 1
Aberdeen, &c. ....	1
Tavistock .....	2
Warwick .....	2
Pontefract .....	3
Basingstoke .....	4
Stapleton Park .....	8
Lichfield .....	9
Northampton .....	10
Rotherham .....	10
Burderop .....	10

Doncaster .....	Sept. 15
Leicester .....	17
Margate .....	17
Glamorgan .....	17
Oswestry .....	22
Carlisle .....	23
Walsall .....	24
Newmarket First October .....	29
Inverness .....	Oct. 1
Newmarket Second October .....	13
Newmarket Houghton .....	27

### BETTINGS ON FORTHCOMING RACES.

#### DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

*At Tattersall's.*

4 to 1 agst Tinker—taken.
5 to 1 agst Sherwood—taken.
13 to 2 agst Tancred—taken.
11 to 1 agst Miss Fanny—taken.
22 to 1 agst Abron.
22 to 1 agst Palais Royal.
25 to 1 agst Columbus—taken.
30 to 1 agst Claude Lorraine.
35 to 1 agst Honest John.
40 to 1 agst Mercandotti.

#### DERBY, 1824.

9 to 1 agst Reformer, by Whisker, out of Vourneen.
16 to 1 agst colt, by Whalebone, out of Pantina.
17 to 1 agst colt, by Pioneer, out of Reserve.

#### DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

*At Newcastle.*

40 to 11 agst Tinker.
5 to 1 agst Sherwood.
8 to 1 agst Tancred, Brother to Pacha.
11 to 1 agst Miss Fanny.
24 to 1 agst Palais Royal.

## THE LATE RACE IN AMERICA.

In another part of this Number, we have given particulars of the interesting race in America, between Eclipse and Henry. Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE has sent us the following additional information:—"I have this instant received a letter from my friend, Mr. Hawes, of Coltishall, Norfolk, who is upon an American excursion, and at present at New York. He there saw the late famous match between Eclipse and Henry, on which much money was sported. They ran four-mile heats, Eclipse, 9 stone, giving Henry 18lb. Eclipse won, giving away the first heat, which was run in 7 min. 37 sec.; the second heat, in 7 min. 49 sec.; the third, in 8 min. 24 sec. The American horses thus seem to approximate, pretty nearly, to ours in the race, both in galloping and trotting. H. says, there was capital sport at the Meeting. He describes this American Eclipse in the following terms:—"A powerful muscular horse, not handsome, but right in all the cardinal points, colour chestnut, with a star on his forehead, and his near hind foot white, about 15 hands 3 in. in height, very deep in the girth, long in the waist, wide loined, with short legs; shoulder not fine, but deep; a good head of sufficient length, with a somewhat defective neck; has seven inches and three-quarters of bone in the smallest part below the knee. I expect some New York papers, whence I may obtain further intelligence."

## SALES OF DOGS, HUNTERS, &amp;c.

Tattersall's, June 30.

The following pointers seemed to interest the bidders considerably. They were of a light active breed, and shewed much blood. Prices as under:—

Beau, a black ticked dog, shot to four seasons . . . . .	9½
Bess, a black ticked bitch, own sister to Beau . . . . .	11½
Rat, a black dog, 20 months old, well broke . . . . .	10

Romp, a black and white bitch, own sister to Spot . . . . .	11½
Fan, a black and white mottled bitch, own sister to Spot and Romp . . . . .	9½

(Those three supposed equal to any pointers in England).

Frank, a liver-coloured ticked dog, 14 months old, unbroke 2l. 0s.	
Bel, a black ticked bitch, same age, unbroke . . . . .	2l. 2s.

Two full-sized handsome cows, between the northern short horn and Alderney breed, one of them in calf, fetched—the one 2l, the other 18 guineas.

The capital hunters and other horses, brood mares, colts, pack of harriers, &c. late the property of Sir John Fenton Boughey, Bart. deceased, are to be brought to the hammer on the 4th of August, at Newport, in Shropshire. The pack of harriers consists of twenty couple: they are stated to be in good condition, having been regularly hunted, and selected and bred with the greatest care. Their average height is from sixteen to eighteen inches.

## HORSE BAZAAR.

We announced in our last Number, Mr. Young's proposal of a subscription room, at the Horse Bazaar. The particulars have been since published, as under:—

1. That a book be opened for the signatures of such noblemen and gentlemen as may wish to become subscribers, containing their residence.

2. That a subscription of one pound per annum entitle each subscriber to the use of the room every day during the Bazaar hours, in which none but subscribers will be admitted.

3. That a proper person will attend the room regularly, in which there will be newspapers, racing calendars, stud books, sporting magazines, and such other publications as may be found necessary or desirable.

4. That the subscription commence from the time of opening the

room, due notice of which will be given to each subscriber.

5. That the person attending the room endeavour to furnish all possible information respecting sporting generally (particularly during the hunting season, all weekly appointments within 100 miles of London): likewise the daily prices of agricultural produce, those of British and foreign stock, at 10, 12, and 4 o'clock each day; lists of all fairs, a diary of business coming on in both Houses of Parliament, and divisions in the same; circuits of the Judges, &c. &c.; and such other information as can be obtained that may be deemed desirable.

#### THE TURF.

Lord Derby has purchased Mr. Sylvester Reed's gr. c. Marauder, by Macbeth, out of Marciana; and Mr. Knapton has bought Mr. James's br. f. by Whisker, dam by Sir David, out of Miss Cranfield.

The match between Premium and Cinder is to be run on Friday in the 1st October Meeting, instead of Monday in the Houghton. That between Premium and Repeater is off by consent.

Mot-o'-the Mint is matched against Malvina, carrying 5 stone 7lb. each, one two-mile heat, over Brighton course, the 13th October.

Sir Robert Clifton, Bart. and George Saville Foljambe, Esq. are named stewards for the Nottingham races next year.

The Hon. Mr. Petre and Henry Heathcote, Esq. have accepted the office of stewards of Stamford races for next year.

At Ipswich races, from the novel circumstance of seven horses being entered for his Majesty's purse, a good race was anticipated, but, to the great disappointment of the turf, five of the horses were drawn after the first heat. The stewards for the next year are, J. Sheppard, Esq. and J. Macdonald, Esq. The ball on Thursday was most fashionably attended: about 200 ladies and gentlemen were present.

The Weymouth races are expected to be not only well attended this year, but great sport is very probable, as there are already many horses entered for the cup, as well as for the other plates and sweepstakes.

A handsome subscription has been entered into at Wells, for the purpose of re-establishing the races there, which have not been held for some years. The races will accordingly take place some time in August.

At Bath races, the Down was crowded with persons and vehicles of all descriptions. Considerable praise was due to W. Blathwayt, Esq. the steward, for his polite attention, and also to the secretary, Captain Bevan, for his great exertions in bringing these races to their present state of unprecedented celebrity, which they never would have attained but for the spirited efforts of these disinterested individuals. Colonel Cooper has accepted the office of Steward for the year ensuing.

The unfortunate state of the weather took off much from the pleasure of the scene at Cheltenham, the course being almost flooded when the horses started for the Gloucestershire Stakes. When they came in, the animals and their riders were completely covered with dirt. At one time, the course exhibited the appearance of a ploughed field more than any thing else, from the quantity of rain which had fallen. The ordinaries, &c. were well attended; and at the theatre, the Champions Spring and Cribb proved highly attractive, when exhibiting the science of self-defence.—Sir B. W. Guise, Bart. M.P. and Major Ormsby Gore, are chosen stewards for the next year; and there are already sixty-two subscribers for the Gloucestershire Stakes, and fifteen for the Cup. The sum of 1000l. has also been subscribed for the immediate erection of an elegant and commodious grand stand; and it is said that the races are in future to be conducted on a new plan, so as to ensure more run-



ning; and that the approach to the course is to be still more improved.

#### HARE HUNTING.

The 26th August is generally considered the first-day of hare-hunting.

#### CARRIAGE OF GAME.

SIR—From the number of accidents that frequently occur to stage coaches by the quantity of luggage placed on the roof, which, from making the coach top heavy, upsets it, I wonder more effectual means are not taken to carry the law relating to overloading coaches into effect. A few nights ago I saw a mail coach upset in the street, from being overloaded with fish: luckily no one was hurt. With regard to the price of carriage of parcels, every book-keeper ought to be compelled to mark the prices on the parcel when brought to the office, as well as the place whence the parcel is taken in at. At present, a person sending a parcel does not know whether it is to cost 5s. or 10s. It is no uncommon practice to pack game or fish in grass, thinking it will keep the better, but it is a mistaken idea—for the grass causes fermentation, and in hot weather the game or fish so packed is sure to be spoilt.

#### TROTTING.

July 4, the match between Captain Hansard's roan horse and Mr. Mellish's chesnut mare, to trot one hour, for 200 sovereigns a side, took place over two miles of ground, on the Ashford road. The match was made on the first day of Hampton races: betting 6 to 4 on the horse, and each carried nine stone. The start was one at each end of the miles. The horse performed about three hundred yards over fifteen miles within the hour, beating the mare full half a mile.

On Saturday, July 19, a trotting match against time took place on the Dover road, from the 32d to the 35th mile-stone. Mr. A. of Chatham, betted that he would trot his favourite mare Chip the three miles in twelve minutes: she accomplished the distance with perfect ease (hav-

ing broke once), twenty-eight seconds within time. Mr. A. won by his steady riding.

A trotting match, for a wager of fifty sovereigns, took place on Wednesday, July 16, between Mr. Atkinson's chesnut mare Flora, and Captain Hammond's br. h. Sampson, from Appleby to Templesowerby Bridge. The gentlemen rode themselves. At twelve o'clock, the parties got to the place of starting. At setting off the mare took the lead, owing to the horse breaking from his trot; and shortly after the mare committed the same fault. They passed and re-passed each other alternately, until they came to Templesowerby, where the mare took the lead, and kept it at about forty yards distance the remainder of the way, having performed the seven miles in twenty-five minutes. As horsemen, the riders are both well known. It is unnecessary, therefore, to say that they acquitted themselves in the first style.

#### ARCHERY.

*Archery Fete at Blithfield.*—A numerous party of the neighbouring nobility and gentry was invited this month to the seat of Lord Bagot, where they were entertained in the most splendid and magnificent style. The day being very rainy, the archery did not commence until six o'clock. The prizes were awarded to Miss Mundy, of Walton, Miss Sitwell, and Viscount Anson.

One day this month there was a meeting of the society of Staffordshire bowmen, at Sandon, which was numerously attended; but out of respect to the memory of the late Sir J. F. Boughey, one of the members, no shooting took place; and in testimony of the esteem and regard in which he had been held by all who were present, it was ordered that on every future day of meeting during the present year, the members should appear in the mourning uniform of the society. It was further ordered, out of consideration for the feelings of Lady Boughey, who had candi-

scended to officiate as Lady Patroness, that no grand target should this year be held.

## GOLFING.

On Friday, July 11, two golf matches, between Lord Kennedy and James Cruickshank, Esq. took place round the course at Montrose, in the presence of a number of amateurs. In the first match, his Lordship gave Mr. Cruickshank one every hole-match of 21 holes, which Mr. C. won easy. In the second match, Lord K. gave Mr. C. half-one each hole—best of 21 holes; which was drawn and set to 10 holes. Mr. C. won it.

## ANGLING.

The anniversary dinner of the subscribers to the Walthamstow ferry fishing, was held on Thursday, July 3d. This being the first day of trolling, the members, after *wetting* their lines in taking some good jack, and at the same time *whetting* their appetites in strolling about those delightful meads, sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by Mr. Hewes, proprietor of the waters. Edward Boucher, Esq. took the chair, and the day was spent with such conviviality, that it provokes one's memory to quote the following from Watton :—

"Oh the gallant fisher's life,  
It is the best of any,  
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,  
And 'tis beloved by many.

Other joys  
Are but toys,  
Only this  
Lawful is,  
For our skill  
Breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure."

## AQUATICS.

The Twickenham annual rowing match took place on Saturday, July 19. The winner was presented with a silver cup, by Baroness Howe, in commemoration of the victory gained over the French fleet by the English, under the command of the late Admiral Lord Howe, in 1794. The residence of the Baroness is situated on the spot which formerly belonged to Pope. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, there were a

great number of ladies present, among whom was the Duchess of Clarence.

*Grand Sailing Match for a superb Silver Cup.*—July 17, a fine display of nautical competition took place from Blackwall to Gravesend, between four sailing vessels, for a prize of very considerable value. The following gentlemen entered their vessels as stated :—St. George, Capt. Wm. Brockelbank, of Deptford, 10 tons; Venus, Capt. George Keen, of Horsleydown, 13 tons; Phoenix, Capt. Wm. Nettlefold, of Blackwall, 14 tons; Antelope, Capt. Chas. Clementson, of the Adelphi, six tons; Spitfire, Capt. Thomas Betsworth, of Chelsea, five tons. At a very early hour the starting station off the outward buoys at Blackwall was surrounded by every description of sailing vessel and boat, and about ten o'clock several steam vessels rode majestically off the stairs, crowded with company. The gentlemen of the "Old Cumberland Fleet" were on board the Favorite steam packet, under the direction of their Commodore, Edward Nettlefold, Esq. under whose direction the match took place, and who arranged the following boats for starting—the St. George, the Venus, the Antelope, and the Spitfire. The river being cleared, they, at a quarter past eleven o'clock, started, amidst the thunder of cannon and the loud cheering of all within sight. The Venus being what is called a hatch-built boat, was rather the favourite at starting and after, as she gave a very convincing instance of her superiority in sailing, by distancing the other boats. On doubling the points of the river, the contest was very fine, as the boats were obliged to tack and re-tack in all directions; but the Venus, at Barking, took the lead very decidedly, and at seven o'clock in the evening she arrived the winning boat at Blackwall. The Commander instantly furled his sails, and went on board the Favorite, where he received his splendid prize. No accident whatever occurred.

## SINGULAR WAGER.

Monday, June 30, soon after six o'clock in the morning, a gentleman, who had undertaken, for a wager, to walk blindfolded from Union-hall to Bunhill-row, over Blackfriar's-bridge, commenced his task, accompanied by a great crowd of spectators. The first part of the undertaking he accomplished with facility; but, no sooner had he cleared Blackfriar's-bridge, than he became bewildered, and, after marching and counter-marching for a considerable time, he was at length prevented by his friends from *marching* off a coal-wharf, to the edge of which he had advanced, into the Thames, and then only he reluctantly gave in.

## CRICKET.

(From the *Lincoln Paper*.)—We are much pleased to learn the encouragement which that manly amusement the game of cricket is receiving in this county, and it is with great satisfaction we refer the lovers of the game to a club that has been lately established by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Louth, which promises to stand high in the records of the sporting world. The members held their first anniversary at the King's Head Inn, in Louth, on Thursday, the 26th of June. A very numerous and highly respectable party, enlivened by an excellent band of music, sat down to dine at seven o'clock. Col. Sibthorp, G. M. Alington, and T. B. Phillips, Esqrs. were amongst those present. Some excellent songs were introduced by — Gore, Esq. Lieut. Loft, and the Rev. E. Smyth. Capt. Gace was appointed President, and H. Alington, Esq. Treasurer and Secretary for the ensuing season.

The newspapers contain accounts of many excellent matches played this month between various counties and parishes. At one match, on Ireland's cricket ground, Brighton, between eleven of Sussex and eleven of Mary-le-bone, Saunders, for Sussex, who breaks the ground to meet the ball, won eighty-nine runs! Sussex and Kent play on the same ground in August.

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## LANCASTER COOKING.

A main of cocks was fought between R. T. Fletcher, Esq. (Red-head, feeder), and H. Norris, Esq. (Foster, feeder), for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main. Thirty-five mains, six byes.

	REDHEAD.	M. B.	FOSTER.	M. B.
Monday .....	10	1	.....	4 2
Tuesday .....	3	1	.....	4 0
Wednesday...	0	0	.....	0 0
Thursday.....	0	0	.....	0 5

13 2

8 7

## PRESTON COCKING.

A main of cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby (Potter, feeder), and J. White, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder), for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main. Twenty-two mains, five byes.

	DERBY.	M. B.	WHITE.	M. B.
Monday.....	1	1	.....	3 1
Tuesday .....	3	1	.....	1 1
Wednesday ...	1	1	.....	3 0
Thursday .....	1	0	.....	4 0
Friday .....	5	0	.....	0 0

11 3

11 3

## POACHING.

In Staffordshire, the poachers take pheasants in the day-time by keeping a Bantam cock, which is made tame, putting it down in the side of a covert, with a string to its leg. As soon as put down it begins crowing, and a cock pheasant instantly comes and gives battle. Whilst the combatants are engaged, the poacher takes up the pheasant, and then proceeds farther on, and sets the Bantam down again.

## BREED BETWEEN A PHEASANT AND A HEN.

SIR—I once saw a breed between a cock pheasant and a barn's-door hen. The birds most resembled a fowl. They were hatched in a wheat field, in June, and shot in September. After the corn was cut, the hen returned to the barton, a mile distant, leaving her brood in the field.—Yours, C.

## PIGEON SHOOTING.

On Saturday, the 5th July, Wm. Buchanan, Esq. won the Gold Medal at the Hats Club, having killed at the four meetings forty-five pigeons of sixty, all having fallen within the prescribed limit of eighty yards.

F F

*Match for One Thousand Sovereigns.*—After the conclusion of the Bath Races, a pigeon match was made for the above sum, to take place in Buckinghamshire, between eleven gentlemen of the Atherstone Club, with four from Ashton Club, against all England. The match was decided on Thursday, July 10, in Branstone Park, Buckinghamshire, at seven birds each, twenty-one yards from the trap, and one hundred yards for the bird to fall in. The field was attended by some of the best shots in England. Betting was even, but the clubs had the call. The numbers were—the Club, 72; all England, 69.—After five shots, England was backed at five to four, and after the twelfth shot seven to four on the Clubs.—England lost most birds out of bounds.—After this match, Mr. Bröderick, belonging to the Clubs, backed himself for 20 sovereigns to kill 15 birds from 21, at 14 yards: he lost by bagging 13 only.

#### HAWKING.

It may not be known to the generality of the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*, that Dorsetshire used to be famed for heron hawking. The late C. Sturt, Esq. of Moor Critchill, had two German falconers, and many hawks. There are at present many heronries extant in the county, but no hawks kept, nor are there any now kept at Bridport for the purpose of taking landrails. Magpies hawked shew good sport; but there are no counties equal to Dorset and Wilts for heron hawking: parts of Hampshire are also well calculated for hawking; and we should be glad to hear this noble and ancient pastime was once more revived.

#### THE DISTEMPER.

A receipt to cure the distemper in dogs: Five grains of emetic tartar: an hour or two after it has operated, give five grains of James's Powder: the next morning give five grains of calomel, and repeat the calomel every third day, until the puppy is well. If the weather be cold, let him lie before the fire.

#### PEDESTRIANISM.

*The Four Hundred Miles' Match.*  
—Powell's match to York and back,

394 miles, in five days and thirteen hours, has been outrivalled by Mark Hawkins, the Lancashire man, who completed the task of 400 miles in five days and twelve hours, at half past eleven o'clock, on Thursday, July 5. The ground chosen was from London through Oxford to a little beyond Chirk and back.

Mr. Abernethy started this month to do 152 miles in 48 hours; but after accomplishing 122 miles in 41 hours, he resigned the contest.

#### PUGILISM.

A tremendous battle took place on Yate Common, near Chipping Sodbury, on Tuesday, July 15th, between *Cabbage* (Strong), of Bristol, and the *Irish Gipsy* (Banks), for 25l. a side: Cabbage was seconded by the Black Diamond (Ward) and Bob Watson, and the Gipsy by Winterflood and Morris. The battle lasted 50 minutes, during which 26 rounds were fought; and it is but justice to say that a fairer, better, or more manly fight, was never witnessed: two more courageous men could not enter a ring. To Cabbage's good fighting is to be attributed his winning the battle. The Irishman must be looked upon as a troublesome and dangerous customer. His hands were swollen to such an immense size, as rendered it impossible to fight any longer. Cabbage is supposed capable of beating any man of his weight in England.

Spring is making hay while the sun shines. At Birmingham, notwithstanding he was prevented from appearing at the theatre, yet at Beardsworth's Repository his performances (assisted by Cribb) produced good stakes. At Hereford, those heroes of the fist were well received; and, in honour of Spring, being a native of that county, a silver cup is to be presented to him.

*Battle between the "Pet of the Fancy," Dick Curtis, and Peter Warren, at Crawley Downs, in Sussex, thirty-one miles from town.*—The above fight excited considerable interest in the *Fancy*, and the office in the first instance was given for Blindlow Heath, but the police interfered, and Crawley Down was

chosen. Curtis was attended by Hudson and Holt, and Warren by Paddington Jones and Crawley: six to four in favour of Curtis.—On stripping, Curtis appeared in excellent condition, but his weight did not exceed nine stone; while, on the contrary, Warren was above ten stone. The latter endeavoured to make play, but Curtis was too leary, and nothing was done. A long pause, and Warren put down his arm, as if tired: counter hitting, and Dick napped a slight touch on his right eye that made him *wink*. It was a long round, occupying nine minutes, in the course of which some beautiful science was displayed on both sides. In finishing the round, Dick, completely in the Randall style, *fibbed* down Warren, drawing the first *claret* and falling upon him; when, to the great astonishment of the spectators, he said, "Curtis, I cannot fight any more, my knee is out."—When time was called, Curtis was declared the conqueror. The knee of Warren was immediately inspected by two surgeons, who declared his knee was not dislocated, but in all probability one of the ligaments belonging to the tendon might have received a serious injury, so as to have prevented him continuing the battle. He was carried off the ground, and put into a coach.

A second battle took place between a Chelsea *Snob* of the name of Drake, and a bricklayer of Brompton of the name of Harris, for a purse, which amused the amateurs for three quarters of an hour, when Harris was declared the victor.

*Fights to Come.*—On Tuesday, the 5th of August, the Gypsy intends to move for a new trial with Bishop Sharp, concerning the *rough* treatment he recently met with from the latter in Epping Forest. Lenny also intends on the same day to ascertain whether Aaron (the little Jew boy) has any pretensions to the title of a P. P. George Curtis is likewise in training to have a *sky* with the Chelsea *Snob*.

Holt and Randall had sparring benefits this month, but they were not well attended.

Ward the Black Diamond, under the disguise of a countryman, fought a battle at the conclusion of the Bath races with Rickens, a young farmer, of Bath. It was courageously disputed by the latter, but, as might be expected, he had no chance, and was beaten in fifteen minutes.

#### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

*Newmarket First October Meeting, 1823.*—Thursday, Ld. Exeter's Athenian, 8st. 11lb. agst Mr. Powlett's The Whig, 8st.—T. Y. C. 100 sovs.

*Second October Meeting, 1823.*—Monday, Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Pioneer, out of Ridicule, agst the Duke of Grafton's Pedrillo, 8st. 4lb. each, T. Y. C. 100 sovs.—Wednesday, Duke of Grafton's Cinder, 8st. 4lb. agst Mr. Powlett's Eden, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 200 sovs. h. ft.

#### SPORTING ANECDOTE.

During the ten days' Spring hunting, which the Lothian hounds had in Linlithgowshire, this season, much fine sport was witnessed, and some brilliant runs of ten and fourteen miles, at racing pace. A circumstance unparalleled in the annals of nature, happened during a burst from Keniel Wood. As Major M—s—g was riding over a field covered with stunted gorse, in the company of many other gentlemen, he and his horse almost suddenly disappeared: the horse sunk into the bowels of the earth, but the Major was providentially thrown over its head, and escaped by catching hold of some weeds. Ropes were immediately procured, and a gentleman descended to explore the cavity, which was found to be 18ft. perpendicular, and afterwards to extend to the depth of near 70ft. in a slanting direction, at the bottom of which the animal was found, quite alive. The country people instantly volunteered their services, and the entrance to the pit (which happened to be a falling of the metals in a strata of coal) being enlarged, the horse was, after eight or nine hours' labour, brought to the upper regions perfectly unhurt, and travelled eighteen miles the next day—after which he was regularly rode for some time by the owner.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE arguments of a Dartford Correspondent in defence of pugilism are good, but they want novelty.

A Wiltshireman's Letter was not received till another reply respecting the subject he writes on had been sent to the press.

**ERRATA.**—In last Number, on the Pugilistic Ring, p. 140, for "qualifications for a *theme*," read, "qualifications for a *throne*."—P. 141, for "any more exhibiting gladiators," read, "any man exhibiting gladiators"—for "Ludi pontificales," read, "Ludi pontificales"—for "Ludi sacerdotes," read, "Ludi sacerdotes."

In a part of the present Number (p. 188), by a transposition of letters, the word *acmé* is spelt *camé*.

## POETRY.

## AN EPITAPH.

**H**ERE gallant *Cranberry* lies, of spotless name,  
First in the chase, and not unknown to fame:  
A matchless hunter, of the noblest breed,\*  
Of truest bottom, and superior speed.  
By colour, Nature mark'd him from the rest,  
To shew that he superior pow'r possess'd:  
To shew the matchless excellence within,  
She set a stamp *peculiar*† on his skin.  
Thrice beauteous courser, form'd at once  
to please,  
And bear away the envied brush with ease!  
Farewell! No more with ardour keen  
shalt thou  
O'er venturous leaps the flying sport pursue.  
No more the glories of the field thou'lt share,  
Or o'er the plain thy raptur'd master bear.  
Yet shalt thou live, the enamour'd sportsman's toast:  
Long shalt thou live! thy sev'ral masters  
boast—  
For noblest sportsmen thou by turns hast  
serv'd,  
Such names, indeed, as thy great worth  
deserv'd.  
With skilful *Hawkes* thou oft hast led the  
chase—  
Hawkes, skill'd to ride the well-contested  
race:  
Fam'd Lockley, gallant Mason, Fletcher  
Read,  
Have claim'd the brush, by thy superior  
speed:  
Brave Forester thy bottom oft has tried,  
Who long shall tell of thee, with glorious  
pride:  
And last, not least, of thy admiring train,  
In whose remembrance thou shalt long  
remain,  
Thy latest master, *Hancox*, oft shall tell  
How, even in old age, thou couldst excel—  
Whose kind indulgence, living, thou didst  
share,  
And now to thy remains extends his care.  
Let no rude foot, then, *Cranberry's* grave  
molest,  
In peace, for ever, may his ashes rest!

## ON HUNTING.

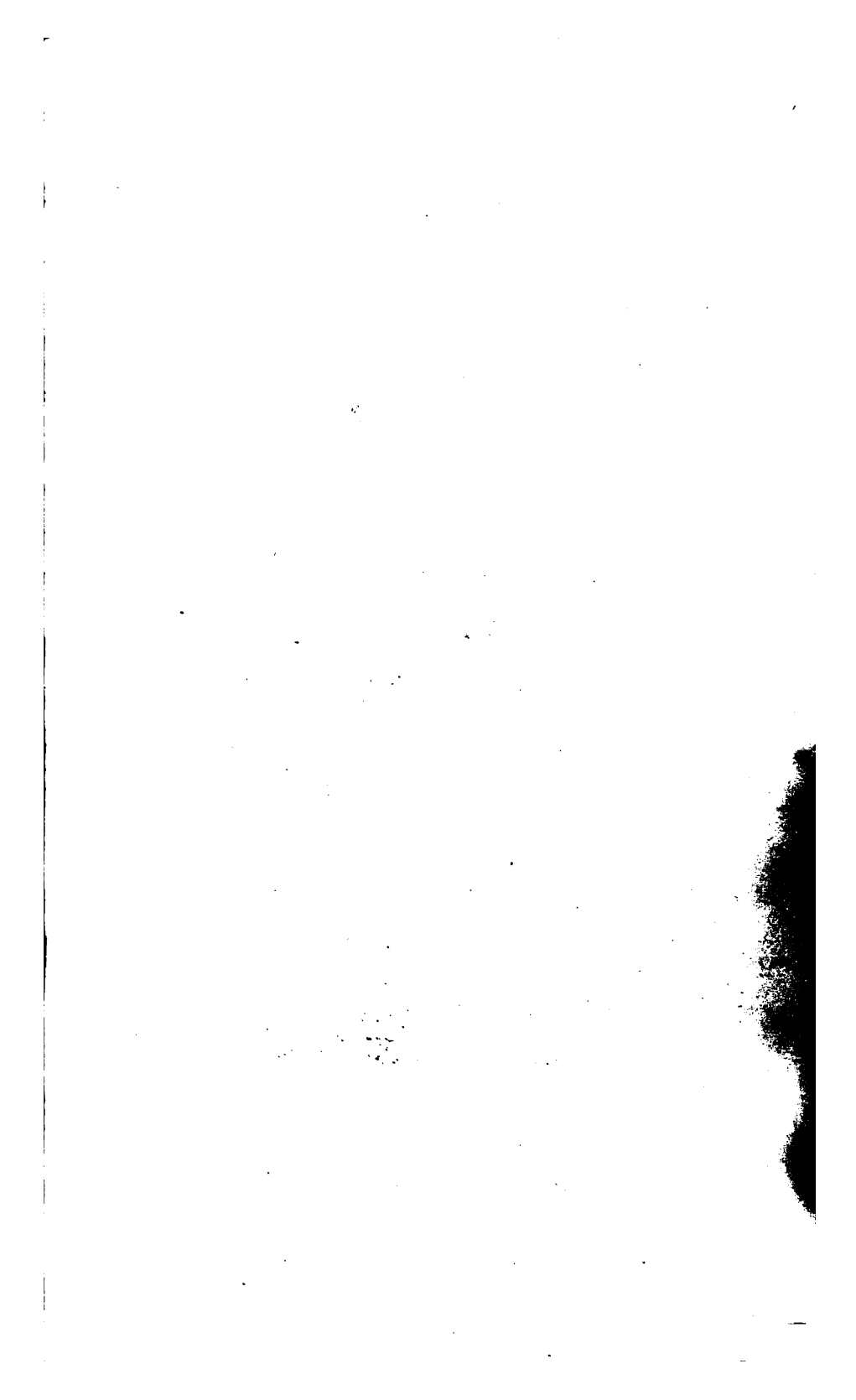
**W**HAT a glorious sight it is to behold  
The red-coated group, both of young  
and of old,  
On nags well mounted, with top boots and  
irons,  
And waiting near gorse, courageous as lions!  
The joys of the chase, I have hitherto found,  
Preserves the whole system both pliant and  
sound:  
But sages say thus—that to study is best,  
For that, when we are old, in this we find  
rest.  
They may say as they please—"Whoop  
hoop!" and "Tantivy!"  
Excel the fine works of Homer or Livy:  
For what pleaseth more, than to rise with  
the lark,  
And go out for a hunt in Lord Such-a-one's  
park?  
For there you are sure many sportsmen to  
meet,  
Who their friends in the morn will cheer-  
fully greet:  
They all will converse, till at length mud  
and clay  
Will rise as a cloud, and they go, "Hark  
away!"  
But now's the glad moment, when every  
steed  
Contenta with its comrade straight over the  
mead:  
The gate or the fence, though 'tis high, they  
deride,  
To be first in the rank is their only pride.  
While thus they contend, beaten reynard,  
in fear,  
His course with more vigour endeavours  
to steer:  
But, alas! comes grim death—his efforts  
are vain—  
The hounds put an end to his terror and  
pain:  
The huntsmen depart at the close of the day,  
And at eve with the glass they drive dull  
care away.

JUNIOR NIMROD.

Canterbury, 1823.

\* Got by Jalap, dam by King Fergus.

† Colour, a most beautiful roan piebald.





BOYS FERRETING RABBITS.

*Engraved by J. H. P. from a drawing by J. H. P.*



# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1823.

No. LXXI.

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### Embellished with,

I. BOYS FERRETING RABBITS, *an Engraving.*

II. *A Portrait of* ISAAC ROGERS *alias* "THE DOCTOR."

### BOYS FERRETING RABBITS.

*Designed by CRANE, and engraved by J. SCOTT, jun.*

THE subject of the plate of our present Number is, we presume, sufficiently connected with sporting to claim a place in our miscellany; for although the rabbit may not be a very interesting object of pursuit to the higher class of sportsmen, yet, occasionally, it affords much amusement for the gun: indeed, if we are not mistaken, there is greater and more incessant diversion in rabbit shooting (where they abound), than in any other. Among hillocks covered with brakes and short under-wood, on thick hedgerows, where

rabbits have any distance to run before escaping to their earths, sportsmen may (with a few good spaniels) ensure themselves opportunities of exercising their skill, provided the party is, not numerous, which too frequently happens in rabbit shooting.

With more immediate reference to the embellishment itself, the artist has chosen the moment when the timid animal has darted from his retreat, and is entangled in the net: one boy is endeavouring to secure his prize, while the other is restraining the dog from seizing it. The practice of taking rabbits with the aid of a ferret and purse nets, was formerly very common amongst the lower classes of coun-

try people; but we believe, by a recent alteration in the game laws, rabbits are considered game if taken in any way by unqualified persons, and it subjects them to a penalty; consequently, this humble pastime is almost abolished, except to owners or occupiers of land, who are still allowed to kill them under the denomination of vermin.

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#### A GRAND CRICKET MATCH— GROUSE SHOOTING, &c.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

**I** Yesterday received a letter from a correspondent, signed "AMATOR," requesting I would continue my observations on athletic exercises, such as fencing, wrestling, cricket, back-sword, quoits, &c. if it were in my power to do so. This, Mr. Editor, is well applied, for it is not within my capacity to undertake the Herculean task of this modern Eurystheus. As an admirer of cricket, he should have been present last week at the grand match in Sir John Cope's Park, at Bramshill, between the Marylebone Club (or all England) and Hampshire, where he would have seen the best play England can produce, and, had the weather been more favourable, he would have been much gratified in other ways, by the beauty of the scenery, and the vast assemblage of people—it being reported that, on the Friday, upwards of three thousand persons were present. As, of course, a full account of this grand match, which was won by Hampshire, will be given in the public papers, I shall say no more about it here, than that the bowling of Mr. Budd, and the batting of Lord Frederick Beauclerk, were the admiration of every one; and the activity of body displayed by the latter, shews, in a

striking point of view, how the powers of a man, as well as of a horse, are increased and preserved, by being constantly kept in play, as is the case with his Lordship, who is arrived at that period of life when, with ninety-nine out of an hundred, the muscles become rigid, and all display of such wonderful activity is gone by.

The county of Hants stands pre-eminent in this their favourite pastime; and it astonishes strangers, who travel through it, to see all classes quitting their several occupations to be present at a cricket match—oftentimes to the no small inconvenience to themselves, as well as loss to their employers. Since the last contest, the Hampshire men will claim the championship, for which they are, in some measure, indebted to Sir John Cope, who has a public day in his Park, every Thursday throughout the summer. Sir John is a great admirer of the game, but having had the misfortune to break his thigh a few years since, he is disabled from playing.

On the subject of fencing, I have little to say; but I can recommend to "AMATOR" a very scientific treatise, lately published, called, "The Modern Art of Fencing," translated by J. S. Forsyth, from the French of *Le Sieur Gusman Rolando*, printed for Leigh, in the Strand. This little work is embellished with a great many engravings, in which the human form is displayed in all those elegant attitudes into which the graceful swordsman places it, as well as the complex motions and positions of the body exhibited, with their united power and action, in attack and defence. As an exercise, fencing has been highly extolled, not only, as Lord Chesterfield ob-

serves, as necessary to give a man a graceful carriage, to plant him well on his legs, and to render his motions easy and flexible, but was formerly considered, "a striking mark of distinction in a gentleman." To this we may add, that when swords were worn, fencing was almost a necessary qualification, as it too often happened that, when warm with the Tuscan grape, one gentleman would draw upon another; with very little ceremony. Their weapons being at hand, was, no doubt, an incentive to the use of them; but were two men now to quarrel, in the country, and agree to fight with swords, some time might be lost before a brace of good rapiers could be procured, unless a company of players were in the neighbourhood.

I never saw swords drawn in a room but once; and that was at a dinner given by a volunteer corps on his Majesty's birth-day—a day which ought to have been more especially devoted to mirth, good humour, and peace. A misunderstanding, however, *very late in the evening*, took place between one of the Volunteer Officers, and an Irish Captain of Light Infantry, who was recruiting in the town, and, of course, invited to the mess; and on the Colonel, an old guardsman, seeing them inclined to scratch each other, he called out (prophetic!), "Gentlemen, recollect you have got swords by your sides!" Pat whipped out his in an instant, which, on the Volunteer perceiving was a sabre, he said was no match for his. "Put your sword on the table," said Pat, when he laid his by the side of it. "Now, Sir, take your choice." The Volunteer, however, declined having anything to do with either of them, on which the Colonel got up, and

addressed them in the following words:—"Captain —, return your sword: it belongs to an honourable man. As to you, Sir," addressing himself to his own officer, "quit my regiment to-morrow."

I heard a still better anecdote than this related by the late Col. Sheldon, M. P. for Wilton, of a circumstance that took place when he was a young man, and on his travels on the continent. He was staying at Tours, then much frequented by young gentlemen, who, like himself, went abroad for a finish. Amongst the rest was a Captain Fitzpatrick, a young Hibernian, of good fortune and high animal spirits, and much esteemed in the society in which he moved. Having a dispute one night, in a ball-room, with a Frenchman, Monsieur gave him a pat on his cheek, telling him he, no doubt, understood what he meant. The Captain assured him he did, and immediately left the room. The next day, no tidings were to be heard of him. He had not taken post, nor could his friends find out in what way he had quitted Tours, but he was gone. On the following day, papers were stuck up at the different places he frequented, informing him he could not again be received in the society which he had so disgraced. One month passed away, and the affair was almost forgotten, when, during a grand match at billiards, at which Colonel Sheldon was present, the door opened, and in walked Captain Fitzpatrick; when, going up to the Frenchman, with a thundering stick in his hand, he gave him what he called, "a botherer," in return for the pat on the cheek, and then called on him to draw. No sooner had their blades crossed each other, than the Frenchman was

seen to leap half a yard from the ground, and to fall dead on the spot. "I've killed him, by J—s!" said the Captain: "*My favourite thrust!*" In some countries, this would have been called murder, but here it was only deemed a simple *ranconce*, and little was said about it.

Now, it appeared on investigation of this business, that on the Captain retiring from the ball room, he found that the man who had insulted him was the best swordsman then in France; and conceiving he had taken an unfair and unjustifiable advantage of him, he was bent on revenge. He therefore tied up a clean shirt in a bundle, and set out on foot, that night, for Paris, when, going to the most celebrated fencing master of his day, he told him he would give him an hundred guineas, if he would shut him up in a room in his house, and teach him *one thrust* by which he could kill a very superior swordsman. The Irish gentleman never having taken a sword in hand before, was a month in accomplishing his "*favourite thrust*," but we must all allow, the Frenchman deserved the fate he met with. In the work to which I have just alluded, there is an account of a celebrated duellist in France having killed his fifteen men with his sword.

I am unable to comply with "Amaron's" wish of saying anything on wrestling, or back-sword playing. The latter is a rough game, confined chiefly to the lower orders, as the higher will not risk the loss of an eye, or a nose, for the sake of such amusement. The gaioit, or discus, once, as Homer tells us, was a military game, but, like many others, has degenerated into school-boys' play.

The following letter, just received from Wales, may amuse some of your readers. Grouse-shooting is a noble exercise, not only for the body, but the mind; as the trials of Job must have been trifling to those which an Englishman endures, when shut up for three days in a Welch ale-house, in wet weather, with nothing good to eat or to drink, and nothing but a Welch Bible to read. None but those who have experienced them, have any idea of the rains that fall in those mountainous countries, when the weather is fine in others; but, as an old coachman of my acquaintance was used to say, "it is no wonder that those Welch clouds cannot hold water, when the tops of the hills are always scraping the bottoms of them."

"—, August 16th, 1828.

"We arrived here on Monday night, the 11th inst. in pelting rain, which has continued, almost without intermission, to the present hour. On Tuesday we got out at two, P. M.—got a proper wetting, and bagged three birds. On Wednesday, ditto, with the exception of not *one* dry thread for the last three hours. On Thursday, after dreadful rain all morning, we got out at three, bagged a brace of old cocks, and escaped without much rain, compared with the preceding days. On Friday, we crawled out about twelve, and came back tolerably dry, with two brace. To-day the weather prevented even an attempt, as it rained incessantly till five o'clock. I do not exaggerate, when I tell you, that the street before this door has been a complete river the whole of our stay here. Even the oldest inhabitants of this place say, they never remembered so much wet at this period of the year. About twelve last night

there was a storm, or rather a water spout, which, though it only lasted three or four minutes, had it passed over your farm, instead of this barren spot, would not have left you one ear of wheat standing. Here it did no harm. There are scarcely any grouse—more old birds than young ones—fit to shoot at. The hard winter destroyed thousands. We have seen several skeletons of them on the hills. From what I can learn from every one, it is about the worst season in the recollection of man.—The dog you sent me behaved very ill the first day, better the second, and very well the last. He did not, at first, seem to know what grouse were, and had a particular fancy to dine off Welch mutton. He ran several sheep a long way, but did not kill any, and has now left off the trick, and finds his birds in high style. I am not a little tired of this place, but should have been more so, had there not been two gentlemen staying in the same house. They gave it up to-day, and went home; and if the weather does not soon alter, I shall follow their example.

One thing worthy of remark is, the very small quantity of snipes on the hills this year, which, doubtless, is occasioned by the severity of the last winter; and, likewise, in some places, I observed the *heath* killed, and was told it proceeded from the same cause. We have not seen one hare in our walks. The two gentlemen I have just mentioned, went out two days on their own hills, which used to abound in grouse—the first day, they saw one old bird, and the next not a feather. They had four clever dogs, and slaved not a little.”

So much for grouse shooting for the present year, on hills where I

have seen fifty beas killed in two days, which is reckoned very good sport for Wales. NIMROD.

#### NEW FOREST AND WELSH PONIES AND ASSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine—SIR,

AS old Frank Moore, of almanack notoriety, used to say to our grandesires—“*omnium rerum vicissitudo*”—all things change. It is just so, with regard to our taste in horses and asses. In days of yore, the Western and Welsh ponies were all the rage; in the present, we ride and drive *cobs* and *asses*, as in duty bound, to prevailing fashion.

The demand for New Forest ponies having been much circumscribed of late years, the breed has consequently not been so extensive; though it must not be deemed neglected, since, we apprehend, it never engaged much solicitude, or was conducted on any very knowing plan, chance medley being the style. And if it appear degenerate in form, the cause probably is the great distance of time since *Marst*, the famous racing stallion, was on the forest. Before the worth of that horse was known, by the produce of *Eclipse*, he covered *beath* croppers and poney mares at half-a-guinea; and the forest stock, for a considerable period, bore evident marks of their high-bred progenitor, both in form and qualification. Procreating subsequently among themselves, they have degenerated in form and size, but still retain much of their pristine spirit, and a good share of their speed, in all paces. A friend of the present writer, two or three years since, purchased half a dozen yearlings from the New Forest, at about

three pounds each. The catching them afforded a complete hunt, the little nags crossing and dodging their pursuers, sometimes running between the legs of those on foot, until they were at length pent in a corner, and snared with halters. A selection might yet be made of very valuable ponies, from this breed. The Welsh ponies have degenerated far more than the New Foresters, as their improvement is more distant. Old Merlin, through which, as a racer, the notorious Frampton suffered such heavy disgrace and loss, performed the same service in Wales, as Marsk did afterwards in the New Forest; whence, for a long time, indeed within memory, a good-shaped Welsh nag or poney was styled a true *mountain Merlin*.

The ASS, if not at present in such general use as during the war, is by no means confined to an association with the lower, but has still the honour to be retained in the service of the upper and middle classes. No watering place is without the needful quota of asses. Several accounts have been lately published of the longevity of these animals; and, with fair usage, no doubt, their services might be protracted to a very late period. The author of the *Sportsman's Repository* styles the ass "a problem not easily solved;" since, although the fertile soil of Britain improves and enlarges the size of all other animals of the equine species, it fails to do so with the ass, under the best keep. The animal being a native of the Desert, acquires superior size and form in warm and dry climates. The author above quoted has given a curious chapter on asses, and most particularly on their qualifications, which, compared with our common experience,

certainly exhibits no little of the wonderful. He observes, "the domesticated ass shews a kind of savage fierceness and resolution in defence of her foal. For a certain attribute of the male ass, a chapter of Ezekiel may be consulted." "His sagacity is eminent, and his affections and gratitude warm and lively, when adequately excited." "To conclude on his uses, a whole ass, in abstract or metaphysic, subserves various purposes of literature, logical, metaphorical, and metonymical: in parts, his skin, for example, hard and elastic, serves to give sound to drums, profit and chicanery to lawyers, and a stamp to corrupt governments, through the medium of parchment; and, being well tanned, makes shoes and boots equal in durability to those *well-soaled* ones, with which that most skilful of operators, *Homer* of old, shod his heroes."

I had once the curiosity to inquire of a considerable ass-dealer in Smithfield, as to the travelling speed and qualifications of old Balaam's charger. He said, a capital ass would carry from ten to twelve stone, thirty to forty miles per day, and perform the duty with much safety, as the donkey has a natural aversion to falling. This, though a very fair and sufficient performance, comes far short indeed of the relation of the author of the *Repository*, as follows:—"In the year 1763, we well remember to have seen at Mr. Samuel Taylor's, the then stage-coach master, at Colchester, the ass, which, for the two previous years, successively, had carried the post-boy, with the mail, between that town and the metropolis, a distance of fifty-one miles. He was a common-bred English ass, but of good size. We

have been further informed, authentically or otherwise, that, many years since, an ass was matched to run one hundred miles in twelve hours, over the Round Course, Newmarket; which he performed, incited thereto by a mare going before him, which he had covered the previous day." P. P.

Gentleman's Room, Horse Bazaar.

Mr. E. Longe, of Cranworth, Norfolk, has a donkey, of the great age of forty years.

### FISHING.

IT may not be generally known to the lovers of natural history, that the trout species will prey on the lizard. An instance of this was discovered in a trout, caught by a gentleman, on Friday last, in the lake of Buttermere. The fish weighed a pound and a half, and, when opened, was found to contain a full-grown lizard. They who are fond of the rural diversion of angling, may profit from the hint, by trying the experiment of baiting for trout with animals of the lizard species. — *Whitehaven Gazette*, May, 1823.

We certainly consider the above a solitary instance of a trout taking a lizard; and what renders it more extraordinary, is the small size of the trout. A large trout is a very voracious fish; and as he will gorge a minnow of the largest size, we see no reason why he should refuse the lizard, when it comes in his way. A very small trout will take the large dragon, as also the stonefly, the last of which is an inch long in the body, and of considerable thickness. It is hard to say, therefore, what animal, in the shape of a reptile, would escape the jaws of some of the largest sort of trouts, which we find are met with in the

Irish lakes, weighing between twenty and thirty pounds. Should any of our angling correspondents have met with an instance similar to the above, it is requested he will have the goodness to communicate it to the Editor.

### RURAL DIVERSIONS.

AMUSEMENTS in the country are at all times interesting, and are rendered more than usually agreeable, when accompanied by any decided purposes of utility or advantage. It has fallen within our province to record the annual sports at Kilmerdon, near Bath, in Somersetshire, celebrated in Ammerdown Park, by permission of the Lord of the Manor, on the 7th of July. They consisted chiefly in the exercise of running, leaping, throwing the discus or quoit, and other games of activity. The weather, during the early part of the day, proved unfavourable; but affairs wore a more fortunate aspect soon afterward, and the sun shone in unclouded splendour. Among the number of those who were competitors for the laurel in the race, appeared a young man from Wells, of the name of Bartlett, who, having performed a mile in four minutes and forty-seven seconds, was received with demonstrations of grateful applause, from crowds of well-dressed spectators of both sexes. The prizes adjudged on these occasions, consist in implements of husbandry, articles of dress, and presents in money. We have much pleasure in being able to state, that not a single example of intemperance, of rude or indecent conduct, has marked the celebration of these games, since the period of their institution.

## DISPUTED WAGER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine,  
SIR,

A. and B. intending to fight a main of cocks, C. bets D. that A. wins the main. Now the main being twenty-two battles, and the contending parties getting eleven each, the main is consequently a drawn one. Does C. lose his wager, or are bets void?—The solving this question, through the medium of your Magazine, would oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

\* \* In answer to the above, we do not recollect any case in point, or decision on it to be found in our columns; but we are of opinion, that unless C. betted D. *that A. actually won* the main, to the exclusion of a tie, his bet (as this appears to have been a drawn main) would stand thus:—A bay colt is matched against a grey colt for one hundred guineas. A. bets B. fifty guineas on the bay colt—*i. e.* that the bay colt wins. It proves a dead heat, when all bets are null and void.

## HOW TO PRESERVE GAME.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine,  
SIR,

A Neighbour of mine, who has lately purchased a small estate, on which is some game, and being desirous of increasing it, seeing a fox in the plantation, was determined to catch him: accordingly, he bought two gins at half a guinea each, and set them every night himself. The result was, that he caught seven hares, five rabbits, and a hen pheasant, but no fox. I am happy to say he has laid by his gins, and is determined to let

the poor fox remain quiet until the arrival of the hounds in November.—Yours,

R. H.

N. B. Foxes do not destroy the quantity of hares, partridges, and pheasants, that persons are led to suppose, their favourite food being rabbits, moles, field mice, worms, and black beetles. Although they will even kill a young swan or a wild duck, they will eat neither.

## BETTINGS ON THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

THE following is the present state of the Bettings on the ensuing St. Leger Stake:—

At Tattersall's

August 25, 1823.

- 2 to 1 agst Tinker.
- 8 to 1 agst Rosanne.
- 16 to 1 agst Tancred.
- 10 to 1 agst Claude Lorraine.
- 10 to 1 agst Sherwood.
- 13 to 1 agst Barefoot.
- 16 to 1 agst Palais Royal.
- 25 to 1 agst Comte d'Artois.
- 30 to 1 agst Peirse's f. Lisette.
- 40 to 1 agst Gasenigne's filly.

A thousand to ten was taken many times over, that Tinker wins the Doncaster Leger of this year; and Reformer, the Derby Stakes and Doncaster Leger of next year.

At York, Saturday Aug. 23.

- 7 to 4 agst Mr. Watt's br. c. Tinker, by Tramp.
- 9 to 1 agst Mr. Rogers's bay colt, Tancred.
- 10 to 1 agst Mr. Houldsworth's bay colt, Sherwood.
- 10 to 1 agst Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine.
- 11 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne.
- 14 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's ches. c. Barefoot.
- 16 to 1 agst Lord Foley's filly, Palais Royal.
- 23 to 1 Mr. Riddell's br. colt, Comte d'Artois.
- 25 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Comus, out of Lisette.
- 30 to 1 agst Mr. Armstrong's br. colt, Columbus.



# REJOINDER TO NIMROD BY A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

**F**EW of your readers have received a higher gratification than myself, in the perusal of Nimrod's entertaining and instructive letters. Thence, for his own sake, I regret that he ever published that which is my present theme. It does not at all *curriculize* with his previous specimens and matches. It is a dictionary of quotations, leading to no result, but leaving every controverted topic in a quiescent *status quo ante*—an attempt at the Socratic method of reasoning, in "Ciceronian" language. Well, there is no harm in all this; at least, as far as I am concerned—*humanum est errare* and *VRASCI*.

NIMROD, in his letter, studiously abounds in professions of a real and philosophical impartiality.—They form his exordium, and are encountered in almost every column. Yet (page 201) he says, somewhat angrily, "would it not be better, if, instead of *following me, and snapping at my heels as I proceed*, he were to take fresh ground and try for fresh game?" My reply is, that I apprehend I could not have done better than submit to the judgment of the sporting reader, an opinion on any important point, within my cognizance, whenever such might occur. This could, in no sort, impede my converse to "fresh ground," or the "trial for fresh game." I have not neglected novelty, so far as it has presented, and I trust my general aim has been, utility and improvement. But apprehending him and others to be in an error of considerable magnitude and consequence, in respect to the treatment of hunters,

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I, by no means hastily, took the very road now prescribed by himself, and subjected his favourite plan to a practical examination. This I conceive to be the proper course for those who contribute to a periodical publication, as well as infinitely to its advantage. As to the following and snapping, above quoted, I have not the slightest conscience of such tactics, and of which, I believe, all who know, will acquit me, and acknowledge that no man is more ready to speak out. Far from this, I have had frequent objections to make, on minor points, in Nimrod's letters, but their general excellence arrested my pen, which, I trust, is neither inclined nor trained to petty carping. And, we are perfectly agreed on one particular, as on so many other points—"I have not the slightest intention of entering into any controversial correspondence with him—only to answer his observations."

On the grand point, my opinion remains unmoved. Summer stabling the hunter is neither fair play to the horse, nor advantageous to the animal or his proprietor, whether or not he may have gone to the price of five hundred guineas. The air-bath, the benign atmospheric influence, and the natural, cleansing, and nourishing green herbage, form the true panacea for the hunting horse, exposed, throughout the winter, to the severest and most racking labour, and constantly confined, when not in work, to the dense and morbid air of a stable—generally, even tied up to the manger, an old-fashioned and benumbing practice, which ought to give way universally, with hunters in particular, to the loose stable or box. But NIMROD had, assuredly, no warrant for bringing me in, as

H H

an opponent, to "keeping hunters at hard meat in the summer," a plan to which I never objected, and which I should prefer, in particular, with delicate or weakened horses. It has been the custom with many to allow their horses, whilst at grass in the summer season, two feeds of corn per day. If a spring run at grass be not the highest possible gratification to the horse, and he intuitively knows his own good, those with which Nimrod and I have been acquainted, must be of different species, and diametrically opposite character. The horse's desire to avoid the flies is equally natural, and that, derived from such circumstance, is a fly-away argument truly. But my last communication, and the many times, in the course of years, which I have agitated this subject, leave me neither the necessity nor the title to expatiate here. It is a controversy somewhat venerable for its antiquity, in which I long since made up my mind, on real and experimental grounds. As to the present state of the case, from the best inquiries in my power to make, the affair stands much as it did half a century past. The majority give their hunters a spring run at grass; the minority, whom one of my Mekonian informants styles the "Martinets of the chase," keep theirs in the stable, and, like their turf brethren, have a strong propensity to over-training. And truly, the latter, compared with the former,

*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*

As to the riders of rough hunters, a plan ancient enough indeed, but the men never more numerous, perhaps, in England, than a quorum of three, any one who should write its history, could he put it

in verse, might present us with another Homer in a nutshell. It would seem, by the averments of page 209, that Nimrod has never hunted a hilly and flinty country; and also, that we may the less wonder at his low estimation of a run at spring grass, since a flesh-wound in the hunter's leg, is all the mischief he apprehends. Such a trifling mischance, indeed, may be easily remedied in the mode he recommends; but, we are not thence to predicate, or expect equal success, with those inevitable internal injuries to which the hunter, and especially when carrying high weights, is exposed, beyond all other horses; and which, if not to be remedied or palliated abroad, will assuredly never find cure or palliation in the stable. Nimrod's power of discrimination (198) must have been taking its afternoon's nap, when he assumes that, because I had decried the use of a winter's run, I was necessarily bound to a similar decision with regard to a run in the spring.

I hope mine own great uncle will not alarm me, for, I sit alone and late, before the cock shall crow, by appearing and demanding—"Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" I introduced him and his dad, in very few words, dispatching them quickly off the stage, merely to shew that I had oral and practical testimony for that which I had advanced. They were both mighty hunters before the lord, and the eldest (from his age) might have flourished and hunted some years before the commencement of the civil wars in the reign of Charles the First. Now, of all writers, Nimrod should not have pulled me up, on the score of this trifling piece of garrulity—he, who has so well, and sometimes at sufficient

length, replenished his letters with wha, both old and new, with colloquies between hunters of every rank, huntsmen, whippers-in and whippers-out, horses and dogs, what not? I freely acknowledge, however, much to my amusement, and I doubt not also, that of other readers of the Magazine.

If NIMROD be equally well informed on the old system of hunting, as he is practical and experienced on the new, I can only say that he has not hitherto demonstrated so much. That the *costume* should vary, and improvements be made; in the course of so many years, has nothing admirable about it: it may be admired, however, and that admiration will reflect honour on the capacity of the old trainers, both for the turf and field, that we moderns, with all our boasted superiority, have added little or nothing, in principles or essentials, to the original system. I have before and repeatedly shewn, on the authority of the writers of those days, that thorough-bred hunters were in use two centuries ago; for the native horse was then adapted rather to the plough, the cart, and the troop, and a good mixed breed had not been established. Those early hunters, too, had their "bell courses" and steeple chases, and were just as mad for converting the field into a race course, as the most high-blooded Meltonian of the present day. A relinquishment of the old superfluous mode of dieting the horse, some abatement in the severity of training, and the admission of air into the stables, are our chief modern improvements. These were in use forty years ago, when there was as good training practised, as at the present moment. The few practical men who have reflected on the subject, agree un-

reservedly, that an abatement in the severity of training the racer, is yet a desideratum. On this head, I ventured to publish my opinions, specifically, long since; and had the satisfaction, subsequently, in one striking case of a horse, now in repute as a stallion, to save his proprietor five hundred, probably a thousand guineas, to his entire conviction.

On pagilism, the ancient sober pace of our stage-coach horses, and the so be-praised and lamented old English hunter, NIMROD, to use his own phrase, is "following at my heels," for I descanted on those topics, on which indeed we agree, in all probability, before he was on horseback. I have travelled with the sets of plug-tailed blacks, at the rate of five miles per hour, and listened to the "jee-whoo-it with loper, loper!" sufficiently often. It is not the object of my critic, it appears (p. 194), "to prove me wrong, but to prove that he is right." This is the very quaintessence, trebly refined, of dialectics. To associate and class birds of a feather, I here introduce the notable sentiment (p. 184, in another letter), that "cruel sports do not make cruel people"—a solecism of no inferior character, and perfectly adapted to the state of intellect and feeling of those who broached it. Bipeds, then, exclusively, have a claim to compassion. There are three questions, in which the intellect of a majority of the most enlightened men, has ever been and still remains in a *quandary*, and this is one. Oh! compassion to dumb animals—aye, aye, aye, and Scripture quoted upon it! But, this compassion must never trench upon our dearer interests, our usages, or our gratifications, however irrational and indefensible. It must not interfere with

*hasting*, for the delight and improvement of the lower classes, with speed in conveyance over the roads, or with excess and heart-breaking in the field. The progress of a sprig of royalty, or of the messenger of good news, would miss its due and accustomed portion of *eclat*, unless half a dozen post horses were left heart-broken and dead upon the road. As a climax, philosophers of this accommodating stamp, will be found to counsel (I have retained the sense, if not the very words) thus—"Let us not trouble ourselves with the attempt to effect impracticable reforms."

Having already quoted from another letter of NIMROD, I here repeat it, for the sake of joining in his commendation of our excellent turf-friend, OBSERVATOR. I have been a reader of the *Sporting Magazine* from its commencement, and an occasional correspondent (merely such) during thirty-one years, in all which period, I have never yet met in these pages, communications, in their line, more agreeable or more satisfactory than those of OBSERVATOR. Why, with his apt, correct, and amusing descriptions, he franks me to Newmarket every Meeting — no slight advantage, hedge, I should say, let me tell you, Sir, to an old fellow, *aurum tenus*, up to his ears constantly, in one muddle or other, and debarred, too often against his will, of the benefit of locomotion. OBSERVATOR's note of a false trial, reminded me of what I had lately heard from Sir Charles Bunbury, and other gentlemen trainers, that they had entirely given up the practice, having been so often deceived by trials.

As to a hack going near the ground and yet going safe, I cer-

tainly did not suppose the knowledge of such a fact confined to NIMROD and myself; but I have, through life, noticed a general suspicion, among horsemen, of the safety of such goers. I dwelt on this point more particularly, as NIMROD did not appear to have noticed the disadvantage these horses lie under, by night, from their low action. The reason why "I produced on old mare of mine," on the present, and have so done on various occasions, in preference to others which I could have adduced, is, because on this, she was the most apt illustration within my view; and on others, because she stood in a similar light, as a trial mare for trotters, and as having had her lost sight restored by successful remedies. After all, it is no superfluous or sickly caution, for a man to be aware of a hackney which goes near to the ground, and more especially by night, and on rough roads. I have had plenty of examples. I certainly never doubted the power of the rider to support his horse, in case of a false step, having actually and palpably so done in such numberless instances; but had NIMROD been going in Bakewell's day, he would have found little success in ridiculing that extraordinary character. He must be well aware of the currency given by authority, to the most extravagant and absurd speculations; and it is a fact, that numbers adopted Bakewell's idea, and we often heard of the reins being thrown upon the horse's neck, on all sorts of roads, in order to keep him upon his legs. As to driving gig-mares, the rising and setting of which fashion I watched, it would have been very uncivil in them to kick against fashion, and equally unpolite in their

drivers, to be sensible of it. Pride and custom feel no pain.

NIMROD says, that "I insist a horse cast in my mould, must be a good hack." Such a statement is not liberal. I said no such thing. I described the useful points of a hack or hunter, intending, certainly, to warrant their general utility. If NIMROD mistook a fine horse for a good one, and gave a high price, all I can say is, he is not the first who has made that mistake, nor will he be the last. The Noble Lord plainly beat him for the run-in: did his Lordship belong to the Jockey Club? The expressions of contempt bestowed on the unfortunate nag, on account of his bodily infirmities, are worse than superfluous, since, according to the senseless practice of the world, they are the harbingers of unmerited cruel usage. Respecting the position of the fore feet, no candid man will construe me in the extreme.

That Lady Bunbury's favourite mare, Eleanor, should be ridden hackney, need excite no wonder, since she had trained off, indeed lost all her running, and moreover had missed the horse. That she stood no higher than in the third class as a racer, is an opinion I shall not retract. A racer is not to be judged finally, by comparison with those of his day he may chance to have beaten, and which may not rank high in general qualification: he must be compared with predecessors which have been so classed. Few of our old jockies, I apprehend, would be induced to believe that Eleanor could have run a mile, or gone over the course with Hamiltonian or Fergus; that either of those could have run the B. C. successfully against Goldfinder or Highflyer; or that these last could

have done the same with Eclipse. By the by, we may lug in Goldfinder here, and neither *malapropos* nor unusefully. It was determined he should meet that far-famed kill-devil Eclipse. He had not run for a very considerable time, having won a number of prizes, either by forfeit, or walking over the course, and previously often winning with ease, and in a high form. Thus, he ought to have been in the best condition. But the idea of his starting against Eclipse, in all probability, insured him a double dose of training, under which he was run to a stand-still, and actually broke down the day before the race. Thus, however, he may have avoided the disgrace of being distanced—beaten he must have been. I saw him a few years afterwards, and piously wished his trainer at the devil, for having deprived us of so fine an experiment. Hereabouts, too, permit me to correct a trifling error in Pick's "Turf Register." Sir John Lade's grey horse Medley, was not got by Goldfinder, but by Gimcrack. I have some reason to remember him; for, standing imprudently behind him, whilst rubbing down on the course, he threw out his hinder legs, and missed me, otherwise he would surely "have dashed my brains, if any, out." I revive this old-womanism as cautionary, since the stable-boys of that day took an absurd delight in teaching the racers to throw out. The year before, I had a similar chance at Brentwood, with Shute's King Priam, whilst walking without suspicion along the stable.

His Most Christian Majesty, whilst politically unhorsed, had more taste than to ride "a high-trotting Norfolk brute." His Norfolk nag, which I saw, had a good

hunting-like figure and good action, trotting or galloping. I have before, more than once, pointed out the two distinct classes of Norfolk trotters. Many of the superior class shrew blood and fashion, and their rarest defect is too lofty action.

On the affair of the old racers, I am thankful to NIMROD, for bestowing upon my hobby-horse a few lashes, granting he deserved it; and I request a similar favour, in future, from him, or any of your correspondents. He is, perhaps, most likely to be correct in such a case: with respect to myself, I am not conscious of having introduced either old times or old horses, without the legitimate motive of comparison and utility. Keeping us in mind, now and then, of those paragons, Eclipse and Childers, may excite our emulation, and restrain our present-day vanity. Pursuing the analogy of NIMROD's law, Homer and Virgil may, in good time, be laid upon the shelf, with an interdiction of further mention or quotation, which must then be restricted to Scott, Byron, Moore, Alaric Watts, Barry Cornwall, and Co. I conceive we should soon be calling out for the illustrious ancients, as trial horses. As to the horses, and the racing, of days past, the subject ought not, cannot be slighted, for the most obvious reasons, and beyond a doubt, it is appropriate to the aged, who alone can write from personal knowledge. Nothing can be more true or *pat*, than the assertion of NIMROD, that "sportsmen are not antiquarians." They have actually demonstrated so much, in the errors they have committed, and the many times in which they have been bubbled, for want of a little antiquarian lore. There is a gratification, not without its

merit, in mere curiosity. To pass over the total neglect and loss of the portraits of old racers, at the coffee-house at Newmarket, there have been men, within my days, who had attained the middle age, before Frampton's affair happened; and many who must have seen the three horses named Childers, and the Devonshire Childers in his exercise and in his running. Though fond of horses, as I now am, I was too young at fifteen, to make inquiries, and take notes. NIMROD should be informed that there exists a large party, either of sportsmen, or persons fond of the turf; who are extremely attached to the horses of the Eclipse and Highflyer era; and certain of these have gone far more at large, on the subject of those horses, in the Magazine, than I ever did. As to accounts of passing events in the sporting line, our daily papers, magazines, calendars, horse repositories, and sporting houses, surely afford us enough, and to satiety; and thence, an occasional recurrence to times past, may prove a relief. Tales of old times may assume the garb of novelty, and we may profit by the "*auld lang sene*."

In the comparison of Hamiltonian with Flying Childers, several items of no small import seem to be without the view of NIMROD. In the first place, the speed, exclusively, of Childers, has been the general sporting theme, though no man could question the stoutness of a horse, which, at ten stone, beat the previously best racer of the day, in a six-mile match. High weights, both in trials and races, were formerly more in vogue than at present, and it is not known how much weight Childers carried in his race, or trial, over the B. C. in seven minutes and half. In his

trial against Almanzor, he carried nine stone two pounds, and ran the Round Course at Newmarket, three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds. Being in his day so celebrated, and so repeatedly timed, no doubt that process was premeditated, accurately performed, and the result noted, a transcript of which we have had in printed sporting annals, during nearly a century. To speak from memory, Hamiltonian carried either eight stone, or eight stone seven pounds; but if the latter, there can be little doubt that Childers carried the usual heavier weight, and it has been said, but never proved, that seven pounds will make the difference of a distance, to a horse running four miles. In fine, it is a material consideration, whether the timing of Hamiltonian were premeditated and regular, as some few have been; or merely that, on the conclusion of the race, some person declared he had timed it, that it was so and so, and in that way passed with the crowd, and got into circulation in print. Thus Eclipse was said to have run the four miles at York in eight minutes, with twelve stone on his back. For such timing, which I have witnessed, I would not give a rush. To find a match for Eclipse, our sporting hypercritic is indeed at fault. On inquiry, formerly, I never could find that Eclipse not racing until five years old, was other than accidental. The experiment, however, had been made with one or two favourites, but without any extraordinary results.

The general tenor of NIMROD's replication, has one merit of no inconsiderable bore—it is not courtly. His requisition to have his hobby-horse preserved sacred from other

man's riding or disputations, with an *inquit* for a monopoly of the subject, is each and altogether, most convenient. A curious plan truly, in a periodical publication, to have an Asiatic division of literary caste! You take your department, I mind, and no man to interlope, far less to investigate another man's pretensions or opinions. But disputation, the *carle* and *tierra* of the intellect, ridicule, variety, form the very life and soul of a periodical, which, aiming at independance of those, would soon become a mere chip-in-porridge, a *hachis* without sauce or seasoning, a draught of vapid small beer, insipid as the customary laud of gracious Kings, or the praise of pious Queens. For myself, whatever I publish, it is one of my first wishes to see it investigated, sifted to the very dregs. Far from being displeased, I esteem myself honoured by the notice of my critics. Should they be wrong, I am right; if otherwise, I am still the party benefited. My acknowledgments are due to my antagonist for the respect which he expresses for my age; but I challenge no respect, save that which I may be deemed to merit, other men being the judges. Custom solely, not need of argument, has exacted from me this rejoinder; and here endeth the last chapter of the present controversy between NIMROD and

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

## CONDITION OF HUNTERS.

(Continued from page 36.)

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Resume my remarks on the condition of hunters, as the period is fast approaching when they will be called into action.

From the experience of graziers and butchers, as well as by the reports of the meat markets, we find, that the present summer—if "summer" it can be termed—has been particularly unfavourable to the beasts of the field, and, consequently, to those hunters which have been managed under the old, and perhaps, too common, system, of a three months' run at grass; and, as I before observed, as there is nothing like *proof*, when writing on such subjects, I satisfied myself of the truth of what I have asserted in the following manner:—Knowing that a neighbour of mine had his hunters out, as usual, I rode to his house to see them; and wishing to put matters to the test, previous to sitting down to write, and not wishing to amuse your readers with suppositions and doubts, I took a horse of my own with me that had been summered—if I may use such a word—nearly, though not exactly, according to the method I have recommended, and I will state the result, in detail. My horse had had two doses of physic since the last season, was not turned out till the first week in June, and then only at night, on a third year's lea, which had been closely fed down in the spring. During the bad weather, he lay in at night, and was turned out at four in the morning;—taken up at ten A. M. and out again at five in the evening till nine, when he was housed for the night. When only out at night, he had a small portion of hay in the middle of the day, and two feeds of oats, to which were added, as the weather was cold, during the rest of the time he was out, a double handful of beans, not split, in each feed. When in the stable, by day, he was exposed to great circulation of air,

as the casements were taken out of the windows, and the door open. My neighbour's horses—seven in number—had been turned out as soon as hunting was over, into a field of eight acres of tolerably good land, always used for the purpose, with plenty of shade and water, and had had no physic since the commencement of the last season. Himself and his groom entered the field with me, and I was much struck with the sad appearance of the horses. The "*qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo*," might have been aptly applied here. There were two grey horses in the field, but there was very little white about them. The black horse was any thing but black; the chesnut, a kind of dun; and the bay horses presented a kind of sickly compound of red and yellow, which it is not in my power to define. There was no reflection of the solar rays on their skins, and they had altogether a miserable appearance. Three out of the seven had coughs, their crests were low, their bellies large, and their action feeble.

On my remarking to the owner of these horses, how ill they looked, he observed, that they did very well in that field last year, and that they came up, in what he called "very good condition."—"That is very possible," said I, "because last summer was one of an hundred. The grass was roasted till it resembled hay, but now your horses are starved."—"How can that be," replied my friend, "when there is so much grass?"—"That there is grass," replied I, "I admit—that is to say, in places, under the shade of trees and in wet spots, which they will eat, as you or I would eat a dog or a cat, when starving; but they



would as soon eat the fungus that grows amongst it, as touch it now, and where the feed is sweet, you perceive they have gnawed it, until there is no bite left to support so large an animal as a horse, and particularly one, whose appetite was, a short time since, satiated with high keep." I now remarked to him the difference between my horse, and any one of his seven. The coat of my horse was of its original colour, and lay close to his back: he was full of vigour and strength, rather fatter than I wished to see him; but dirty as he was—having been only taken up the day before (the 10th of July)—we could see a gloss down his quarters and shoulders, and his flesh was as firm as if he had been in work. He had no cough, but appeared in *perfect* health; and, by way of experiment, I rode him rather fast for about a mile and a half, on my road home, to see whether he would perspire quickly, which he did not, though full of glee, and eager to get home, and, as it happened on that day, under a hot mid-day sun.

Now let us contrast, if they can be contrasted, the advantages and disadvantages of these two plans, and balance the account between them. It is true that my neighbour's horses will have cost nothing but the value of about an acre of ground to each horse, from the period of their being turned out, until they are taken into the stable again; and mine, supposing him to have consumed his acre of grass, and to have had his two feeds of corn a-day, since the time the others were deprived of it, will have cost, in addition, 144 quarters, or nine bushels of oats, and about one and a half of beans, the expence of which does not amount to more than two pounds. Now we

will suppose, for the sake of argument, that necessity required that either one of my friend's horses, or my own, were to have been exposed for sale in a week from the time the comparison was made. What, may I ask, would have been the result? Why, I will venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that as two gentle sweats and some good wispings would have made my horse look nearly as well as when in work, he would have produced an addition of twenty-five per cent. on his value, beyond that of my neighbour's; and therefore, supposing them to be each worth 100*l.* when in condition, he would have paid 25*l.* for having eaten a twelfth part of that value in corn.

We may look at it in another light. If the condition of my horse, by the superior firmness of his flesh, and his increased vigour, be so much better in the month of July or August, how much better still must it be in the month of November, when he will be called upon to follow hounds—particularly so, when in the interval he has to go through that wonderful process of nature, the change of his natural covering, or coat, which so visibly affects him! Were a man told that he must write a book, or build a house, in three months, would he do either so well as if he had a longer period allowed him to arrange and consider the subject for the one, or to select and season the materials for the other? This applies still more powerfully to the horse, inasmuch as all operations of nature require a stated time.

As I was returning home from inspecting my neighbour's hunters, I was amused, as well as instructed, by the following conversation, which took place between one of his tenants (a farmer), and my-

self:—"Mr. —'s horses," said I, "look badly." "Why, yes," said the farmer, "I told the 'Squire so some time back; but I don't hold with the way in which some of you gentlemen keep your hunters. You keep them in a warm stable, full of good corn, for eight months in the year, and then turn them out to shift for themselves, the other four. Now," added he, "this is not the way I like to keep my cart horses. I like to keep them pretty well all the year around, for if they are kept *up and down* (verbatim), there is sure to be something the matter with them—grease, or some humours." These were precisely his words, and I registered them, carefully, in my recollection; for nothing can be more true, than that the greatest evils arise to horses from subjecting them to extremes of food, as also of heat and cold. Philosophers tell us, that if this globe were to experience, in the space of one year, the heat of the torrid, and the cold of the frigid zones—which it, undoubtedly, would do, were the elliptic to make an angle of twenty degrees more than it does with the equinoctial line—three parts of it would be uninhabitable, as *neither plant nor animal could sustain the two extremes!* With reference, then, to the unnatural condition of horses, and the unnatural purposes to which we apply them, the more consideration I give to the subject, and the more my experience teaches me, the more I am convinced, that with few exceptions, the stable is the place for hunters, and that subjecting them to sudden changes of diet, and to the vicissitudes of this uncertain climate, is productive of, or, at least, the predisposing cause of, nine-tenths of the diseases and evils (to

say nothing of accidents) which happen to them; and were I to be told that I were to receive a good annuity, subject to the life of a horse, I would keep him in the stable all the year, as the most likely means, with proper exercise and grooming, of preserving him to a good old age. I have been more confirmed in this opinion by conversation I have had, at different times, with officers of dragoon regiments, on the numerous diseases—glanders in particular—to which troop horses are liable, and I have generally found them to proceed from the following causes—namely, bad grooming, want of physic, to their only being what may be termed "half in condition," and under all these unfavourable circumstances, to their being exposed to the vicissitudes of weather, and sudden transitions from heat to cold, and from cold to heat. In perusing a treatise on glanders, written, very ably, by a Mr. Smith, late Veterinary Surgeon to the 2nd Dragoon Guards, I was forcibly struck with the propriety and truth of the following remark:—"How the animal economy," says he, "is affected by such alterations of temperature and constitution of the atmosphere will readily appear, if we consider that all animals have a standard of heat, which is necessary to be maintained for the preservation of health: of course, all deviations from this standard must affect the system, *according to the degree or duration of its application*; and as they have a power of resisting every thing that has a tendency either to augment or impair this common standard, when the animal is placed in a degree of heat above it, the power of generating cold will be excited to preserve the natural temperature

of the body; and when exposed to a degree of cold below the natural standard, the power of generating heat will be excited to maintain the natural temperature of heat. Therefore, when the animal is placed under such circumstances, the constitution has two powers to contend with, which, though salutary and refreshing, when duly proportioned, yet, when carried to excess, threaten its dissolution. Although it may be more fatiguing to the constitution to oppose heat than cold, yet, *when exhausted by its influence*, it is more susceptible to the impressions of cold; and when enfeebled by any cause, as disease, labour, &c. is more liable to be injured by the alternate influence of either. Therefore," he adds, "when horses stand exposed to the influence of the sun throughout the day, the action of the heart and arteries is increased, and the blood forced to the extremities with great velocity, the minute vessels are distended, and their power so much exhausted, that when the air becomes cold and dense in the evening, their functions are either suspended or destroyed." "Hence," says Mr. Smith, "arises the first stage of glanders, which disease, for once that it is produced by infection, is," he thinks, "ninety-nine times to be attributed to sudden transitions from heat to cold."

Now, although, fortunately for those who turn out their hunters, they are generally taken up again before the most trying period to the constitution arrives—namely, August or September, when hot days are succeeded by chilling fogs at

night—yet I think we may venture to assume, that those horses, as I before observed, must be foaled for the purpose, and made of more than common materials, which, after three or four runs with the OLD SPORTSMAN's harriers—"every one of which would make the tail shake of any hunter taken out of the stable of Melton Mowbray"—could submit, with impunity, to having their saddles and bridles taken off *as soon as they come home*, and turned out into a field to roll themselves, as he tells us, in the dirt, and fill their empty and debilitated stomachs with cold spring water! As the OLD SPORTSMAN's horses go through this ceremony three times a week, the sporting world would feel obliged to him if he would inform them what stallions he breeds from, or whence he gets such good constituted horses.\*

One of your correspondents asks me, why I would send hunters naked into the field to meet hounds, yet send them clothed to exercise? My answer is, that the object of exercise is to open the pores of the body, and often to cause considerable perspiration; if, then, by putting clothes upon a horse it can be attained, with less expence to his legs than if he were naked, a great point is gained; for, generally speaking, most horses' constitutions would wear out two sets of legs. When mere walking exercise is desirable, and particularly after severe work the day before, when the powers of the animal are exhausted by fatigue, I have given better authority than my own why he should not be exposed

\* "One great source of disease in horses is the improper treatment of them, after they have been heated by exercise and hard labour. For though they come in covered with sweat, they are often exposed to the cold air uncovered, while their legs and thighs are washed with cold water, and not unfrequently they are allowed to drink freely of cold water. Hence arise inflammation of the lungs, bowels, or other internal parts, colds, chills," &c. &c.—See *White Vet. Dict.* p. 190.

to a sudden transition from his warm stable to the cold air without such a precaution. In one of my former letters on this subject, I gave a reason why horses do not catch cold when ridden out naked with hounds.

Although "among a multitude of proofs, one does the business," and one would satisfy me as well as an hundred, yet, having others to convince, I thought I would submit the propriety of turning hunters out to grass for the summer to one more test; so, the morning after I had seen my neighbour's horses, I got upon my hack, and rode to a park some miles distant, where I knew some hunters were turned out, and where they were charged five shillings a week for their keep, from the superior character of the pasture. Had I entertained any doubts, however trifling, on the disadvantages of a summer's run, my visit to this park would have dissipated them all: but I had, here, a particularly favourable opportunity of selecting one subject, out of several that I met with, either of which would have been sufficient, with which to illustrate the solidity of my argument; and this was, a chesnut mare, the property of a gentleman, who had sent her twenty miles to run in this park. Now it so happened, that, as I was riding along the turnpike road, the second week in May, I met this mare on her road to this park. Having ridden in the same race with her, for some hunter's stakes, about three weeks before, I had observed that she was looking remarkably blooming and well, and when I met her in the road, she was but little altered in her condition. Her crest was up, her muscles hard, her legs quite in place, her eye was lively, and her skin was beautiful.

When I saw the same mare in the park, *only nine weeks after I had seen her on her road thither*, I knew her, undoubtedly, because I expected to find her, but had I met her anywhere else, I certainly should not have taken her for the same animal. Her crest was gone, her carcase was swollen, her eye was dull, her action was languid, and her colour, from having been an excellent chesnut, was become (for I can compare it to nothing else) like that of half-baked gingerbread, without the smallest gloss on her coat, which lay hollow on her back, and, to sum up all, she looked as if she were rotten.

Now it is by no means my intention to imply that this mare is rotten, but I only wish to enforce the striking contrast between her former and present appearance; but of this, however, I will not only pledge my existence, but, what would be worse than the loss of life, I will consent to be condemned to live upon horse-flesh the rest of my days, if this mare, by any skill of her groom, by any art, save that of magic, *can be reinstated in the condition in which she was when I met her in the road, until hunting is over the ensuing season*. I should here observe, that the rest of the horses in this park looked equally as bad as the mare I have been speaking of.

In my rides about the country, in the month of May this year, I met two other hunters on their road to grass, for the summer. I asked the servant who was leading them, whither he was taking them? He answered, to a tenant of his master's, who always summered them for him in his meadows. "Is it not a pity," said I, "to turn them out now they are in such fine condition, and their legs appear so good?" "Oh, no," said

the man, "it will do them a deal of good." "Are *you* quite well in health?" said I. Not knowing the drift of my question, John smiled, but made no reply. "Have you any bodily complaint?" "None, Sir," was his reply. "Would you wish to be better than you are?" He said he should not. "Then," replied I, "you should have persuaded your master to have kept his horses at home, which would have saved you and him a great deal of trouble, between this and Christmas."

In corroboration of the hard-meat system, I was particularly struck with an observation of the Earl of Darlington, respecting the horses of some officers of a light dragoon regiment, who hunted with his hounds in the Raby country. "I know not how it is," said his Lordship, "but no expence or trouble is spared with my hunters, and my stables are excellent; but none of them look like these officers' horses." Now, as far as my experience has led me, I have never had reason to think that officers' horses in general were well groomed. On the contrary, their being called upon at all hours, and the almost constant access to barrack stables, must be much against them; but these minor evils are light in the scale against a long continuance of good hard meat, and pretty regular exercise.

If we convince a man against his will, we are told that we do nothing, for he immediately relapses to his former opinions. This reminds me of a passage in Cicero, when writing on the immortality of the soul:—"I know not how it is," says he, "but when I read I assent; but when I put away the book, and begin to think on the subject, all that assent vanishes."

So much for the effect of prejudice in a mind so highly cultivated as his! How, then, can we wonder at its taking still stronger hold on many of us less favoured mortals? Cicero, however, could not satisfy himself by experiment; but we can; and let me conclude this part of my subject with the exhortation to every sportsman who rides hard, and wishes to be carried well over a country, never to let his horses get out of, what is called, "good hard meat"—the only groundwork of condition. It may be asked, would I work them in the summer? Certainly not; but of the two extremes, I have no hesitation in saying, that gentle work, with corn, is better for a hunter than no work without corn, for reasons which I have before shewn.

Having mentioned in a former letter on this subject, that I should have something more to say on physic, I conceive the present to be the most proper time for communicating it, as its operation is generally resorted to at this period of the year. It is true, that in strengthening and augmenting the capacities of the body, beyond their ordinary powers, whether in a man, or a horse, the evacuating process is always had recourse to; but, before we apply our theory, we should be acquainted with the constitution of the subject to be operated upon—neither must we lose sight of local circumstances and exceptions.

I was once flogged at school for making a rule absolute when it was not so, and I have never forgotten the lesson. Notwithstanding this, I am one of those who, for some years of my life, submitted to the practice of my groom to give my horses three doses of physic, in succession, at the commencement

of their being, what is called, "got into condition for work;" and, I am almost ashamed to add, that without taking the trouble to give it a moment's consideration, I was led to join with him in his creed that less would not do, *for the two first stirred up the humours, and the last carried them off!* My better judgment at length convinced me that this practice was an erroneous one; often productive of serious mischief, and by no means to be made general. Common sense might, at first, dictate to us in these words—"If your horse be well, why physic him at all?" Experience, however, has proved to us, that to guard against the preternatural excitement produced by high keep and strong work, a sort of periodical evacuation of the system, by the bowels, is necessary, to preserve the health, if not the life, of a horse, as repletion would be, almost invariably, the consequence; but why these three doses are to be hurried, indiscriminately, through *every* horse that is to be prepared for hunting, in the month of July, or August, I have yet to learn; and what led me to a serious and rational consideration of this subject, so as to doubt the propriety of the practice was, first, the reason my groom generally gave me for it; and, secondly, its effect upon my horses.

As for my groom's reasons for these three doses in a fortnight, the only effect they had upon me, when I took the trouble to consider them, was to make me smile at their absurdity, and to banish them from my mind with the contempt they merited. The *effect*, however, of these three doses of strong physic, afforded a salutary hint, which I did not so soon lose sight of. At

the expiration of the third dose, I always found a urine ball, or, perhaps, two, were to be given, to get rid of a fulness of the legs, which was said to be always produced by physic. "Indeed, then," said I, "are the means to which we resort to strengthen the nervous system, and to prepare it for severe exertion, productive of a contrary effect! Are we bringing on debility, of which swelling of the legs is the most infallible proof, by means intended to produce the opposite effect! Something must be wrong here, and we must endeavour to alter it."

The effect of medicine on horses is only very lately thoroughly understood; and when we look back into old writers on farriery, we are as much astonished that more horses were not killed by some of their cathartic drenches, as that any of them were cured by some of their absurd nostrums. There is an admirable hit at these ignoramuses in Bucklaw's recipe for a strain, in the "*Tales of my Landlord*." "Take," says he, "a fat sucking mastiff, flay and bowel him, stuff him full of black and grey snails, roast a reasonable time, and baste with oil of spikenard, saffron, cinnamon, and honey, anoint with the dripping, working it in." After all, there is no great exaggeration in this. A relation of mine—a clergyman, educated at Eton and Oxford—stood by and saw a country farrier give three pounds of shot and two ounces of gunpowder in a pint of milk, to a mare of his labouring under violent inflammation of the lungs, with great difficulty of breathing. About five minutes after she had taken it, she staggered a few paces, and fell dead on the spot. My friend being a prudent man, I remonstrated with him on the impropriety of wasting

so much powder and shot, as the twentieth part of the dose, in a more compressed form, would have produced more speedy relief. To return to my subject. At the period to which I allude, when I first directed my attention to the operation and effect of physic, I had a horse, to which I have before alluded, and which, as never having been what could be called a perfectly sound horse, but having stood fifteen years in my stable, with the exception of one winter's run, a model of condition, has been a sort of landmark to me in directing the operations of my stable. This horse was in the habit of taking ten drachms of Barbadoes aloes, and one drachm of calomel, in his three doses, in succession, and which appeared barely sufficient to produce the desired effect. Now I have good reason to believe that this horse had been in the habit of taking his ten drachms of aloes, and his one drachm of calomel, from the time he came out of training at five years old, and therefore less would not do; but, for some years before he died, he received all the benefit that could be derived from physic, by what I conceive to be not more than half the dose—namely, seven drachms of Barbadoes aloes, and no calomel. This alteration was effected by a better method of administering it. His bowels were relaxed the two preceding days by, at least, half a dozen *loose* bran mashes: he was kept *very short* of hay during this time, and set upon the muzzle at night; and he had a considerable portion of exercise on the day on which he took the ball, with as much tepid water as he would drink, before he felt nausea from the ball. Thus was the same effect produced from a much less powerful, and—as must be the

case where drastic medicines are concerned—also from a much less dangerous cause, and the constitution relieved from the powerful impression of mercury. The practice of physicking horses in this mild and rational manner, is now so well understood, that it is nearly disarmed of all apprehension of danger, which formerly attended it. Amongst the improvements, boiling the aloes is a material one, much of the irritating nature of the drug being got rid of by that means. This, we must allow, is a great point gained, and no small consolation to those who have valuable studs of hunters, and race horses, who so frequently have to go through this unnatural process.

When necessary, I am a great advocate for mercurial physic; but considerable caution is necessary during its operation, from the subtle nature of the drug. Though I have administered it very frequently, I never found any bad consequences to ensue, with proper care and attention; but I have known several instances of horses being lost from its effects, through careless and unskilful management. It is the property of mercury to stimulate the whole secreting system more equably than any other medicine that we know of; and it is the only remedy to be depended upon to thoroughly cleanse and change a foul habit of body to a healthy one, by exciting action in the glands, and giving increased energy to the absorbents; but, if given in too large quantities, it weakens and exhausts by its too powerful impression. In the hands of a groom, it is not always to be trusted; but in all cases of chronic cough, great disposition to foulness, farcy-humours or ulcers, and worms, it is, when judiciously ap-

plied, a safe, and the only effectual medicine. I confess I was once rather surprised to see some thorough-bred colts, belonging to a friend of mine, exposed to heavy rain, with a dose of mercurial physic, then in operation; but it was under the direction of a very eminent veterinary surgeon, who ordered it, and who said he would bear them harmless. The only way of guarding against cold, is to be superior to its influence, which I conclude was the case with these colts, running in a state of nature.

One of the advantages of the hard-meat system in the summer is the forward state in which we find a horse on the first day of August; and I name that day, because on or about that time, hunters which have been altogether out for the summer, are generally taken up. Instead of being that dropsical-looking animal, out of all form and shape, that a horse from grass is, he wants nothing but a sweat or two to put him, to all appearance, in place. His flesh, in which I include his muscles, is firm and elastic, and he has not that superfluous load of it, with a redundancy of blood, that good pastures create, and is therefore not so liable to those inflammatory complaints which so frequently attend a sudden change of diet. To a horse in this state, I would never give more than two doses of physic *before* hunting commences, and those as mild as his constitution will admit. Circumstances must direct us when to administer another, which I shall allude to hereafter, when writing on the duties and qualifications of a groom. Generally speaking, a hunter thus prepared will go on in his work until the first interruption from frost,

when a third dose may be most beneficially administered.

One of the principal auxiliaries to the condition of hunters, is long-continued exercise, or what grooms call, "keeping them out." A helper—the lighter the better—should ride one horse, and lead two, one on each side of him. I have never been fond of too much walking; for in this pace, as may be seen by the track of his footsteps, there is a great exertion of the hind leg of a horse, by which curbs and spavins are often occasioned. In the "jog trot," as it is termed, the hind leg falls short, and is, comparatively, in a state of ease. I have, therefore, always directed my groom, when travelling horses on the road, to trot them gently the greater part of the journey; and I recommend that pace to hunters at exercise, where the ground is not too hard, or uneven. In the months of September and October, they should go out early in the morning, on account of the bracing effects of the air, but always in clothes, and hooded, and be kept out for three hours at a time. During these months the brush should be very sparingly used, it being the moulting season with them, and a damp hay-wisp is better, for obvious reasons. A few years since I saw a stud of hunters at Christmas, whose owner had not suffered a brush to be used to them up to that period, and their skins were particularly glossy and fine. It is difficult, however, to restrain grooms from the use of them, unless they are under lock and key, which was the case in this instance. When speaking of exercise, I should have observed, that high ground should be chosen for this purpose, if within easy reach, as wonderful







ISAAC ROGERS *alias* THE DOCTOR.

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benefit is derived from gentle work against a hill, and a great relief to legs. Add to this, the breathing a purer air is of no small advantage, when the lungs are excited by action. I shall now conclude for the present; but in my next shall treat on the duties of a groom, the diseases of feet, and other important matters.

NIMROD.

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ISAAC ROGERS, ALIAS "THE DOCTOR."

WITH A PORTRAIT.

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WE here present to our readers the portrait of one who was eminent in his station, however subordinate, and whose goodness as a huntsman, eccentricity, and valuable qualities, will long preserve his memory from oblivion amongst sportsmen in that part of the kingdom wherein he resided.

SAMUEL ROGERS, though better known in the West of England by the name of "*The Doctor*," was born at Montacute, in Somersetshire. When a lad, he was instructed in shoe-making, but early evincing a fondness for horses and hounds, Mr. Phelps, the grandfather of the present owner of Montacute House, took him from the cobbler's stall, and placed him as under-strapper in the stables—a state much more congenial to the Doctor's taste; and he remained in the service of the family (as servants there generally do) the remainder of his life—viz. somewhere about sixty-two years. At one period he was groom, after that position, and then he became whipper-in, and, on the death of a then old huntsman, Amos, he was promoted to the rank of huntsman. One of his sons, named Jack, and who was a very good sportsman

and rider, was appointed whipper-in, and the other feeder. Jack died a few years since, having lived all his life in the Phelps's family. We, a few years since, presented our readers with an epitaph written on the Doctor, which we now re-insert, together with this short history of the old man, and the following anecdotes of him, which are currently related by those who knew him.

The Doctor, when drawing Prince's Wood, one day, on some of the hounds challenging, was asked, why he did not cheer them? "Because," says the Doctor, "we have a good many young hounds out, and I am afraid it be nothing *but some small varment*." The Doctor, for some minutes more, sat in anxious expectation of hearing from some of his old friends, when presently two or three of them began to sing out; on which the Doctor began to open his pipes, and exclaimed, "Hark to ould Bowler, Vengeance, and Warhoop! *Now the right bell have a tolled!*"

The hounds having in a fog, and on a very high-scenting day, ran away from the whole field, it was not until an hour after that the Doctor got up to them, when he found them returning by themselves; on which the Doctor observed, that he verily believed they had killed their fox. Mr. Phelps, who was present, said, "Doctor, you had better get off and smell their breath; you will soon find if they have killed their fox or not." The Doctor, imagining at the moment that his master was not really in earnest, and meant it as a joke, turned short round, and with one of his arch looks, replied, "No, no, measter, that will never do—a pretty story would be carried up-along into the New Forest next

K 2.

April, that the Doctor did not know when his hounds had killed their fox, without getting off to smell to the breaths o' em."

One of the gentlemen of Mr. Phelps's hunt overtook the Doctor with his pack one morning, on his road to Melbury, where they were to throw off, and remarking that the long chase the day before had rather tired him, the Doctor, in his blunt manner, quaintly replied, "If you be tired with a two hours' ding yesterday, what must I be then, for this be the seven-and-vor-tieth day vollying, that I've halled to a bound, save and except Sundays."

A gentleman, who kept a noble pack of fox hounds, being once on a visit to his friend, Mr. Phelps, of Montacute, for the purpose of seeing his (Mr. P.'s) hounds, on his leaving Montacute, he invited the Doctor to go up and see his hounds and taste the strong beer. As soon as hay-making was over, at which the Doctor played a very pretty pitchfork, he started to pay his promised visit, and on being shewn the hounds, the gentleman said, "Well, Doctor, how do you like my hounds?" "Why," said the Doctor, "they be pictures to look at, but they bayn't half so scratched in the face as our old measter's be down to Montacute."

Some gentlemen meeting the Doctor with the pack one morning going to covert, asked him where they were going? "Why," says the Doctor, "we be going to try if we can't tackle thick Whitfeld fox that have a heat as your times—I've a drafted out vorteen couple of sich rogues, that if he don't look pretty sharp, I count in about three-quarters of an hour they will be for sucking his blood."

So thoroughly vermin was he,

that if he ran a fox to ground, and suspected a gin might be set at night, or a fox dog, after taking care of his horse, he would set off on a poney, although the distance might be ten or twelve miles, to ascertain if all was right.

The Doctor was all animation, from the moment old Bowler, Warwhoop, Warrior, Tidings, or Vengeance, or some other of his old favourites, had pushed him out of his kennel: his mind from that instant was never at rest until he had properly accounted for him. One day, after running a fox hard, and they had got him into a small copice where the hounds were scoring at him, and he, to escape them, began running short, and every moment slipping behind them—the Doctor, addressing himself to a Mr. B. said, "Mr. B. it's pretty well up with him—don't ye hear how angry could Shark, the bandy-legged tarrier, be with him?"

#### EPITAPH

ON ISAAC ROGERS,  
*Huntsman to the Rev. Wm. Phelps, of  
Montacute, Somerset.*

Now "The Doctor" is laid, and over his head  
May the turf lie as light as a feather!  
And, if not very warm, it will do him no harm,  
Who ne'er valued the wind nor the weather.  
He's no longer in view, but to give him his due,  
Though not born nor bred for a college,  
Death ne'er drove to earth a man of more worth,  
More science, or practical knowledge.  
Isaac Rogers his name: a huntsman, whose fame  
From the Yeo to the Avon resounded:  
At his musical voice Chiff Wood would rejoice,  
Dev'rill Longwood its echo rebounded.  
As in life's busy burst he was never the first  
To hit off a fault in a neighbour,  
Now he's fairly stepped in, let us hope that he'll win  
The brush of reward for his labour.

SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD.

**MR. YEATMAN'S HARRIERS.***To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**V**ENATOR VAGUS's remarks on

Mr. Yeatman's harriers are very just. I have seen a great many packs in my day, and can venture to say, that they (Mr. Y.'s) are in every point the completest I ever met with. I know none that work so hard, nor have I ever met with a pack brought in such good condition into the field. This I attribute to the attention Mr. Yeatman pays to his kennel.—I am, Sir, yours,

*A Constant Reader of the  
Sporting Magazine.*

July 30, 1823.

**REMARKABLE SHOTS.***To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**O**N the 11th day of October, 1822, I found a covey of partridges, in number twelve, in Grinsdale holme, in Cumberland, and killed them all in the same and adjoining field, at six shots, and at three rises, with a double-barrelled gun—viz. one brace at each shot, for three successive rises.

On the 26th of the same month. I also killed a woodcock in a plantation at Beaumont, which had six large wing feathers completely cut off, apparently with a knife or scissors, which made the bird make a kind of whistling noise every time he got up.

On the 8th day of November, in the same year, as I was hunting for woodcocks in a plantation at Little Orton, in Cumberland (the property of James Losh, Esq. of Jesmond, near Newcastle on Tyne), I heard a woodcock get up out of a large thicket, about thirty yards

distant. I immediately discharged my first barrel, and at the very moment I was going to take my gun down I heard another get up: I immediately fired the second barrel, and on going up to the place I found a brace of woodcocks lying dead within a yard of each other, although I saw neither of them when I fired.—Yours,

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**REMARKS on the PRESENT METHOD of BREAKING HORSES, AND SOME HINTS HOW IT MAY BE RENDERED MORE EASY AND SAFE.**

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**H**OW wonderful is the effect which the practice of any particular bodily exercise has on the human frame! When directed with skill, and perseveringly followed, it gives to the body new energies and powers which imagination could not have conceived; and perseverance alone has been the means of discovering to man the vast bodily power and activity which he possesses. So is it with the horse, but with this remarkable addition—that as his body is improved by his breaker, in vigour and pliability, so does what we call instinct assume something the resemblance of the boasted reason of man, as the sagacity and docility of those animals kept for public exhibition sufficiently exemplify. If such effects are produced merely for the purpose of gratifying idle curiosity, it is a pity that some one should not apply his knowledge, and the horse's apparent and latent qualities, to more useful purposes.

What follows, I profess merely to be a few hints on the subject, which have occurred to me during my private practice, much reflect

tion on the present very defective system of breaking, and the often serious accidents which it causes to man and horse. But

"Bring forth the horse! The horse is brought:

He looks as though the speed of thought  
Were in his limbs; but he is wild—  
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught:  
With spur and bridle undefiled."

BYRON.

The first observation I will make is, to find fault with the very first lesson which the breaker gives the colt when placed with him. He puts a snaffle in his mouth, straps that to a surcingle or roller, pulling in his nose nearly to his breast, a cavesson on his head, and, under these excellent soporifics, requires him to set off gently in a small circle or longe, to accommodate his lacerated and galled mouth to the bit in the best way he can, with his body tied and tortured in an unnatural position, and nearly the most difficult that is ever to be required of him. There is surely something egregiously absurd, not to say cruel, in this manner of proceeding. The consequences are, the immense numbers of horses that are destroyed in breaking, or, throughout, curbs, splints, spavins, windgalls, &c. and the number of accidents that happen to the breakers themselves. In fact, it appears to me difficult to invent any method more effectual to render a horse viscous than this first lesson: a colt will rarely be found that is able to deal his legs clear of each other when first put into the longe in this unprepared manner, and by knocking the one against the other, splints are produced. Such being so frequently the consequences of this injudicious treatment, is it not surprising that it still continues to be so persever-

ingly followed, even by those who are considered as *flash* breakers,

"In spite of all that do betide  
The place wherein they teach to ride?"

BYRON.

In the system which I have followed, with invariable success, with my own horses, I make the colt's mouth nearly perfect, and considerably supple his neck, shoulders, and under jaw, before placing him in the longe, or almost taking him out of the stable, except for exercise, and then I allow him to go nearly as he likes best at first. When this progress is made, with what ease and security to himself and breaker may he then be longed or mounted! And, Sir, I am proud to say, that this method is so simple, that any one possessed of temper, and a reasonable share of understanding, may put it in practice. Without the first, a man is unfit to come near young horses; and you will agree with me, that he cannot have too much of the latter. But to proceed: if the proprietor of a young horse has a servant of this trusty description, let him be ordered often to go up to the colt, lift his legs, rub them, then lead him about in a *collar*, teach him to take in the field, put his finger in his mouth and press the bars, and, in short, render him tame and familiar with man, by every gentle means he can think of. When the colt is three off, if you please, you may then break him, though it is not what I follow myself. I consider it so much needless trouble, both to man and horse; for if he is the summer following turned to grass, the breaking is nearly wholly forgot—at all events, his mouth is to make again. I do not think that there is the least risk in breaking a colt of three, two, or even one year old, if the directions which follow are attended to; but

for the sake of saving unnecessary trouble, I would delay it till four or five off. No horse should see hounds till five, or, even better, at six; but I would wish his breaking to be commenced sixteen or eighteen months before he is to appear in the field, and not turned out during the interval, which will be found short enough to make him completely, and have him in his best condition.

When I resolve to break my colt, I put a thick snaffle in his mouth, having a ring in the centre, which shortens the sides of it, and renders it easier for him, taking care that it is at least three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The common ones used by breakers are very good, when thick enough. This being put on the colt, let him be led about in it, holding himself in any position he pleases.

Here I may notice the great advantage it is to have a riding-house for breaking horses in: it prevents their attention being abstracted to different objects or noise, and you have the use of it in all weathers; and no better exercise can be given to a horse of any age than that which may be had in a good riding-house. I am astonished that gentlemen of fortune, who are fond of horses and riding, are not oftener possessed of them: thirty-five or forty feet wide, by from sixty to one hundred long, is sufficient for private use. In fine weather, an enclosed *square* (not a circle, for reasons I will afterwards state) of forty feet, fenced either with a wall or paling, six feet and a half high, will answer the purpose. If you have the advantage of either of these, let the horse be led into it, in preference to open air; and when brought into the stable, turn him round in the stall, his crop to the

manger, and, taking hold of the off-side rein over the withers with the right hand, yourself being placed on the near side, and the two fore fingers of the left hand in the eye of the near side of the snaffle pressed gently on his mouth, pressing and yielding occasionally, the right hand retaining by the rein the bit in the centre of the mouth. When you have practised this on the near side, place yourself on the off side, and proceed in the same manner. This lesson should, like all others, be short, say from ten to twenty minutes at a time, as you find the horse will patiently bear it; but as it does not fatigue the body, as all the lessons of the present method do, you may repeat it eight or ten times a-day. You may expect by the eighth day, that the jaw will be so pliant that he will readily yield the side you press on, and be able to give to it a kind of horizontal motion, besides the vertical one he uses in eating. Now, place gently on his back a saddle, buckled loosely with a surcingle or roller—either is better than narrow girths, their broadness not causing so much uneasiness and alarm: pull the reins of the snaffle over the pommel of the saddle, and place a wisp of straw between them, to keep them to the place you wish them, which should not be tight at first. The straw has an elasticity in it, as to give the feeling to the mouth of a masterly hand, preventing the colt lolling a heavy and dead weight on the bridle. When this has been used a few days in the stable, he may be led out with it, leading him out without it first, and putting it on after he has had some exercise. When he is brought in, tighten one of the reins, and correspondingly slacken the oppo-

sits. By this means you gradually supple and bend his neck, and that just at the setting on of the head and neck, which is, perhaps, that which is found most difficult, is general, sufficiently to supple.

About the twelfth or fourteenth day, I find it proper to place on his back an instrument which I have found of the greatest use in breaking, and especially in keeping a horse's mouth in a proper state, which is occasionally rode by servants as hawks and ponies—I mean what is called a cross. Of late years this instrument has been much improved, by the ingenuity of Mr. Goodwin, veterinary surgeon, Carlton Palace: before his improvements, I think it was worse than useless; yet in this state it is still much used. Mr. Goodwin introduced the elastic iron springs to which the reins of the bridle are fixed, and without risk on fatigue is capable of giving a good mouth: it can be used with much effect in the stable. As thus improved by Mr. Goodwin, it may be had at Mr. Long's, instrument maker to the Veterinary College, Holborn, London. There is, however, a fault which is not rectified in this instrument—namely, that the springs are fixed, and only placed at two different heights on the same vertical plane: the consequence is, that to draw the springs fair and true, the force must be placed at right angles to them, which cannot always be done in the present form of the cross. For suppose the horse's mouth to be as high as the lower spring, then the force being applied at right angles, the spring will act well; but suppose you wish to raise his head, you fix the reins to the upper springs, consequently, the horse's head being so much lower, the force

does not act truly, and the springs hardly yielding. This instrument is of wood, in the shape of a St. Andrew's Cross. The one I use, and I think it much preferable in several respects, is of iron, and a right-angled cross: but I fear, without the aid of a sketch, I shall not be able distinctly to explain it. A plate of iron is placed on the upper part of a leather encingale, into the centre of which is screwed an upright rod three-quarters of an inch square and twenty high: on this slide, a two-inch square of iron, with an aperture in the centre to admit the rod, and a screw which retains it at any height on the rod. On the opposite side from the screw (the head of which, when the cross is on the horse, is next his head), and attached by a vertical hinge to this two-inch square, is a flat piece of iron, much resembling the steel used for ladies' corsets, only about one-sixth of an inch in thickness, and about twenty-four inches long. The hinge is fixed to the middle of it, so that it is placed at right angles to the upright rod, and has, what saddlers call, a D at each end of it, for the rein to pass through to the springs on the back of it. These springs are made similar to Mr. Goodwin's, but the hinge allows them, and the bar on which they are placed, always to be turned fairly, and at right angles, to the horse's mouth: a screw keeps it in the desired position. The springs are strong enough, if from 2lbs. to 3lbs.: close them up to the D's; but as they may be fixed by a screw, you may have them of different strengths. The whole may be rendered very portable, by having the iron rod to unscrew from the encingale. It may be had at Mr. Millar's, saddler, Nicolson-street, Edinburgh, for about 3s. or 4s.



When the bridle has been put on for some days, as I have directed, the cross may be placed on the saddle, and the reins buckled to the snaffle [they are fixed to the springs of the cross, and should be made in what is called martingal fashion, so that they may be altered in length without undoing the buckle at the snaffle]. The colt being continued in the former position, with his crop to the manger, now continue to bend his neck, &c. as before; and this is the proper time to begin giving him a better position, should you consider he requires or admits of it, which almost all horses do. If his forehead is too long, or if he has any thing of a ewe neck, raise the springs accordingly, but gradually. Let this lesson be, like the others, often repeated, but each short in duration. When you elevate his head at first, the reins should be of equal length; afterwards, when a little used to it, you may bend him. After proceeding in this manner for seven or eight days in the stable, and walking him out with the straw for exercise, which you may occasionally increase to a trot, holding him short in hand and keeping a straight line, or large circle of at least sixty or seventy feet diameter, or along the whole length of your riding-house, you may, when out, remove the straw, and place the cross in its stead, beginning with the springs low and the rein loose: gradually raise and tighten them till his head is in the position you had it placed at in the stable. One remark I would here not forget—Beware of that everyday fault of breakers; of pulling a colt now in too near his breast. You are not likely to do this with the cross, as then, most likely, you are raising his head so up that this

cannot take place; but it may with the straw. The consequence is, he opens his mouth, and does not allow the bit to touch the bars, and acquires what is called a habit of not going up to his bridle, and is not easily corrected. Putting him in the longe, with a cross and fine springs, and keeping him at the trot, is the most effectual remedy; but avoid the necessity for any. About the end of three weeks, I generally find that the colt is ready for the longe, he being trotted gently in hand, with the cross, on his large circles, gradually diminishing their diameter to thirty feet; and about this time he may be kept at work, walking and trotting (provided he is not very young), for half an hour, three times a day. As his mouth is now pretty well made, it causes him no irritation; only the elevated position before is not yet familiar to him, but only requires practice. Remember not to neglect the lesson of the cross in the stable. He will now begin to comprehend the wishes of the rider, and his anxiety to please will sometimes irritate him: if you observe this, stop and caress him, giving him a handful of oats, a bit of bread, or apple. No one, who has not had the experience, would believe the effect that a cross well made has in raising the forehead, or removing the deformity of ewe-neck, in either young or old horses. The latter fault must be, to a great degree, indeed, if it is not removed in the space of two months, when the horse can submit to the cross for an hour three times a day. Something similar in principle is now the practice of our most fashionable surgeons, in the cure of deformity of the human frame. Instead of keeping constantly, and by force, the defective limb in a

better position, the practice now is to leave it comparatively loose, and by exercise alone, in a particular manner, as the case admits of, placing it in a better position. Those horses which are ewe-necked when the cross is on, are constantly moving their heads and necks up and down; and I believe this exercise is the reason of so rapid and certain an improvement in throwing up the crest, and bringing it into a better position.—Yours,

POLLUX.

July 6.

(To be continued.)

#### SNAKES DESTRUCTIVE TO GAME.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

**P**ERSONS interested in the preservation of game, should instruct their keepers to kill every species of snake, as I have no doubt they frequently not only destroy partridge's eggs, but young birds. I once, when walking in a lane, observed a hedge-sparrow in seeming distress, looking into the bank of the hedge. I observed its nest, in which were five eggs, but two had been sucked, and I observed either a snake or adder, I was not certain which, crawling away from the spot. At eleven o'clock the next day, I went again to the nest, and found the other three eggs had been recently sucked, and again saw the reptile making away from the nest. A few yards higher up I found a robin's nest, with young ones about three or four days old: the nest was in an old moot in the side of the bank. The next day I went to visit it, about the same hour, and saw the reptile pass along the side of the bank with one of the young robins

in its mouth. About a fortnight afterwards, in passing a shrubbery, I heard a frog making a piteous cry: looking attentively at the spot from whence the sound came, I espied a large snake with a frog in its mouth.—I am, Sir, yours,

A. P.

#### MANORIAL RIGHTS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

**I**F you think these observations (which I write at the request and for the benefit of your correspondent, SCOTII BRITANNICUS) worthy of a place in your excellent Magazine, you will greatly oblige me by inserting them.

SCOTII BRITANNICUS, although he owns he does not know the law of manorial rights, asserts (as if he did know them) "that proprietors of landed estates within the manor have no interest in the preservation of game," which is a very mistaken opinion. Now, in the first place, I will prove to you that (as I tell every body who talks to me on the subject) possessing the manor is only a manner of talking, for in enclosed manors the landlord has only one advantage (with respect to game) over the other landed proprietors within the manor, which is, that of deputing a gamekeeper (or more generally killer), which keeper or killer, it must be remembered, cannot shoot over any other part of the manor but that which belongs to his master, as, if he did, he would be liable to an action for trespass, as of course would his master likewise. But, secondly, over wastes, such as the grouse hills in the north (from which, no doubt, SCOTII BRITANNICUS has taken his idea), the landlord has by far more power; for there the game

is his sole right—for a lord of the manor can there maintain an action for trespass against a landed proprietor (who, perhaps, has more property in the moor than himself), if he can prove that he was there for the purpose of killing game, although he has, of course, a right to be there for the purpose of agriculture, &c.; and for a second offence, would most likely obtain excessive damages. Thirdly, with respect to open fields, with the land allotted, or rather belonging to different private individuals, I consider the case there to be the same as if it was enclosed, although some contend that at certain times in the year, when the field is thrown open for cattle, it becomes of the nature of moors, &c. and that the lords of manors have then the same right they have over them (the moors). But I am of a different opinion, and do not consider the case to be at all altered, by the field being thrown open.\*

With respect to the other right of lords of manors, I believe them to be simply these:—In enclosed parishes they have a right to all the waste land and trees, &c. thereon, by the sides of roads, or elsewhere. He has likewise another great right, which is that of fish, as a lord of the manor not having a bit of land by the river or brook side (supposing there to be one or the other in the parish), and having notice from all the proprietors of such land to keep off it, might come up or down the river, or brook, with his servants, in boats; or otherwise, with nets, and take every fish out; and, on the other hand, he can enter the house of any person living within his manor, and take or destroy all nets or other

engines for the destruction of fish that he finds therein (provided such person has no private fish-pond wherein he might use). On moors he has the same right of fish as in the other place, except that there, of course, nobody can give him notice to keep off the land, as it belongs to no particular person. He has likewise another great right there, which is, that of all minerals, as iron, coal, &c. which solely belong to him.

I could write more, but I am afraid that few of your readers will have patience to follow me thus far.

NEOS.

Bristol, August 6.

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#### SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

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ON Monday, July 21, the annual revel or fair commenced at Hurstbourn Tarrant, Hants, it being immemorially held on the first Monday after St. Thomas à Becket, old style. Twenty sovereigns were played for at single-stick, sixteen of which were awarded to the best gamester, and four to the next best. This much-admired rustic pastime, which is so well calculated to display the bravery and hardihood of the gamesters, began at two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued until near eight in the evening. There were nineteen players, three of whom were from Somerset—viz. Wall, Stone, and Pearce: the other sixteen consisted of eight men of the neighbourhood, and eight Wiltshire men. The sport was excellent, and all the gamesters displayed great skill and bravery; but the Somerset men were allowed to be the best players.—Pearce's head was broken by Cully, of Woot-

\* In all cases, I have considered the lords of manors, and landed proprietors, as being qualified, and having licences.

ton Rivers; Wall broke the head of Pearce, a Wiltshire man; Hookey broke the head of Dewse; Stone broke the head of a gypsy, named Ayres, after a warm contest and excellent play on both sides; Savage, a Wiltshire man, broke the head of a Hampshire man; another gypsy, of the name of Ayres, broke the head of a Wiltshire man, after a long contest and excellent playing on both sides; Cooper, a Hampshire man, had a long and severe contest with a Wiltshire man, who was literally worn out, and gave in to the former; another Wiltshire man stood a very severe contest with a Hampshire man, and broke his head; three others, named Bantam, Wheeler, and Carter, of the vicinity of Andover, went up, but neither of them was opposed. The tyes were then played out.

Wall contested with Cully, whose head he broke after a severe contest; Hookey's, otherwise Pearce's, head was broken by Stone; Wall

had a severe contest with another of the tyes, and broke his head; Stone had also a contest with one of the gypsies, whose head he broke; Wall broke the head of Carter; Wheeler, who was allowed a head, and had not played in the course of the day, no one appearing against Wall, contended with him, but the latter gave in, being quite exhausted in contending with so many. Stone's head was broken by Wheeler, after contending with four men, and breaking their heads. The prize of 16 sovs. was awarded to Wheeler, and four sovereigns were given to Wall and Stone. The Somerset men were much exhausted, and a liberal subscription was made for them.

Such excellent sport was never experienced at any former revel, and notwithstanding the weather was so unfavourable, there were supposed to be as many respectable persons assembled as at the first days of Weyhill fair.

## FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A Young lady went the other day to see some friends in Kent, and saying she had never seen a hop garden, the gentleman of the house took her into one. Observing here and there one different from the rest, she asked the reason. The gentleman said, "That is the male hop, which impregnates the females." "Bless me," said the innocent young lady, "I never knew there was such a thing as a male hop before: I shall be very cautious how I drink beer in future."

Not a hundred miles from Rich-

mond, a poor woman, living in a small cottage, and who was in the habit of nursing children by the twelvemonths, willing to shew her orthography, put a paper in her window, on which she had written, "*Children taken by the ear.*"

We have heard of the fall of Lucifer, and the fall of Cromwell, and the fall of Wolsey; but one of the pleasantest tumbles upon record was that of a Mr. John Fell, who, when he removed from one part of the metropolis to another, wrote over his door—"I Fell from Holborn-hill."

SOME forty years since, two gentlemen, named *Heath*, resided at one of our public seminaries, one of whom being remarked for the darkness of his complexion, and the other as being a severe disciplinarian, the boys played off their wit on them, by designating the first *Black-Heath*, and the other *As-cot Heath*.

SIR J. Reynolds used to relate an anecdote of a venison feast, at which were assembled many who much enjoyed the repast. He addressed his conversation to one of the company, but could not get a single word in answer, until, at length, his silent neighbour turning to him, said, "Mr. Reynolds, whenever you are at a venison feast, I advise you not to speak during dinner time, as, in endeavouring to answer your question, I have just swallowed a fine piece of fat, entire, without tasting its flavour."

LEARNING FOR LADIES.—"I should be glad to know," said a lady to an uncourteous gentleman, "how knowledge is incompatible with a woman's situation in life? I should like to be told, why chemistry, geography, algebra, *languages*, and the whole circle of arts and sciences, are not as becoming in her as a man."—"I cannot say," replied the gentleman, "that they are entirely unbecoming, but I think a very little will answer the purpose. In my opinion, a woman's knowledge of chemistry should extend no farther than to the melting of butter; her geography should extend no farther than to a thorough acquaintance with every hole and corner of her house; her algebra to keeping an exact account of the

expence of the family; and as for *tongues*, Heaven knows that one is enough in all conscience, and the less she makes use of it the better."

THE following is an anecdote of the first Lord Mansfield, which his Lordship himself told from the Bench:—He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation not uncommon to this class of persons. The fellow begged his Lordship to give him a character. "What kind of character can I give you?" said his Lordship. "O, my Lord, any character your Lordship pleases to give me I shall most thankfully receive." His Lordship accordingly sat down and wrote as follows:—"The bearer, John ———, has served me for thirty years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me.—(Signed) Mansfield."—John thanked his Lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his Lordship was going through his lobby to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man in a very handsome livery made him a low bow. To his surprise, he recognized his late coachman. "Why, John (says his Lordship), you seem to have got an excellent place. How could you manage this with the character I gave you?" "O, my Lord (says John), it was an exceeding good character. My new master, on reading it, said, he observed your Lordship recommended me as an able driver, and a sober man. These, says he, are just the qualities I want in a coachman. I observe, his Lordship adds, that he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah, I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll be d—d if you cheat me."

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## IMPORTATION OF ARABIANS.

**TWO** Arabian horses and two mares were imported last month from India. One of the horses is said to be very handsome, and ran with great success at Madras. He was purchased, when a colt, by an English gentleman, from the Shaikh of the Montefick tribe, and certified to be of the purest blood, belonging to that tribe which is allowed to possess the highest-bred horses in Arabia. His colour is a handsome brown, and we believe he is intended for a stallion, and will be to be seen at Newmarket during the First October Meeting, or in town, about the end of next month.

## THE KING'S STABLES.

The Royal stables at Pimlico, the progress of which was for some little time suspended, from a misunderstanding between the Contractor and the Board of Works, are again proceeding with redoubled activity: When this building is completed, it will set the ground at liberty between Pall Mall East and St. Martin's Church, for the execution of the plan for throwing that magnificent portico, hitherto quite *au secret*, open to public admiration. That part of the Royal Equestrian Establishment set apart for state service, and the use of the household, is housed at the Royal Mews, which consists of the cream-coloured horses, the blacks, and the bays, devoted to the use of the Master of the Horse and the Equerries. His Majesty's private post and town horses, together with the riding horses, stand at Carlton Palace, as being under the immediate eye and controul of his Majesty himself, whose attachment to these noble animals has been unbounded from his infancy.

## STAG-HUNTING.

The office of Master of the King's Hounds, become vacant by the lamented death of the Marquis Corn-

wallis, it is said, will be given to Lord Maryborough.

Stag-hunting, in the north of Devon, will commence about the 1st of September.

*Lewes, August 4.*—Saturday se'n-night, Messrs. Upperton, of Rackham, having heard that a buck had been seen in the neighbourhood of Leominster, they proceeded to the spot, accompanied by two other gentlemen, and Wm. Page, an old sportsman of celebrity, and many years huntsman of the Parham hounds, in order to give him chase. Their pack consisted of but two dogs—Mr. Page's Piper, and Mr. Upperton's Counselor. They soon found their game, and compelled him to break cover, when he immediately bounded towards the sea, and back again. He then led off at a fine pace in the direction for Michelgrove: from thence, in a northerly direction down the hill, into the western part of Storrington. He then took to the east, until he reached Roundabouts, when he rested, but the dogs were presently upon him, and forced him off at full speed back to Huston Warren, and thence to Thakeham, onwards to Steyning, and ultimately to Rock, near Wiston, where he was taken and killed, after one of the most ardent and gallant chases ever recorded, over a country of hill and dale of upwards of forty miles, in three hours and sixteen minutes, with only about five minutes' fault during the whole time.

## THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TIMES APPOINTED FOR HOLDING THE SUBJOINED MEETINGS, IN 1823.

Caledonian Hunt .....	Sept. 1
Aberdeen, &c.....	1
Tavistock .....	2
Warwick .....	2
Pontefract.....	3
Basingstoke .....	4
Stapleton Park .....	8
Lichfield .....	9

Egham .....	Sept. 9
Northampton .....	10
Burderop .....	10
Doncaster .....	15
Shrewsbury .....	16
Leicester .....	17
Margate .....	17
Glamorgan .....	17
Oswestry .....	22
Carlisle .....	23
Walsall .....	24
Lincoln .....	24
Newmarket First October .....	29
Stourbridge .....	30
Inverness.....	Oct. 1
Penrith .....	1
Monmouth .....	1
Stafford .....	6
Newmarket Second October .....	13
Lambton Park.....	15
Newmarket Houghton .....	27

#### THE TURF.

At a sale of part of the stud of C. L. Fox, Esq. at York, on Wednesday, a cheanut colt, by Comus, sold for 250 guineas; and a two-year-old filly, by Interpreter, for 50 guineas. There was also a sale of greyhounds: several one-year-olds brought from two to five guineas; and a two-year-old (Fortune, by Blinker) brought twelve guineas.

Mr. John Walker sold his horse Langtonian, winner of the Hampshire Stake and Gold Cup at Winchester, with his engagements, for 100 guineas, three weeks before starting, when he was sent to be trained at Mr. Day's, near Stockbridge. Four hundred guineas were afterwards refused for him on the course.

#### MULLINGAR.—RECORD COURT.

*Before the Lord Chief Baron.*

*M'EVoy v. KELLY.*

Mr. Darcy stated the case. William H. Magan, Esq. had, three years ago, given a cup to the county of Westmeath, to be run for under certain articles, to become the property of the winner of it three successive years, or until challenged. Mr. Kelly, the defendant, had won it twice. It was run for again last March, when the plain-

tiff ran two horses, the defendant two, and Mr. Dennis one. Both the defendant's horses came in first, but ran to the left instead of the right of a certain post, and, in consequence, Mr. M'Evoy claimed the cup on the ground. The Stewards, who were made by the articles final judges of all disputes, examined into the affair on the spot, and signed an award assigning the cup to the plaintiff. Notwithstanding this award, the defendant kept possession of the cup, and drove the plaintiff to the necessity of this action. Mr. Darcy then submitted, that the award being final, entitled him, without going into the case, to a verdict, but that he was ready to go into evidence, and prove the whole case.

Mr. Farrel, for the defendant, objected that the plaintiff had not such a possessory right as to maintain an action of trover: however, if the Court was not with him, he had no objection to enter into the merits. His client had offered to run the race again, or to leave the matter to the Turf Club. The award, even if good, was not conclusive. He referred to 15 East, to shew that where there was a good award, which the Learned Gentleman contended this was not, it did not conclude the defendant.

The Chief Baron said, it was the practice to send all these disputes from country races to the Turf Club.

Mr. Darcy said, that the Turf Club never examined evidence as to facts, but if both parties agreed in a case, an opinion was given. Here the parties did not agree.

The Chief Baron said, the rule of the Club shewed its good sense; and as they had now started, he did not choose to disappoint the parties of a race.

Mr. Wilton was the first witness examined. He proved the printed copy of the original articles, that he was the proper person with whom horses should be entered.—Q. Were the horses for the last race entered according to the articles?—A. Not one of them.—Q. How so?—A. There was not one entered three clear days

before the race. The witness added, that Mr. Magan had overruled the objection arising from this informality.

Chief Baron.—The plaintiff is knocked up.

Mr. Darcy.—My Lord, Mr. Magan, who gave the cup, and the parties, consented that the races should be run, though no horses were entered in time.

Chief Baron.—That won't do. The cup, after having been once given by Mr. Magan, was not his property, and he had no controul over it. It was the property of the county. The owners of the horses might make an arrangement about the stakes, which they could divide, but as they could not divide the cup, they had no right to make any private agreement.

Mr. Darcy examined Mr. Wilton as to whether or no he had any document at home which could bring the exact day on which the horses were entered to his recollection, for he was instructed that Mr. M'Evoy's horse was entered in time.—Mr. Wilton recollected no document, but said he might have one.—Mr. Darcy suggested that he should go home and look.

Chief Baron.—You will be distanced before he comes back.

Mr. Farrel.—It is now evident the plaintiff has gone to the wrong side of the post.—Plaintiff non-suited.—Cup to be run for again.

#### RACING MEETINGS.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant his Royal Plate of 100gs. to be run for at Manchester races every year.

The King has been pleased to alter the articles of his Purse of 100gs. given at Lincoln races, it being his Majesty's wish to encourage a good breed of horses. The articles are for four and five-year-old mares, to carry 8st. 4lb. and 9st. The old articles made an allowance for beaten horses, which his Majesty objects to, as holding out an inducement for horses of an inferior description being kept on the turf.

The Duke of Dorset, in reply to an application by Lord Somers, to obtain a King's Plate for the Hereford races, says, in his letter, that "there are twenty places only which have King's Plates, the money for providing which is paid to his Majesty from public money by the Treasury. In case, as has happened, though very rarely, of any place so favoured giving up its races, his Majesty has conferred the vacant plate on some other place; but otherwise the King cannot do so, except by paying the requisite sum out of his privy purse, which is very unusual, if ever done, and obviously would constitute a personal burden on his Majesty."

Weymouth races went off with much spirit, and the running on both days was excellent. The course was filled with dashing equipages.

Chelmsford meeting was never better or more fashionably attended than this year. The town was filled each day with families of distinction. When it was ascertained, on Tuesday, that Mr. Rush's colt had won the Town Plate, a general burst of approbation followed. Mr. Rush (who resides at Elsenham Hall, Stansted) has supplied horses, and otherwise patronised these races, for many years. The last ball was attended by 320 persons. The Stewards elect are, O. Markham, Esq. of Rochetts, Brentwood; and Charles Harvey Savill Only, Esq. of Stisted.

*Hartlepool Races.*—Notwithstanding an attempt having been made by the parish priest and one or two of his associates to prevent these races, they took place as usual on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, in the last week; but owing to the previous uncertainty whether they would be held or not, they were not attended by so much company, nor were there so many horses started, as on other occasions. The first day's sport was but indifferent: the second and third days' was very good. At the conclusion of the races, on the two last days, Mr. James Thompson, surgeon, the steward of the course, through



whose exertions principally the clerical junta were defeated in their attempt to deprive the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of a source of harmless amusement, as well as of profit in their business, was obliged to ride the winning horse into the town; and on Saturday, in addition to this ceremony, he was chaired through the town, preceded by a band of music, amidst the cheers of the populace. The races were liberally supported by Sir George Pockock, Captain Swinburne, &c.—*Durham paper.*

*Winchester, August 2.*—Our annual races commenced last Tuesday, on Worthy Down, near this city. The weather proving extremely unfavourable, the course did not present so numerous and gay an assemblage of spectators as we have witnessed on former similar occasions. The racing was very good, and the heats, especially for the King's Plate, well contested. The ball and supper, at St. John's House, were attended by about 180 persons, among whom were many of distinguished rank and fashion.

*Southampton.*—Notwithstanding the weather proved very unfavourable, our races were exceedingly well attended, particularly on the first and second days. The company, on the whole, was more numerous than last year. Many persons of distinction were on the course: among them, the Duke of Richmond and his brother Lord George Lennox, the Earl of Westmorland, Sir H. Wilson, &c. &c. Six hundred persons were present at the ball. Lord Palmerston, and Charles Day, Esq. of Portwood, are appointed stewards for next year's races.

At Huntingdon races, on Wednesday, at the second heat (which was declared by the clerk to be a dead one), immediately after Benevento had passed the winning post, he ran over a little sweep boy, who had imprudently gone beyond the line of the people. The little fellow's collarbone was broken, and his legs much bruised, but we are happy to say he is

doing well. Although both the horse and rider went down with the shock, neither of them sustained injury, and ultimately won the race.

*Maze Races (Ireland).*—For several years this meeting has not been so well attended, nor afforded so much sport as did the last. Hillsborough was filled with the nobility and gentry of the surrounding country, and many were obliged to resort to Lisburn for accommodation. In Downshire House, there was a numerous party of nobility and persons of fashion. Several races, rode by gentlemen, excited much interest. Lord Glerawley is to be governor next year.—A Farmers' Plate is in future to be given by the Corporations for half-bred horses of the counties of Down and Antrim.

At Loughrea races, Ireland, which commenced on the 7th August, a vast concourse of spectators were assembled, amongst whom we observed the Marquis and Marchioness of Sligo, Countess of Clanricarde and daughter, Earl Clanricarde, Lord and Lady Gort, Sir John Burke, Bart. Lady Burke, and Miss O'Connor, Arthur E. St. George, Esq. Lady Harriett and daughters, &c. &c. The running was excellent and well contested.

At Lewes races, the stand exhibited a sprinkling of people of fashion, but the race course was very thin of company. This meeting is now reduced to the lowest ebb as to anything like racing. Since the time of Sir Ferdinando Poole, the proprietor of those celebrated horses Waxy and Pot-8-o's, Lord Egremont has had it all his own way: in fact, he has no competitor in the county of Sussex. The Friday night's ball and supper at the County Hall, were, however, most numerous attended: so brilliant a display of beauty and fashion was never before witnessed in Lewes upon any similar occasion, 273 of the nobility and gentry having honoured it with their presence.

A race-ground is in preparation, within a couple of miles of Leeds, adjoining the Leeds and Barnsdale

road, and it is expected that the arrangements will be completed in sufficient time to hold the first races at Whitsuntide in the next year.

#### PARISIAN SPORTS.

Monday, August 4, a grand fête was given at the Champ de Mars, Paris. At five o'clock, the races commenced. The first stake was run for by three French mares. Rosiere, belonging to Mr. Drak, gained the prize, having run twice round the course in five minutes and a half. Two English horses contested the second stake: the Brighton, belonging to M. Turner, gained it. The owners and the winning horses were presented to the Duchess of Berri.

#### ARCHERY.

*The Earl of Bradford's Bow Meeting.*—This month, was given, at Neascliff, Salop, one of the most splendid fêtes recorded in this country. Earl Bradford, who is an honorary member of the Society of British Bowmen, volunteered to give an extra meeting, to take place on his beautiful demesne at Neascliff. About eleven, the company began to assemble, and soon afterwards the shooting commenced. The ladies at two butts contested for an elegant necklace and bracelets, the gift of the noble host. At three o'clock, the company, consisting of 250, retired to one larger and two smaller tents, in a sequestered part of the grounds, where the cold *regulation* dinner, with the addition of venison in every shape, and a profusion of the finest fruit, was prepared; after which, several appropriate songs were sung, and the archers then resumed their bows, and continued shooting till seven o'clock, when the prize was presented by the Noble Earl to Miss Caroline Fletcher, who, after a severe contest, was declared the successful candidate. The company then drank tea in the great tent, and shortly after retired to their respective homes, highly delighted with the day's amusement.

#### THE GAME.

The backwardness of the harvest

has induced many sportsmen and landholders to postpone shooting till the middle of September. Whether the game will be plentiful or not, is not easy at present to state accurately, but it is generally believed that it will fall far short of last year.—In Sussex, the partridges are expected to be extremely numerous, and the coveys are already strong on the wing.

*Grouse.*—A young bird, nearly full grown, was shot on the Moors, in Durham, on Tuesday, August 12, of a grey colour, and has been sent up to Corbett's Museum, in Piccadilly, to be preserved as a great curiosity.

The grouse shooters on the Moors in Northumberland and Durham had to contend with so much rain during the first day's sport, that very little game comparatively had been bagged.

#### HORNCASTLE HORSE FAIR.

Horncastle great horse fair, which commenced on Monday, the 11th of August, was, during the first week, only thinly supplied: good horses were eagerly purchased at high prices as they came in. The show of horses on the Monday and Tuesday following was astonishingly large, but the demand being fully equal to the supply, the late great advance in price was fully supported. The present was considered to be the largest horse fair known for many years. There were many buyers, among whom were several foreigners. A person of the latter description purchased several mares, it was said for the King of France. One of the Wold farmers sold four hunters for the sum of 600l.

#### PIGEON SHOOTING.

Two pigeon matches took place, August 11, on Wimbledon Common. The first, for fifteen sovereigns, was between Messrs. Sherwood, Forrester, and Hinchbrook, against Messrs. Jones, Holles, and Armstrong, at seven birds. The birds bagged were as follows:—

	killed.		killed.
Mr. Sherwood ...	6	Mr. Jones .....	5
Mr. Forrester ...	5	Mr. Holles.....	4
Mr. Hinchbrook ...	4	Mr. Armstrong...	4
	15		13

The match between Messrs. Lukin and Rogers; against Messrs. Hardy and Gilbert, at the like number of birds, was concluded as follows:—

killed.		killed.	
Lukin .....	5	Hardy .....	6
Rogers .....	4	Rogers .....	4
	9		6

The birds were well on the wing, and upon the whole not more than two escaped in the two matches.

*For a Gold Medal, value Sixty Sovereigns.*—Furzeley Heath, near Swallowfield, Hants, was the rendezvous, on Saturday, August 24, for some of the best shots in the kingdom to witness the annual grand match for the medal, between fifteen each of the Ashton and Midgham Clubs, with five picked men on each side, at thirteen birds each, which was decided as follows:—

ASHTON. killed.		MIDGHAM. killed.	
Mr. Anson .....	12	Mr. Willoughby .....	11
Mr. Joseph .....	11	Mr. Kent .....	11
Mr. Sparks .....	10	Mr. Maberley .....	11
Mr. Woodroffe .....	10	Capt. Smith .....	10
Capt. Mellish .....	10	Mr. Jennings .....	9
Mr. Ford .....	9	Mr. Smart .....	9
Mr. Weston .....	9	Mr. Harrowby .....	8
Mr. Gent .....	9	Mr. Wilmot .....	8
Mr. Folkstone .....	8	Mr. Nares .....	8
Mr. Medley .....	8	Mr. Goodchild .....	8
Mr. Harrison .....	8	Mr. Farmer .....	8
Mr. Metcalfe .....	8	Mr. G. Weston .....	7
Mr. George .....	7	Mr. Piper .....	7
Mr. Fothergill .....	7	Mr. Hawley .....	7
Mr. Hoare .....	7	Mr. Sykes .....	6
Mr. Gee .....	6	Mr. Prentice .....	6
Mr. Woodcock .....	6	Mr. Marsh .....	6
Mr. Nelson .....	5	Mr. Duffail .....	6
Mr. Well .....	5	Mr. Meadows .....	5
Mr. Kemp .....	4	Mr. Mercer .....	5

180

156

The Midgham Club was rather the favourite at starting, and the gun was backed to kill each time at two to one. Many bets were pending, one man's shots against the other.

#### AQUATICS.

*Carlisle, August 2.*—The salmon fisheries in the Ribble have this season been more productive than they have been for many years back. Tuesday week, Preston fish-stones presented a sight such as was never before witnessed in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. Not less than 116 fine salmon, weighing to-

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gether 1000 lbs. were spread upon the stones at once, the whole having been caught during the night and morning's fishing.

*Large Pike.*—July 29, two gentlemen angling in a large pond near Hollingbourne, Kent, caught, among a number of small pike or jack weighing from five to six pounds, one of the remarkable size of two feet seven inches long, 22½ inches in circumference, and weighing 26½ lbs.

Two porpoises made their appearance this month in Botley River, Hants, which were taken by the Bursledon fishermen. For some time past it had been remarked, the fish above Bursledon Bridge were unusually scarce, which was attributed to the state of the weather; but there can be no doubt that it was caused by these voracious intruders. The largest weighed ten score, and measured twelve feet in length; the other, seven feet long, weighing about six score.

#### COCKING.

*Huntingdon.*—During the races, a main of cocks was fought between R. Benson (Bourne, feeder), and J. Bellyse, Esq. (Phillips, feeder), for twenty sovereigns the battle, and 500 the main, which was won by the latter, as follows:—

	BELLYSE. M. B.	BENSON. M. B.
Tuesday .....	8 1	4 1
Wednesday .....	6 1	6 1
Thursday .....	5 1	8 1

19 3

18 3

*Huntingdon.*—The match was between birds belonging to the gentlemen of Huntingdonshire (Fleming, feeder), against the gentlemen of Cambridgeshire (Porter, feeder).

	FLEMING. M. B.	PORTER. M. B.
Tuesday .....	6 5	1 3
Wednesday .....	5 2	2 2
Thursday .....	6 2	1 3

17 9

4 3

#### CRICKET.

*Hereford, Tuesday, Aug. 5.*—The business of this circuit having terminated on Saturday, Mr. Powell (a resident barrister) challenged the rest of the bar to play him and his

M. M.

friends a match at cricket on the Monday. The challenge was accepted, and the parties met in a meadow of Mr. Powell's, at eleven o'clock on Monday, to decide the match. There were nine barristers and two of their clerks, against Mr. Powell and ten of his Hereford friends. The former had the first innings.

BARRISTERS.			HEREFORD.		
	R.	B.		R.	B.
1st Innings	33	3	1st Innings	20	1
2d ditto ...	129	15	2d ditto ...	62	0
	<hr/>			<hr/>	
	162	18		82	1

The match lasted seven hours, and there were present a considerable number of elegantly-dressed ladies. The whole party were liberally supplied with refreshments from Mr. Powell's house, and the day, which was particularly fine, was spent with the greatest pleasantry.

On Monday, August 4, a singular match of cricket was played at Buckland, Kent, between ten married and ten single women, employed in the paper mills. The match was contested with uncommon spirit on both sides, the single women beating by about 20 runs. In the last innings the single women got 113 runs. Afterwards the parties adjourned to the Cherry Tree, where a supper, to be paid for by the losers, was sumptuously served up. When the cloth was removed, the buxom party joined in the merry dance, to the lively tune of the country minstrel, passing the evening with hilarity and good humour.

A grand match of cricket was played on Thursday, the 14th of August, and following days, at Bramshill Park, Hants, the seat of Sir John Cope, Bart. between J. Willan, Esq. and nine gentlemen and players of the county of Hants, with E. H. Budd, Esq.; and J. Weller Ladbroke, Esq. and ten gentlemen and players of England. The players were as under:—For Hampshire: J. Willan, Esq. E. H. Budd, Esq. W. Ward, Esq. T. Price, Esq. Messrs. Howard, Begley, J. Begley, Brown, Lillywhite, Holland, and Crimble.—For England: J. Weller Ladbroke,

Esq. T. Williams, Esq. J. Brand, Esq. W. Keen, Esq. Messrs. Saunders, Searle, Broadbridge, Bowyer, Sparks, Ashby, and Flavel.—The match did not terminate till Monday evening, in consequence of the interruptions occasioned by the unfavourable state of the weather. There was a fine display of skill throughout the game, which greatly protracted the innings, and the match was finally decided in favour of Hampshire, by five wickets.

HAMPSHIRE.		ENGLAND.	
First innings	319	First innings	144
Second ditto	38	Second ditto	212
	357		356

Many bets were depending on the result of this match, which excited unusual interest, and consequently attracted a vast concourse of spectators from Hants and the adjoining counties. During the game, the odds fluctuated from 20 to 1 in favour of Hants, down to 3 to 2 only.—In the first innings, Mr. Ward got 120 runs, Mr. Budd 67, and Mr. Begley, 18. One gentleman, we understand, won 145 guineas, by giving 60 to receive one guinea for each run obtained by Messrs. Ward, Budd, and Begley.

The newspapers have reported the results of a great number of cricket matches, originating in amicable rivalry between neighbouring towns and villages; but we cannot think the repetition of them in our columns would be at all interesting.

FOOT RACE, AND THROWING A CRICKET BALL.

On Friday, August 8, a considerable number of sporting amateurs mustered on Mitcham Common, Surrey, to witness Defoe, who recently conquered Reid in a prize battle at Epping Forest, throw a cricket ball against a picked man, for 100l. a side. Defoe won it in great style, his opponent throwing the ball only 99 yards, while Defoe placed it at the distance of 104½ yards. Defoe then, for 25l. a side, ran 200 yards against another picked man from Croydon, when he defeated his antagonist by seven yards, winning both the matches.

## PIGEONS AND ROOKS.

In a special jury cause, tried at the late Kent Assizes, wherein the plaintiff charged the defendant, his neighbour, with the disturbance of his rookery, one of the witnesses stated that he sent thousands of young rooks to London, and for which he received four shillings per dozen (for the tables of the *cockney pigeon-eaters*, it may be supposed).—The Judge, Mr. Baron Graham, in summing up, observed, that the palates of those could not be very delicate, who could eat rook pie under the notion that they were partaking of pigeon pie.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

On Friday, the 8th August, as John Banting and Robert Littlefield, servants to Thomas Butler, Esq. Berry Lodge, Hambledon, Hants, were removing some dung, they discovered a snake's nest, containing 113 eggs. They were all opened, and ninety-six young ones taken out alive. A few days since, one of the largest snakes ever seen in this country, was killed by F. Pratt, also a servant to T. Butler, Esq.

Those of our readers who are interested in the preservation of game, will be careful, at this season, to destroy every species of snake upon their manors. A correspondent informs us, that he has seen one of these reptiles with a partridge's egg in his mouth, and that he last week found another, which had, after the manner of the constrictor, destroyed and swallowed a pheasant of this year.—*Gloucester Journal*.

Robert Cowan, gamekeeper to Wilfrid Lawson, Esq. has killed or destroyed, from the 1st July, 1822, to the 20th of July, 1823—five otters; eight foul marts, or pole cats; one sweet mart, or martin cat; 61 stoats; 17 weasels; 48 hawks; 28 eggs of ditto; two kites, or gleads; 44 magpies; eggs of ditto, 72; 41 carrion crows; eggs of ditto, 46; and one mountain raven.

A litter of thirteen half-grown fox cubs was lately discovered in a den in Bold Park, Lancashire, nine of which were secured without injury. Unfor-

tunately, the remaining four were smothered, though five minutes had not elapsed betwixt the falling in of the den and their being taken out. The nine cubs are carefully preserved.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Brimstone burnt in kennels, will, in some measure, get rid of ticks. Hounds, and particularly puppies, suffer much where kennels are infested with this species of vermin.

At Ipswich, Mr. Wilson, clothier, of that place, this month undertook for a wager to knock down 7000 tennins in 1000 bowls, which he accomplished in 900, averaging 7-7ths at a bowl.

For insuring the sweetness of fish conveyed by land carriage, the belly of the fish should be opened, and the internal parts sprinkled with powdered charcoal. The same material will restore impure or even putrescent water to a state of perfect freshness.

Thursday, August 7, at Tufton's cock-pit, Westminster, a dog named *Billy*, well known in the sporting world, destroyed 100 rats in the space of nine minutes. This feat was the result of a wager of 100gs.

## THE PUGILISTIC RING.

August 5, three fights were decided, at Harpenden Common, twenty-five miles from London, and three and a half beyond St. Alban's. They were between *Bishop Sharp*, and *Gypsey Cooper*, for 50l. a side; *Burke*, of Woolwich, and *M'Kenzie*, for 25l. a side; and *Lenny*, and *Aaron the Jew Boy*, also for 25l. a side. The turn-out of the Fancy was gay, stylish, and numerous, and the roads leading to St. Alban's, as early as six o'clock in the morning, were thronged with every description of amateur. At one o'clock, Cooper threw his hat into the ring, attended by his seconds, Harry Holt and a patron of boxing; and Sharp followed soon afterwards, with Josh Hudson and Peter Crawley. Six to 4, 7 to 4, and in a few instances 2 to 1, on Sharp. To detail the rounds, would excite little if any interest among the amateurs,

three months having scarcely elapsed since Sharp defeated the Gypsy; and upon the whole it was almost a fac-simile of the recent battle. In the 15th round, the Gypsy wanted to cut it, pointing to his arm; and in the 21st, he fell on his head, and would not have appeared at the scratch again, had it not been for the loud murmurings of the crowd as to its being a cross, and one amateur in particular threatening to horsewhip him out of the ring. He then plucked up some little spirit, fought several more rounds, and had the best of them, when he declined fighting in the 36th round. Till the 30th round not a drop of claret was seen on either side. It was over in thirty-nine minutes, and general dissatisfaction prevailed throughout the ring.—The two other fights were well contested.

*Moulsey Hurst, August 12.*—*Curtis*, the brother of the out-and-out fighter, and *Inglis*, the feather-bed maker, fought a battle at this place. Joshua Hudson and Harry Holt seconded Curtis, and Tom Jones and Neale picked up *Feather-bed*.—In the first round, Curtis made a left-handed hit, and he was returned upon as gaily as it was given. An irregular rally, both hit and got away, and shewed a rare example of manhood. Both went down from a close, but the disparagement in skill, at about equal weights, was nearly alike.—2. Curtis measured his adversary's nob, and he was as readily met. A gallant rally followed, in which Inglis shewed first blood. Six to 4 on Curtis.—3. A terrible fighting round. It was one general bustle at hitting away, until both turned pipers.—4. Both went down, but the fall of Curtis was a cross buttock.—5. One of the bravest rounds ever seen. The men seemed to be at forlorn play, and the advantages, in a rally of five minutes, were give and take. Curtis was much punished, and when upon the ground, his face exhibited a gore of claret.—6. Many exchanges took place. Curtis had the worst of a smashing milling hit, which floored him. Five to 1 on Inglis.—Nine other rounds were bravely fought, and

Curtis was at length compelled to give in.—The match was for 100 sovereigns.

#### SAMPSON AND BELASCO.

*Tuesday, August 19, 1823*, Philip Sampson and Abraham Belasco fought for 100 sovereigns, at Crawley Down, Sussex. There was a numerous attendance of spectators, but very few of the Corinthian order. Crawley and Richmond seconded Belasco, and Josh Hudson officiated for Sampson. On setting-to, 5 to 4 on Belasco.

**ROUND 1.** Sampson could not be in better condition, and he confidently told all his friends he should win. Belasco was also a picture of a man in fine health. Upon shaking hands, it was the general opinion that Sampson would have attempted to slaughter Belasco off hand. But not so—Sampson was cautious in the extreme. Considerable dodging and attempts at hitting occurred, till at length they closed at the ropes, when Belasco had the best of the *fibbing* till Sampson went down on his back, and his opponent upon him.

2. Sampson hit the Jew in the body. Belasco soon afterwards put in a sharp facer. Counter-hitting; and nobbers, and a short rally. In closing, both down, Sampson undermost.

3. Fine science displayed by Belasco, in stopping the heavy hits of his opponent. After an exchange of blows, Sampson went down.

4. A pretty round, and fine fighting on both sides. In struggling at the ropes, Sampson went down rather awkwardly, and Belasco, being in the act of hitting, struck his opponent on the nob. "Foul, foul!" by the Sampsonites. The referee said nothing wrong had occurred.

5. Decidedly in favour of Belasco: he gave Sampson so heavy a hit on his head, that the latter turned round from the force of it. In closing at the ropes, pepper between them, till both went down, Belasco undermost.

6. Sampson appeared rather distressed. Some blows exchanged till they closed at the ropes, when ultimately the Jew had the best of

it, and planted a blow on Sampson's nob, as he was going down.

7. The Jew stopped well; and, after an exchange of blows, Belasco planted a heavy body hit, which sent Sampson down on his latter end. A great burst of applause from the partisans of Belasco.

8. A well-fought round on both sides. Belasco planted a body blow with his left hand, and protected his head so finely with his right, as to stop a well-meant heavy hit. Counter-hitting, but Sampson's blows were the most severe. The Jew fibbed Sampson down, and fell upon him.

9. Little done on either side.

10. Belasco received a terrific blow in the middle of his head, but he returned to the attack, and, in closing at the ropes, he had the best of it while hanging upon them, until Sampson, by a desperate effort, extricated himself, and, strange to say, placed the Jew in his former situation, and fibbed Belasco severely till he went down, bleeding profusely, and quite exhausted. "Sampson for ever!"

11. The face of Belasco exhibited *punishment*, and Sampson had also the lead in this round; but he determined not to give a chance away, and in closing he went down in the best manner he could. *Murmuring* from the Jews.

12. Belasco endeavoured to plant a hit, but Sampson got away. In closing, Sampson again went down.

13. The Jew put in a heavy body blow; but one of Sampson's hard hits met Belasco in the middle of his head. The Jew got the lead, and Sampson went down.

14. The Jew was a little irritated in this round, from the expressions of Sampson, while they were sparring together, who observed—"I hate got you now, Belasco, and I'll not only lick you, but drive your Jew brother out of Birmingham." "Be quiet," said Josh: "fight, and don't talk so." "You can't do neither," replied Belasco: "but you are an ill-natural fellow." "Keep your temper," urged Crawley: "let no ani-

mosity prevail." Belasco ran in and planted two hits; and, in closing, Sampson went down in the best way he could, and received a hit in consequence, which occasioned cries of "Foul!" and "Fair!"

15. Belasco displayed superior skill, but received such a tremendous blow near his temple, that he fell out of the ropes on his head quite stunned. "It is all up!"

16. Belasco scarcely knew where he was. Sampson did not make play, and the Jew had none the worst of the round.

17. Belasco recovered a little, fought like a brave man till he was hit down.

18. The Jew better—exchanged hits, but was again sent down.

19. Against Belasco.

20. Sampson still cautious. Belasco made play with great spirit; but in counter-hitting received another severe blow on his head, which sent him out of the ropes. Three to 1.

21. Sampson received a hit, and went down on his knees. "Bravo, Belasco! You are a game fellow," from the Christians, "but you are overmatched!"

22. The finish of this round was in favour of Belasco, and he fibbed Sampson down.

23. Belasco's right eye swelled prodigiously; but he came to the scratch determined to obtain victory. Sampson let Belasco commence fighting before he offered to return a hit. The Jew went down from a severe blow, quite exhausted.—"Take the brave fellow away!"—"I am not licked yet," said Belasco.

24. The Jew was too distressed to protect himself, and he received a tremendous hit in the middle of his face that *floored* him slap on his back. When the half minute had elapsed, Belasco remained insensible, and Sampson, of course, was declared the winner. It was over in forty-two minutes.

REMARKS.—Sampson, in appearance, retired from the contest with scarcely a mark upon his face. He is altogether an improved man, and now a match for any 12-stone man

on the list. Every attention was paid to Belasco. The weight of Sampson was 12st. 3lb.: in height, five feet 10½ inches. Belasco, 11st. 6lb.: in height, five feet seven inches.

**SECOND BATTLE**, between *Garrol (the Suffolk Champion)*, and *Whittle, for Twenty Sovereigns a side*.—This was altogether a burlesque on boxing. Such a roly-poly *scrambling* mill has not been witnessed for many years. Eight-and-twenty rounds, occupying thirty minutes, full of amusement and fun, were contested; till a floorer from Garrol won him the battle.

The **THIRD BATTLE** was between *Stockman* and a new *Pallander*, of the name of *Cavannah*, for twenty sovereigns a side. During the first twelve rounds of the fight, the *kid* *nobbed* poor Pat with the utmost ease and indifference. Paddy, determined not to be denied, then got a *turn*, and went up in a most manly style to his opponent, broke through his guard, and, by one or two *Tipperry flings*, shook Stockman's *knowledge* *box* so much to pieces, that when *time* was called, he was totally

insensible to it, and Cavanagh was declared the victor in fifteen minutes, at the conclusion of the sixteenth round. The backer of Stockman is determined to give him another chance.

Josh Hudson offers to fight any man in England for a hundred, and not see his opponent till he meets him in the ring.—David Hudson is backed against O'Neale for 50l. a side.—An anonymous Lancashire man offers to fight any man in the London ring for 500l. excepting only Spring. He is 25 years of age, weighs 13st. 7lb. and stands 5ft. 11½in. high. He has a brother, also, weighing 11st. who will fight any man of his weight for any sum under 200l. Josh Hudson and Sampson can be backed against them.—Mr. Jackson has retired from his office of Master of the Ceremonies in the Prize Ring. The absence of a man of influence is greatly felt, and unless some such person can be procured to take the situation of Commander-in-Chief, *milling* must go out of fashion.

*Spring* and *Cribb* are still on their tour through the country, exhibiting their milling talents.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In order to determine a bet, which is not to be a dry one, a Correspondent requests of us to inquire of the *Elders* of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, whether, in the days of the athletic country sports, there were two distinct games, called *camp* and *foot-ball*, or whether those were names for one and the same game? ●

## POETRY.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

### THE PROFESSOR AND THE WOODEN-LEGGED HORSE.

*A Peter Pindaric.*

**A** Wag—a wicked wag—a naughty wag,  
Who of his quips and cranks would  
often brag,  
Was intimate with a Professor C.  
Who taught the science *veterinary*,  
Lectur'd young chaps on ev'ry horse disease;  
Taught them with bolusses and drinks to  
tease;  
To cure a lameness, greasy heels, or stag-  
gers;  
In short, quite boldly the Professor swag-  
gers.

One day, in company our wild wag met  
him,  
And with his *longest* bow he straight beset  
him:  
Began to *argue* 'bout nag's disorders;  
Told tales of what he'd seen on Scotland's  
borders—  
Wonderful cures performed by Scotch  
horse doctors,  
Most learned men, he said, like London  
proctors.  
At length—the most astounding thing of  
all—  
He told about a horse that had a fall,  
Which broke his *near fore leg*, “and  
this,” said he,  
“Happen'd near town, and is, you must  
agree,



A most extraordinary thing indeed.  
They call'd the *Vet. Doc.* to him in his need.

What does he do? Why first his sleeves he strips,

Then, like Sir Astley, off the leg he whips,

Takes proper means to staunch the blood, and then

Treated the horse as Cooper would treat men;

Till, Sir, at length, the healing was complete.

Well, then to set the horse upon his feet,  
And satisfy the owner's anxious cravings,

He sought the man of saws, and chips, and shavings,

Call'd carpenter, as doctors would say, in,  
To make poor *Pegasus* a wooden pin!

'Twas done: the horse got well, and now doth run,

With others, in the marsh at Homerton,  
Where you, and eke your pupils, may behold him."

C. look'd incredulous, but he who told him

Was so demure—pledg'd honour, word, and so forth—

That C. believ'd, and, more, said he would go forth,

Just with a chosen few, and see the wonder,

To which the ancient school must e'en knock under.

Now fancy, gentle reader, if you can,  
The students summoned by the master

man,  
To bear him company from Camden College

To Marsh of Homerton, in search of knowledge.

The highest way they take, o'er hill and dale;

Down the Canal call'd Regent's, have a sail;

Pass'd Islington, nor counted Rhodes's cows,

Who, as 'tis said, to keep a thousand vows,

Yet, cross'd by fate, never can cut a shine—  
One dies, and leaves nine hundred ninety-nine!

But what are cows—a thousand cows, I trow—

To horse with wooden leg? So on they go:  
And, now at Homerton, behold them peep-

ing  
At ev'ry horse upon the marsh that's creeping;

But, small or large, gelding, or mare, or stallion,

With poliah'd hide, or rough as base rapscallion,

Nought could they see like horse with timber pin,

And so to smell a rat they now begin:

Yet, to make surety doubly sure, they go  
Up to two country Johns, who, with a hoe,  
Were comforting potatoes with fresh mould,  
And said (C. spoke, of course), "May we make bold!"—

Hew civil, was't it, to speak so pretty!  
Such are the poliah'd manners of a city!"

"May we make bold," said he, "or deign to beg

You'll tell us of the horse with wooden leg,

That runs with other nags, enjoying fun,  
About the marshes here at Homerton?"

"Lord love your simple souls!" one jokin' cries,

While 't'other open'd wide his brace of eyes,

Both resting on their hoes their great brown patts—

"A horse with wooden leg! What precious flats!

Little you know of tits, to wander here  
In search of such a thing. But lend an ear:

I once saw such an one, above a door,  
On Ludgate-hill, I think, where many more

Were in the shop for sale, for children fit—  
A baby's rocking horse they call'd the tit.

Gemmen, go home! Be glad it is no worse;  
But don't set up for judges of a horse."

J. M. L.

### AMERICAN JEU D'ESPRIT.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

"A merry heart goes all the way,  
A sad one tires in a mile-a."

WINTER'S TALE.

THE man who frets at worldly strife

Grows sallow, sour, and thin:  
Give us the lad whose happy life

Is one perpetual grin:

He, Midas-like, turns all to gold;

He smiles when others sigh;

Enjoys alike the hot and cold,

And laughs through wet and dry.

There's fun in every thing we meet,

The greatest, worst, and best:

Existence is a merry treat,

And every speech a jest.

Be't ours to watch the crowds that pass

Where mirth's gay banner waves—

To shew fools through a quizzing glass,

And bastinate the knaves!

The serious world will scold and ban,

In clamour loud and hard,

To hear Meigs call'd a Congressman,

And Paulding styl'd a bard:

But, come what may, the man's in luck

Who turns it all to glee,

And laughing cries, with honest Puck,

"Good Lord, what fools ye be!"

## HAVE YOU BEEN TO EALING?

*Sung by Messrs. DIXON and TAYLOR,  
at the Anniversary Dinner of the  
O. H. C. at Abbeys House, Aldersgate  
street, May 6th, 1872.*

TUNE—"Have you been to Abingdon?"

**H**AVE you been to Ealing, sir, heigh  
sir, ho sir,

Have you been to Ealing, sir, ho?

O yes, I have been, sir,

Great feats I have seen, sir,

With flint and percussion guns, blow.

How style you that sporting band, heigh  
sir, ho sir,

How style you that sporting band, ho?

If fame be no liar,

Those men of quick fire,

By name of the O. H. C., go.

Have they been united long, heigh sir,  
ho sir,

Have they been united long, ho?

If the time I must fix,

It is years forty-six,

As their records most clearly do shew.

And grant they no honours, sir, heigh sir,  
ho sir,

And grant they no green ribbons, ho?

O yes, I've been told

A bright medal of gold

On best shot they yearly bestow.

And who's their great captain, sir, heigh  
sir, ho sir,

And who's their great captain sir, ho?

Brown gay Brighton's shore,

To pluck one laurel more,

Came forth the triumphant hero.

Where did he this mighty deed, heigh sir,  
ho sir,

Where did he this mighty deed, ho?

In Cheam's verdant mead,

The all-conquering Stead,\*

Gave percussion a flint-and-steel blow.†

Can you ascertain to me, heigh sir, ho sir,

Can you ascertain to me, ho,

If the new standard charge,‡

Or a bore small or large,||

Gave these luckless pigeons death's blow?

And have they no code of laws, heigh sir,  
ho sir,

And have they no code of laws, ho?

Yes, by rules they are bound,

Ere the bird quits the ground,

The gun, under arm, to hold low.

Is not this a knotty-point, heigh sir, ho sir,

Is not this a knotty-point, ho,

As no bird can they count,  
Should they butt of gun mount.  
'Bove level of line of elbow?

Has the club any father, sir, heigh sir,  
ho sir,

Has the club any father sir, ho?

Tho' we can't prove the fact

By the new marriage act,

The medal he fathered we know.§

And has it no president, heigh sir, ho sir,

And has it no president, ho?

Yes, one who's their boast,

And with joy often toast,

In numbers of gen'rous Bourdeaux.

Then fill high the purple juice, heigh sir,  
ho sir,

Then fill high the purple juice, ho,

Let us pledge our lov'd CHAIR,¶

With whom none can compare,

And let the full bumper flow.

N. S. S. R. O. H. C.

## THE SHOOTER, AND HIS JOYS.

*A Song.—By J. M. LACY.*

**O**F all the joys that sporting yields,  
Give me to beat the stubble field  
Quite early in September:

A brace of pointers staunch and true,

A gun that kills whate'er I view,

I care not whether old or new,

Are things one must remember.

Old Ponce makes a famous point,

As marble stiff, in ev'ry joint,

I cautiously proceed:

When quickly up the covey fly,

Bang, bang—both barrels then I try—

And, lo! a brace before me die,

The shooter's richest mead!

If hares I want for friends in town,

I can tell where to knock them down

Within the furze-bush cover:

A leash I bag, then homeward go,

My spirits all in joyous flow,

And more delight I'm sure I know

Than doth a beauty's lover.

In wintry woods, when leaves are dead,

And hedges beam with berries red,

The pheasant is my spoil:

Fenc'd with high gaiters out I go,

And beat through tangled bushes low:

Each joy of mine my spaniels know,

Though wand'ring many a mile.

At night return'd, my bag well fill'd,

Perchance four brace of pheasants kill'd,

I sit me down in peace,

And envy not ambition's cares,

Nor e'en the crown a monarch wears:

Such joy as mine he seldom shares.

Oh, may that joy ne'er cease!

\* Name of the winner of the medal, 1872.

† The medal was won with a gun on the old flint principle.

‡ One and three-quarter ounces of shot.

§ Three-quarter inch bore.

¶ John Crunden, Esq. to whom the medal owes its origin.

¶ Thomas Harrington, Esq. of Hamilton House, Brighton.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII. N.S. SEPTEMBER, 1823.

No. LXXII.

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## Embellished with,

I. CYPARISSUS, FRONTISPIECE to the TWELTH VOLUME, *New Series.*

II. VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE.

III. *Portrait of the celebrated Racer GIMCRACK.*

## CYPARISSUS.

Frontispiece to Volume XII. N.S.

**CYPARISSUS**, the subject selected to form a frontispiece to the present Volume, is described in mythological lore to have been the son of Zelepheus, and beloved by Apollo. Having killed a favourite stag of Apollo, he was so sorry, that he pined away, and was changed by the God into a Cypress tree.

Dear to the nymphs who haunt Carthæa's  
wood,  
An immense stag, famed for his beauty,  
stood.  
High-branching horns adorn his noble  
head,  
And from his brow descends a spreading  
shade:

His antlers tipt with gold—bright gems  
bedeck

The brawny honours of his throat and  
neck—

E'er quivering on his front a silver ball  
Glitters, and two brass-berries seem to fall  
As if loose from his ears: of natural  
dread

Deprived, and tame, by friends and  
strangers fed,

Carcassed and loved by all he was—but  
most

By thee, fair Cyparissus: thou, the boast  
Of Cæa's pride, thou to the silver spring  
Led'st him, and to his crimson lips didst  
bring

The dewy herbs of morn. With reins of  
flowers

Thou drov'st him through the mazes of  
the bowers.

'Twas summer, and at noon—the blasing  
sun

His race through crooked Cancer had  
begun:

O'ercome with heat, upon a grassy bed,  
Under the shades of trees, the stag had laid

N N

Himself to rest—when an imprudent dart  
From Cyparissus' bow, fixed on the hart.  
Distracted at the mournful sight, the boy  
No longer would the boon of life enjoy :

In vain Apollo cheered his friend, whose  
grief  
Craved from the Gods one favour and  
relief—

That he should mourn for ever, as a test  
Of his love for the stag. This plain request  
Was fully granted. Melted in a flood

Of bitter tears, the purple stream of blood  
Ceases to flow—with verdant hue his limbs  
Stand covered—soon a bristly foliage  
climbs

Above his hair, and tapers to the skies.

"Bemoan for ever!" said, with tearful  
eyes,

The God of Day: "We mourn for thee:  
you'll mourn

For all whose ashes come to fill the fatal  
urn."

#### SOUTH DOWNS OF SUSSEX.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

**L**ITTLE notice having, of late years, been taken, in sporting literature, of the South Downs of Sussex, the following brief sporting and topographical description of them may not be wholly unacceptable to the readers of your highly-cultivated publication.

The South Downs of Sussex, which are abundantly stocked with partridges, hares, and foxes, extend from Beachy Head, near Eastbourne, to nearly the west of Sussex—a distance of about fifty miles—bearing an average width of five, and embracing some of the finest flock-pasture and arable land in the kingdom. On these Downs, thirty years ago, foxes were almost strangers—so much so, that not a single farmer upon them had suffered, by their depredations, for some years. At length, however, a family of the subtle fraternity took up its abode in Wilmington Wood, situated about six miles from Eastbourne, and two from the northern extremity of that part of

the Downs that fronts it, whence the head of the family found his way to *Birlin Farm*, in the parish of East Dean, where he levied his contributions with uninterrupted success, till, having worn out the farmer's patience, the following stratagem for his destruction was had recourse to:—The shepherd of the farm observing his master to be perplexed through the depredations of the fox, and his being at a loss to contrive which way to counteract them, said to him, "Master, I think I've hit upon a plan to get rid of the *old fox*."—"Ods gran it, shepherd," quoth the old farmer, "if you can do so, I'll give you a good fat hog." "I'll set about it, then, master," was the shepherd's reply. "But, how are you going to act?" rejoined the farmer. "Why, saving your presence, master," said the shepherd, "my *old bitch, Smut, wants a sweetheart*; so you see, I intend, to-night, to tie her up to the sheep-fold, hide myself away in the furze, and, if the old dog-fox comes a courting, which, I am told, he will, to knock him at head."—"Ods gran it, shepherd," exclaimed the master, "the plan's a good one, yet I am afraid it won't succeed." But, notwithstanding the farmer's fears, it did. Reynard went to woo, and the cruel shepherd beat out the poor fellow's brains with his sheep-crook, while he was most amorously paying his illicit court to his newly-selected *chere amie*. Nor did the scene of blood end here. Poor reynard's wife being at a loss to account for the absence of her spouse, and going the next night to the fatal spot in search of him, was driven by a mixed cry of hounds, greyhounds, sheep-dogs, &c. back to her family residence, whence, with her infant offspring, she was

forthwith dug out and massacred! Hence, it appears, that if the old fox had not, like many other old foxes, gone astray in pursuit of lawless fruition, the catastrophe would not have happened.

The South Downs of Sussex afford the finest hare-hunting and coursing that can be imagined, the country being open, salubrious, and not overdone with cover; but being hilly, they require good horses, riders, and dogs, to hunt on them. Horses that are very high bred do not at all answer the purpose: the horse calculated to hunt here must have four good short-jointed legs and feet, a fine neck and chest, a good free and well-fashioned shoulder, a pair of well-spread hips, a short back, and a strong loin, all under 15-2. These hills, too, require good horsemanship. There are none who ride them in better style than the sons of the South Down farmers, though I knew a lady of the name of Careless, that fifteen years ago was wont to accompany to the field Mr. T. H. Harben, of Cossica Hall, Seaford, who was equal to the best of them. Good God, what a treat it was to see her! What, Mr. Editor, is so enchantingly, so heavenly divine, as to behold an elegant well-mounted woman, clever at the manege, in the chase! She is, Sir, the life—the soul—the vigour of men, dogs, horses, and everything that composes the field.

The best mode of galloping the Sussex hills is, in descending, to go right down them, with the horse loose in hand: in ascending, to take them obliquely, with a tight rein: in descending obliquely, horses, in very dry or wet weather, are liable to slip up. The greyhounds that are bred upon the South Downs are matchless, to run

in their native districts, although there are many bred in the inland districts that will beat them upon level ground. The hares, too, are very strong, and consequently they afford good running.

It is but since the present Lord Gage came to his estates, that the breeding of foxes has been encouraged in the east of Sussex. His Lordship being fond of this noble, healthy, and recreative exercise, has not only encouraged the foxes on his estates, but, with a few other wealthy individuals, set up a staunch pack of fox-hounds. Colonel Wyndham is also at the head of a fox-pack, in the west of Sussex, and these two packs, denominated the *East* and *West Sussex* fox-hounds, are all the county affords. The fox-hunting, in Sussex, generally takes place more in the Weald than on the Downs, as, although many of the foxes take up their residence on the northern extremity of the latter, they mostly endeavour, on account of its cover, to choose the Weald for their field of action.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN OLD SOUTH DOWNER.

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*For the Sporting Magazine.*

#### MERCURY AT \* \* \* RACES.

NO sooner had this nimble god descended on the earth, than, willing to make the best appearance, as he could assume all shapes, he put on that of a gambler, and went to \* \* \* races. The character, it was thought, became him, inasmuch as, by his celestial office, he may be called king of the thieves.

No sooner arrived on the race-course, than Mercury mixed among his fraternity. He had the advantage of mortals, because he could

see behind the curtain, and dive into the minds of men. He knew the groom that had physicked his horse as well as the master who had ordered him to do so, and the jockey who was not to win, if he could. He knew also, to a sixpence, how they were all to be paid for their trouble. He saw men of rank confederate with gamblers, and men of character making bets which they could not lose. In the evening he saw the person who was to win the match at billiards, the party at piquet, or the rubber at whist. Here, however, he thought the English people bunglers in their operations, compared with the delicacy and address of the French and Italian gamblers, who will plunder a flat of every stiver in his pocket, with such extreme politeness, that the loser could never be angry with them—they do it so much like gentlemen. This, said Mercury, is owing to their education. They are bred up in the houses of people of quality, first as pages, and then as pimps; and some, with souls more daring than the rest, assuming the titles of Counts or Barons, come over to your country, and mix in society, by their effrontery. As for your English gamblers, they have, generally, no education at all; neither have they much dexterity in their calling. They plunder the public by combinations to defraud; and as there is too frequently honour among thieves, they are not often detected. Several of them have risen from the dregs of society, and having professed almost every dishonourable calling in life, finish by becoming what are termed *sporting men*.

After taking a turn in the hazard-room, Mercury went to the ball. Here he observed a number of

fine women elegantly dressed. For a moment he imagined himself upon Mount Ida, at a celestial merry-making among the nymphs and graces, but he soon found he was among inferior beings. The assembly was very full—the weather extremely hot—and he was puzzled to account for that exquisite transport which rational beings were supposed to enjoy, for four or five hours together, in *right and left hands across, back to back, setting to each other*, till their spirits became jaded, and their complexions spoiled. By the power of his celestial penetration, however, he could discern that all was not pleasure here. He could not help smiling at poor human nature, when he looked round and saw so many assembled together, as if actuated by one mind, to attract admiration, to receive pleasure, and to give delight, and that many should be so much disappointed. The agony of mind which one lady experienced, he described as almost insupportable. She saw her daughter dancing with a good-looking Lieutenant of Hussars, in preference to a deformed, but rich, heir-apparent, who, she was in hopes, would marry her; and, in the bitterness of her heart, she wished that he had been killed at Waterloo. One young lady, in particular, strongly excited his compassion. She had entered the ball-room in all the pride of dress, in the plenitude of beauty, and in the highest spirits, expecting to find her admirer there. He, however, had deceived her. She kept up appearances till she got home, when, hurrying to her dressing-room, she threw herself on the sofa, called for her smelling-bottle, scolded her maid, desired not to be disturbed in the morning; declared that she never was so

tired ; that it was the worst ball she was ever at in her life, and that there were only a parcel of frights and quizzes to dance with.

On the following morning, Mercury amused himself with looking at the people who were come to the races. Some he saw lounging up and down the principal streets, staring into the windows as they passed ; some were lolling against the gateway, cross-legged, and looking as if they knew not even what to think about ; others were sitting on the rails, with their whips in their hands, fancying themselves on horseback ; whilst others were sitting on the benches, picking up pebbles, and tossing them in the air, only for the pleasure of seeing them tumble down again — till cocking began:

But Mercury saw others who were more seriously employed. One was a merchant's clerk, who had been persuaded by one of the fraternity to raise a sum of money against that meeting, as he would let him into a secret, and he should touch two or three hundred, at least ! The credulous youth listened to the fatal advice, and had made use of his master's cash, which, as he was " sure of winning," he meant to replace. The event, however, proved otherwise: a "*plant*" was laid for him, and he was stripped of all. At first he proposed throwing himself into the river, but afterwards came to the resolution of quitting the kingdom for ever. To enable him to do so, he forged his master's name to a bill, and was hanged for the crime.

Mercury now witnessed another interesting scene. It was a respectable-looking young man, walking up and down a small meadow, close to the town, ap-

parently in great uneasiness of mind. He had been excessively drunk over-night, and had been seduced into the society of one of those women who are generally imported into a town for the race-week ; but who too often entail misery and disease on those who are so unfortunate as to be acquainted with them. This unhappy victim had just made his escape from one of them ; and having an amiable wife at home, and dreading the consequences of his imprudence, was ruminating as to what excuse he could make to her, to absent himself from her society, for a time.

Mercury now stumbled upon one of the *fraternity*, who had met with his match the night before, and was fleeced of his last sovereign. He was considering how he should raise money to go to the hazard-table at night, but he soon hit on the following scheme:—" I will make," said he, " a bet of one hundred pounds, though I have not so many shillings. If I lose it, it is but a kicking, and what is a kicking ? I am a gambler already, and therefore all the kickings in the world cannot injure my reputation."

It was now time to repair to the cocking, and Mercury entered the door just as the first pair of cocks were produced. The sudden uproar which always bursts forth from the company on the untying of the cock-bags, so much surprised him, that he stepped one foot back, and declared, that although he was used to convey souls across the river Styx, and was therefore familiar with infernal noises, yet the discordant clamour of a cock-pit was more horrid than the tripple howls of Cerberus—the shrieks of Ixion—the groans of Sisyphus—

the sighs of Tantalus, or all the yells that echo along the banks of Tartarus.

The writer of this is very fond of the sport of cocking, and has been often concerned in a main; but having been ill-used by those who walked his cocks, and afterwards sold by his feeder (no uncommon case), he flew the pit, in disgust. Indeed, Mercury himself was scarcely awake to all the tricks of \* \* \* races, and swore, that although he may be called a thief in heaven, he was an honest man on earth.

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#### DISPUTED POINT IN CRICKETING.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

IN answer to your query in p. 15 of the *Sporting Magazine* for June, you may rely on the correctness of the following remarks:—

It is of no consequence what the bowler said to the striker about "There's enough of it!"—the umpires are the judges of the game, and must determine when it is won or lost, *provided their judgment is sufficiently sound to determine.* The striker, although he "deliberately knocked the ball off," and wanted one run to win the game, was of no consequence; for, so long as a striker is *in his ground*, he cannot be *out* (I mean, lose his bat), *except he hits down his own wicket in striking.* For instance: suppose the batsman, at the contrary end from whence the bowler bowls his ball, strikes it to the bowler's end which it came from, and knocks down that striker's wicket, if that batsman was in his ground, *it is not out*; but if he was not, *he is*. A striker may knock down his wicket at any time with

impunity, if the game is not *alive*; or, if it is alive, if he knocks it down in running in, it is of no consequence, provided he is in his ground.

This will, therefore, I hope, satisfy the players who are of opinion that the man was out, that he is *still* in, and the game subject to be renewed by the two strikers resuming their bats.

AN OLD NOTTINGHAMSHIRE  
CRICKET-PLAYER.

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#### HAWKING.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

IT is a long time since any thing has been said in your entertaining work on the once royal pastime of hawking. It may be said of this sport, that the art has never been quite forgotten, but that, like many other inventions, it was at first much admired, and afterwards neglected, so that it remained a long time without improvement, though it is certain that at one period it was brought to the utmost degree of perfection in this country. Whether it was known to the ancient Greeks, has been a matter of speculation among the learned, though the question has been generally determined in the negative. Perhaps it was considered an amusement too trifling for the martial spirit of those times. Aristotle says, men go out to catch birds with hawks in Thrace. There is nothing, however, said of the hood, or the rest of the paraphernalia of falconry.

Among the Romans, hawking seems to have been well understood, for Martial, who calls a hawk a fowler's servant, speaks of it as a sport generally known; and



Pliny mentions the practice of fowling with different birds of prey. It has, therefore, been a matter of surprise, why Virgil did not make Æneas and Dido carry some hawks with them when they went a hunting, whereas he only speaks of horses and hounds.

Among the modern Greeks, falconry was much practised. A writer, in the time of Constantine the Great, published his *Astronomicon*, in which he teaches the art of casting nativities, and attempts to prove that those who are born under certain signs, will become renowned sportsmen, and keep hounds and falcons. It has been asserted, that sea-calves, and sea-wolves, have been instructed to catch fish for their keepers, and which assertions are supported by several authorities.

The art of falconry seems to have been carried to the greatest perfection, and to have been most in fashion at the principal courts of Europe, in the twelfth century. The Emperors Frederick the First and Second, were great admirers of hawking. It is said that the former, called Barbarossa, amused himself with this sport at the time he was besieging Rome. Indeed, in all sports of the field, we are told by his historian, this Prince was "second to no one." Frederick the Second wrote a book on the subject, intitled, *De arte venandi cum avibus*, which was printed at Augsburg, in the year 1596, from a manuscript belonging to a physician of Nurembergh. This work is extremely scarce; but in the second book of it, there is the following interesting account of the use and manner of making the hoods, called *capellæ*, which appear to have been invented by the Arabs :—

"The hood," says this royal writer, "had its origin among the Oriental nations; for the eastern Arabs used it more than any other people with whom we are acquainted, in taming falcons, and birds of the same species. When I crossed the sea, I had an opportunity of observing that the Arabs used hoods in this art. Some of the Kings of Arabia sent to me the most expert falconers, with various kinds of falcons; and I did not fail, after I had resolved to collect into a book every thing respecting falconry, to invite from Arabia, and every other country, such as were most skilful in it; and I received from them the best information they were able to give. Because the use of the hood was one of the most effectual methods they knew for taming hawks, and, as I saw the great benefit of it, I employed a hood in training these birds; and it has been so much approved in Europe, that it is proper it should be handed down to posterity."

Some other works on this subject were printed about this time, which treat on the breeding and diseases of hawks; and among the remedies, aloes, to the size of a bean, are ordered as a purge, and mercury is prescribed for itching and eruptions of the skin. An instance is also mentioned of a hawk which was very wild and untractable, being tamed by being kept hooded in a blacksmith's shop, by the continual noise of the forge-hammer. One of these authors, (Demetrius, who wrote in the twelfth century) recommends, with great simplicity, that every man should say his prayers before he goes to the field with his hawks.

Indian savages still hunt hares and foxes with birds of prey. They make use of eagles, hawks,

and kites, which they catch when young, and train for that purpose, in the following way:—They let loose a tame hare, with a piece of flesh fastened to its back, and suffer these birds to fly after it, in order to seize the flesh, which, on their return, they receive as their reward. When thus instructed to pursue their prey, they are sent after wild foxes and hares in the mountains. These they follow, in hopes of obtaining their usual food, and soon catch them, and bring them back to their masters. They then give them the entrails, as we blood our hounds. The Persians, to this day, take the antelope by means of flying a hawk at him, who fastens on his nose, and, with his wings, so impedes his flight, that he falls an easy prey to the dogs that are pursuing him.

In none of the sports of the field did the fair sex partake so much as in falconry. Ladies of distinction had their hawks, which, to gain their favour, they fondled as much as they now caress lap-dogs. The invention of gun-powder, however, brought this amusement into disuse, and though much less skill and labour are necessary in shooting than in hawking, yet, the use of fire-arms being attended with danger and alarm, it has seldom been attempted by the female sex.

B. A.

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#### WOODCOCKS.

ON the 12th of August, a woodcock was caught in a steel-trap, which had been set for vermin, in the woods of William Manning, Esq. M. P. Coombe Bank, Kent. The bird was in

good condition, and is supposed to have remained in those woods during the summer, probably from having been wounded.

There have been instances of woodcocks passing the summer in England, but these are very rare, and, when found, have invariably been very thin, and in bad condition.

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#### ANECDOTE OF A FAVOURITE FOX-HOUND.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

PERHAPS the following genuine anecdote may appropriately fill a corner of one of your pages. —I am, Sir, yours,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

DURING the days of the once celebrated Hugo Meynell, Esq. of Quorndon, the Prince of fox-hunters, I remember a favourite fox-hound, whose name, I think, was *Rattler*. After becoming very old and too slow for the pack, *Rattler* was allowed the indulgence of the kitchen, servants' hall, &c. &c. It was his invariable habit to accompany several other dogs at play, in a large field, near Quorn Hall, and he would be for hours frisking and gamboling with them until the sound of the servants' hall dinner-bell summoned them to their board of smoking boiled and roast. No sooner, however, did the well-known sound salute his ears, than *Rattler* would be seen streaming over the lawn at his best speed, leaving his more foolish play-mates behind, as he was sure to have his jacket well blown out at dinner.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

**AN ACCOUNT of a CHEETA HUNT,  
In the Upper Provinces of Bengal,  
WITH A SKETCH OF THE COMPANY'S  
STUD AT HISSAR—BY A GENTLEMAN  
WHO WAS THERE, AND HAS LATELY  
RETURNED TO ENGLAND.**

THE fortress of Hissar is situated about 100 miles west of Dhelhi, on the border of the great sandy desert, which extends from thence to the river Indus and the Gulf of Cutch, and was formerly the favourite seat of one of the Moguls, but, with the fall of that Monarchy, has gone into great decay, and its population much decreased, chiefly on account of the extreme difficulty of getting water, for which purpose they are often obliged to dig 450 feet deep. Still it offers the phenomenon of being the finest grass country, and it may be said the *only* good grass country, in India: it was on this account pointed out by the late Brevet Major Lumsdaine, of the Commissariat Department, as a proper place to establish an auxiliary stud for the improvement of the breed of horses and oxen, which has answered the most sanguine expectations of that judicious officer, and bids fair to rival the long-established one at Porsah.

The gentleman who favours us with this account, hearing that there was to be a great show of horses by the native dealers, to be passed into the public service, went there, and says not less than 1000 horses were shewn. They were all above 14 hands and a half in height, high crested, and shewy looking horses, *fat and sleek to a degree*, each having its own groom. The great defect seemed a want of bone below the knee, which is indeed general to all the native horses

throughout India; and also so great a tendency to fulness in the hocks; that in England it would be thought half of them had blood spavine; though, generally speaking, that disease is not more common, at least fewer horses are lame from it, than in Europe.

The method of shewing off a horse is described as singular, not by the owner, but by professional jockeys, who attend and receive a small donation, if the horse is sold. They ride incomparably well, and fearlessly leap on the most vicious horse, often never hacked before, and seldom fail to make him go through his paces. Our informant was here shewn several cases of that singular disorder that prevails in that country, of a live white worm, about the length and thickness of a common needle, which is seen floating in the eye with the continual motion of an eel, and never fails eventually to blind the horse: the natives pretend, that by puncturing the eye they can let it out, but scarce an instance is known of the success of such an operation. The whole of the horses shewn were entire, and it required the utmost exertion of the syces, or grooms, to prevent their fighting. Indeed, it several times happened they were overpowered, and several horses were loose at the same time, when a curious scene presented itself—horses rearing, open-mouthed, kicking, neighing, and biting, in one mass, with their syces trying to separate them, whilst the standers-by were belabouring the infuriated animals with their heavy whips. Among other superstitions, the native dealers attach much faith to having a string of coloured beads hung round the horse's neck, without which, and a *particular rider*,

they would think all chance of the horse's sale in vain.

The stallions at the stud consist of English horses and Arabs, the stock of which are very promising: it has been under the direction of Lieutenant Lumsdaine: he has a splendid house on the ramparts, with an extensive view on all sides, and his hospitality is only equalled by his kind and affable attention to all visitants. The country is open and wild, and abounds with lions, miel-guy, antelopes, hog and other deer, wild boars, hyenas, &c. The black partridge (the finest game in India) is very plentiful hereabouts. During the stay of our informant, two lions one morning passed through the stud, but without injuring the horses or cattle: when the account was brought in, there was a great bustle among the officers to get their elephants ready for the chase, but unfortunately the lions had effected their escape.

On our friend's return to Bahadder Ghur, a native Prince, who had come there for the purpose of sporting, came to pay his respects, having first sent some flour and rupees for his establishment, and invited him to his camp, where he had about 1000 horses. On going there, he was received very politely by the Nawab, who ordered his attendants to present five trays of shawls, and other presents; but upon their being civilly declined, a sudden alteration took place in the demeanour of the Nawab, who appeared greatly offended, but this being explained, and intimation given, *that, as it was the Prince's wish*, the presents would be accepted, harmony was restored, and an invitation given to accompany the Nawab the following day to a cheeta hunt.

The cheeta resembles the pan-

ther, but is taller and more lightly made, something resembling the make of a greyhound, whose speed being *immense*, they are caught and trained to hunt the antelope, and other deer. On setting out, their horses were led, and the party got on their elephants: the cheetas were placed in two carts, with their keepers and other attendants sitting all round the animals, who lay down in the middle. This order was observed until they got into the plains, when some deer were seen at a distance, on which the Nawab got off his elephant and mounted his Arab, and desired the gentleman to do the same, when each placed himself, and rode on the reverse side of the carts from the deer—the drivers taking rather a circuitous direction towards the deer, and commenced singing like country people going to work. This was continued, until within 130 yards of the antelope, when the keeper, for an instant, unhooded the cheeta, who, with wonderful quickness, saw him, and wished to have gone off, but was re-hooded and forced back till thirty yards nearer was gained, when the hood and muzzle were taken off, and the animal slipped, who cautiously leaped from the cart, ran a few paces, and crouched so wonderfully close to the ground as to be almost imperceptible even to the party. The antelope had raised his head to look at them, but the moment he again put it down to feed, the cheeta rapidly advanced twenty yards and crouched again, and so on, till he had gained within about sixty yards of the antelope, who, seeing him, bounded off with all the speed he was master of (which very far exceeds the fleetest English greyhound), and was

pursued by the cheeta, whose speed is described as being almost beyond conception—indeed, so great as nearly to elude sight. In the space of 200 yards, the cheeta had gained within about 25 yards of the antelope, when he made, as it were, a prodigious fling, and both were seen rolling over and over, kicking up no small degree of dust; and when the party rode up, they found the cheeta had him fast by the throat, growling prodigiously; nor would he let go until the blood of the antelope was let into a ladle, and put to his nose: he then let go his hold, and began to lap it, when he was again muzzled and hooded. It sometimes happens that the cheeta fails to catch the antelope, but never continues the pursuit more than 500 yards, on which occasion it is dangerous to ride up, till the keeper has succeeded in taking him, which is not unfrequently a difficult matter.

This sport was repeated, and several deer killed. At the end of the day, two antelopes were seen betting each other, when both the cheetas were slipped together. They crouched, and advanced like two setters on a covey of birds, and afforded great sport. Indeed, from the description given, this sport must be *truly royal*. When the skins of the antelopes were taken off, previous to the carcase being given to the cheetas (who made very short work of devouring one each), two large congealed bloody places were seen on the sides of the deer, evidently where the paws of the cheetas had struck when they made their fling.

On the party's return to Bahander Ghur, the gentleman's tents having preceded on their route, the Nawab offered one of his, and in-

sisted on sending some dinner, which consisted of about 20 dishes, each brought by its own cook, who shewed no small spirit of rivalry on the occasion; but, much to their mortification, the heat of the day had made our friend so sick, as to render all their pressing invitations to taste impossible, and even the very smell almost intolerable; but by a small gratuity being given to each, *this hash* was settled, to the satisfaction of all parties.

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#### HINTS ON TURF AFFAIRS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

A Warm attachment to the turf tempts me to trespass for a short time on the columns of your publication, which has of late increased in interest by the extraordinary pains which one NIMROD has taken, to make it the mouth-piece of the condition of hunters, the riding to hounds, the quantity and quality of physic to hunters, "the duties of a groom, the diseases of the feet, and other important matters"—most of which he has pointed out, assuring your readers that the remainder are on the stocks. This, Sir, is all very well for Meltonians, as he calls 'em; but, the more's the pity, you have no correspondent that tips us with any such *recipes* for the management of race horses—turf-ites, if so be you please to call 'em so.

No one, Sir, who has a good head on his shoulders, but what must see the folly of training race horses in the way they are now trained. A two-year-old is often, but a three-year-old ever, obliged to go through the same work as a four or five-year-old, and, generally speaking, is obliged to swallow the same physic. Our most esteemed

trainers know no other law than that of their forefathers. Reasoning invariably receives a knock-down blow by a prescription handed down from time immemorial, and the most unaccountable methods are *idolised* by the traditionary practice of a trainer of yore. And so, Sir, this will go on, if some worthy or other, like NIMROD, will not enter the lists with these absurd antiquarians, and eradicate, by an acute and impartial inquiry, the nostrums which are cherished only by ignorant trainers, to the prejudice of the power of the horse, and the interest of his owner.

But while, Sir, this practice of *training* remains as it was formerly, the practice of *racing* has assumed a very different shape. And it is to this, Sir, I would call your attention, because I am wholly incompetent to expose, though I am no stranger to the quackeries of the elect. A trainer, Sir, of "olden time," would shew, "*cap in hand*," the horses to his employer, listen to his commands, and obey them. Not so the trainer of the present day: with his hat on his head, he shews you your horses, and, in reply to an order you make to go *here* or *there*, he tells you, that is impossible, for he has a horse going there of his own, which is sure to win.

No longer, Sir, is the trainer like a servant. And why? Because he has horses of his own, and therefore is on a level with his master. But how is this? Because gentlemen, subscribers to stakes, encourage them, by giving their nominations to such persons, not of their own accord, but through the clerk of the course, who usually receives a guinea for the nomination. This has brought more than any thing else, ruin to the country races. And how, you will ask, is it to be

prevented? Why, Sir, by gentlemen standing by gentlemen, and never giving their nominations to persons whose interference has been so prejudicial to the sport. This, amongst many other things, may check this novel, but disreputable mode of proceeding: but nothing would check it so much as a determination amongst gentlemen never to train their horses in any stable where the owner has horses of his own; for is it likely, in conclusion of this part of the argument, that a *trainer* will prefer his master's interest to his own?

*Cum multis aliis*, there is another thing, though I am bold to say it is far from the subscribers' thoughts, which is liable to injure gentlemen racers, and that is, the fashionable mode of the present stakes. It will be admitted on all hands, I guess, that in the pursuit of any object, no advantage ought to be given to the unfair candidate, in preference to the fair one; and yet this is the case, in these handicap stakes in the country, which are now so much the rage. The Gloucester Stakes opened the ball—and it has since been followed by the Hampshire, the Somersetshire, and Lord knows what besides. To the promotion of these stakes every nerve is strained: they are handicap, every one is aware—that is, weighted according to their public running. A horse, in public, if he is the property of an honest man, runs his best; if he is not the property of an honest man, there is no saying how he will run. If he gains an advantage by running ill, the probability is, he will do so, and therefore *such great stakes*, if they make up for the loss of many smaller ones, as no doubt they do, *with interest*, are in favour of a rogue; unless, indeed, handi-

cappers do, as *once* they did at Newmarket, lump *the suspicious* prodigiously. *What is done, cannot be undone!* Gentlemen will, however, I hope, in future, look about 'em—particularly the handicappers.

A nod, Sir, is as good as a wink, to a blind horse.—I am, Sir, your humble servant, MENTOR.

London, September 3, 1823.

#### ON NIMROD'S ASSERTIONS RESPECTING HUNTERS AT GRASS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

I Have been in several counties, and have hunted with several packs of hounds of note, and have therefore made my observations. According to NIMROD, the quality of the soil in that part of the country where he resides must be desperately bad, indeed, if the horses to which he alludes are brought into such a shocking state, in consequence of a run at grass, that you cannot even distinguish their colour, which I may be allowed to infer from his description of them. As their crests, according to his account, were so low, and their condition so pitiable, one would be led to suppose that they had been turned into a marsh up to their bellies in mud, without a blade of grass to eat. NIMROD is now *riding rather too wide of hounds*, and I beg leave to remind him of one circumstance—viz. that there are others in the sporting world, who, like the *BIT OF A JOCKEY*, understand the trick equally as well as he does. For my own part, my hunters always have their three months' run at grass, with a comfortable shed, and free access to water; and having taken them into my stable, I have found them to be not

crest-fallen, nor in that deplorable condition which NIMROD describes; but with their legs, feet, and constitutions refreshed and invigorated, from my having restored them for twelve weeks to that state of nature which the animals require after months of labour and straining, attended with the bangs and bruises which must ensue, if they are ridden well up to hounds over a country. I am not aware that the pastures in Kent are superior to those in other counties: I believe, however, they are inferior. Be that as it may, my horses are up from grass, and their appearance is as I describe, and in my opinion a groom, if he is a groom, has plenty of time allotted him, if he begins, at the latter end of July, to get his horses into that condition which will enable them to do their work properly when they are wanted. Such is the manner in which I treat my horses, not absolutely from my own opinion, but from that of many of my friends who are older than myself, and are consequently more experienced. I have had opportunities of seeing horses that have been summered in the stable, and likewise those that have been at grass; but no horses, that I have seen, come into the field in November, better fit to go, than those which carry the huntsman and whippers-in to a celebrated pack of fox-hounds that hunt in Oxfordshire, and they, to my knowledge, have their run at grass in the park regularly every summer.—Yours,

TALLY HO.

N. B. NIMROD'S position regarding early exercise in the morning is right, and I have always adopted that plan. His remarks likewise on the *OLD SPORTSMAN'S* ridiculous notions are inimitably good.—

Your inserting these observations in your next Number will greatly oblige me.

August 7, 1823.

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#### ON SHAVING THE COATS OF HORSES.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

AS I conclude you take in all communications, I think probably the following may be worth insertion in your valuable Magazine:—

It has lately been a custom partially practised in Lincolnshire, and which, from its advantageous consequences, will probably soon become a general custom, "to shave long-coated horses." It may at first sound ridiculous, but, by those who have tried it, it is universally praised. The chief reason of its utility is this:—It was found by many sportsmen, that long-coated horses, though not thorough-bred, were very excellent hunters in a deep country, but with this disadvantage, that, after a severe run, their hair became so wet, that even afterwards, when in the stable, it could scarcely be dried, particularly when they broke out into a fresh sweat after being dressed, and after having had their last feed at night. This of course weakened them considerably; and in one instance the horse could only be ridden twice in a fortnight. But, since the new plan of shaving was tried upon this animal, he is now hunted regularly three or four times in a fortnight, and with greater ease to himself, and much greater pleasure to his rider. This I can give good authority for, having been done by several excellent sportsmen in the Barton Hunt, in Lincolnshire, and uniformly with great success. I must observe,

that though the process certainly does not add to the colour of the horse, it nevertheless shows off his shape to great advantage; but who would let appearance compete with utility?—I remain, Sir, yours,

A. C.

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#### ANECDOTE OF A TAME LION.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

I Have been a long time a subscriber to your entertaining Magazine, and know that you do not deal in the marvellous. The following story, however, as it gives the name of the principal performer, is free from the imputation of fiction, and may claim a place in your columns.

About two years ago, Captain Sir Edward Tucker, of his Majesty's ship *Rover*, was made a present, in South America, of a fine lion whelp of that country, distinguished by the appellation of the *Numa* lion. The Captain almost immediately sailed to England, and during the voyage the lion ran about the ship among the sailors, and became perfectly tame. On the arrival of the ship in England, Sir Edward and one of his brother officers travelled from Portsmouth to London in a post chaise, and having a large land-tortoise at the bottom of it, he was actually allowed to sit between them on the seat.

Soon after his arrival in town, Sir Edward had liked to have paid dearly for his frolic; for, going one day with a friend into the place where the lion was kept, a cat, pursued by a dog, entered, and he immediately sprang upon it, seizing it in his mouth, growling most violently, and cracking its bones till life was extinct. On Sir Ed-



ward approaching him, he plainly shewed that the adventure with the cat had recalled all his native ferocity, and that he was no longer the tame and playful animal he was before; and there is little doubt that had not Sir Edward yielded to the solicitation of his friend to make his retreat in time, he would have paid the forfeit of his life. In consequence of this change of disposition, in addition to the great expence of keeping him in food, Sir Edward lent this animal to the collection at Exeter 'Change, and afterwards gave him to Mr. Kean, the actor, in whose possession he died, when that gentleman was on his professional tour in America. I understand that it is a very common practice in India to have these animals tame, but in my humble opinion the risk must always be more than adequate to the entertainment afforded by them. The dreadful accident which occurred the other day at Bartholomew fair brought this little anecdote to my recollection; and if it accords with the materials of the *Sporting Magazine*, it is much at your service, and I remain your obedient servant,

CORYDON.

#### VORACITY OF FISH OF PREY.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

IN the remarks on the circumstance of a full-grown lizard being found in a trout of a pound and a half weight, mentioned in your *Magazine* for August, which I take to be an accidental circumstance, and not at all likely to benefit the angler, in the way of affording him a new bait, it is said that "a large trout is a very voracious fish, and, as he will gorge a minnow of the largest size, we see

no reason," &c. That the minnow is a favourite bait with the trout, is unquestionable; but I have no doubt but the trout mentioned, and which is considered a small one, would have with ease taken a large gudgeon; for the voracity of all fish, when hungry, and especially fish of prey, is wonderful.

To shew that it is not extraordinary for a fish of a pound and a half to take a minnow, I may mention that I have repeatedly taken, in the river Loddon, chub and perch with that bait, which have not weighed more than from four to five ounces.

But the following circumstance, the introduction of which was my principal motive for sending this note to you, will shew, in a striking point of view, the voracity of fish of prey, and also what large fish, in comparison of their own size, they frequently take.

Some years ago, perhaps twenty, I was angling in the Cam, at the locks upon what is called Stirbitch Fair Green, about two miles from Cambridge, where, on the 25th of September, one of the first horse-fairs in the kingdom is held. I was fishing for roach and dace, and, while so employed, the fisherman who resides there (or who *did* reside there), named *Honeybourn*, I think, was throwing his cast-net close by me, and, as he disturbed my fishing—a thing, by the bye, he was rather famous for—I left off to see what he might take. On his drawing out the net, I observed he had got a jack about a foot in length, upon looking at which I perceived the tail of another fish projecting several inches from his mouth: this I immediately took hold of, and drew forth *another jack, three quarters of a foot in length*. I certainly was surprised at it; and whether it is a common occurrence or not, I cannot say, but

it is an absolute fact, which Honey-bourn could attest, if yet living, and the recollection of it has not escaped him. In this instance, the pike must have remained, had he not been netted in what must be considered a most painful situation, with his jaws widely extended, until the head of the fish he had swallowed digested, when the remainder of his body would have gradually followed.

The greedy nature of fish of prey is such, that I have seen a perch follow a roach which I had hooked, although much larger than himself, merely because he saw the other struggling and in distress, and not that it was in the power of the perch to have injured the roach. Both perch and pike will frequently seize the angler's leaden plummet, while taking the depth: it has repeatedly happened to me, and did about a fortnight ago, when, in plummeting a deep hole in the river Stour, near Long Melford, a pike of two pounds took hold of my plummet four times, the last of which I drew him out of the water, but my line, a single gut, giving way, I lost both plummet and pike.—I am, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

September 14, 1823.

#### GIANT—AN EXTRAORDINARY HUNTER.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

HAVING read, in one of Nimrod's letters on hunting, an account of a very heavy gentleman who generally beat the light weights in Warwickshire, I thought I would give you a few particulars of a similar circumstance, that used to occur with Mr. John Powers's foxhounds in the county of Kilkenny, and with those of Beecher Wrixon,

Esq. in the county of Cork, a few years back.

A gentleman, by the name of Bailey, residing on his estate, at Norelands, in the former county, but formerly an officer in the fifth dragoon guards, purchased an exceedingly cross-made, raw-boned Scotch horse, upwards of seventeen hands high, from a Colonel Maxwell, a Scotch gentleman, who was quartered in Dublin, with his regiment, and, from his size, christened him *Giant*. He was at this time much out of condition, and had not grown into form, on which account he got him for 100 guineas, and a short time before he had been sold for 70. Mr. Bailey's weight was between 17st. and 18st.; but so well was *Giant* up to it, that he frequently beat every man in the field, being (what is very uncommon for a horse of his size) remarkably good against a hill, and also in dirt. Two or three Irish gentlemen, who were in the habit of hunting in Leicestershire, gave it as their opinion, that this horse would have distinguished himself in that country; and as a proof that they had good pretensions for saying so, Mr. Bailey was offered 1000 guineas for him in Ireland, which he refused. Mr. Bailey, as I before observed, was between 17st. and 18st.; but he rode his horse with great judgment and intrepidity, and had an excellent hand upon him, always sitting quietly down in his saddle.

The end of *Giant* was a very unfortunate one. Mr. Bailey was at Holyhead, on his return to Ireland, and impatient to get this excellent horse into the packet, had him swum alongside, with the intention of hoisting him on board, when, by unskilful management, he was drowned. The low price at

which this horse was sold, and the high price afterwards offered for him, afford a striking proof of the slight judgment that can be formed of large-grown horses before they are got into condition; and should be a warning to sportsmen how they part with them, without a trial, if they have any action to recommend them.

HIBERNICUS.

#### UNFAIR RISK IN THE TRIAL OF A HORSE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**B**EING at the Horse Bazaar, some months since, I noticed a buyer, apparently for exportation, but an Englishman. He was examining a fine hunting-like gelding, rather upwards of fifteen hands and half, priced at sixty guineas. The horse was led into the riding school, and the chapman being desirous to see him leap, the bar was put up to a considerable height, the nag mounted, and tried at a standing leap, which he constantly refused, indicating plain enough that he had never before been put to a leap. On this, the buyer desired the groom to ride him at a flying leap: the consequence was, a stop short at the bar, a great number of times, with obvious show of terror in the horse, yet a generous and willing animal, and no slight appearance of danger. By persevering and sharp spurring, the rider at length succeeded, and the horse flew over the bar in a gallant style. Now, granting an accident had happened, would this chapman have stood to the damage of the horse, or of horse and man—and both were in no small peril? It is to be supposed he would not, but that the damage, to whatever extent, must have fallen on the proprietor of the Bazaar. It there-

fore appears to me, that such a trial of a horse is most unreasonable, and never ought to be granted by any dealer, or keeper of a repository.—The accidents from running raw and unbroken horses at the bar, have been many. In one instance, an Irish horse had both his fore legs broken. In another, in Lincolnshire, a young horse, driven by force at the bar, went over headlong, and, falling upon the groom, broke his back, and one of his legs. It is, moreover, a cruel act, to goad an animal to the performance of a task which he has not been previously taught, and in which he justly apprehends danger, from his want of knowledge. By leading a young or unknown horse to the bar, all the needful intelligence in respect of his qualification, actual or probable, as a leaper, may be obtained.

A BREEDER.

#### LUDICROUS EFFECT OF A DIFFERENCE OF IDIOM.

**A**MONG the generality of foreigners, a certain degree of reproach is attached to the word "fellow." When the German Legion was in this country, one of their Captains was invited to dine at the mess of a dragoon regiment quartered in the same town. Having some misunderstanding with one of the officers, he gave him to understand he considered himself insulted, and said, "Choose your veppon, Sir, sword or pistole, and I will fight you directly!" "My good fellow," said the Englishman, "I can assure you I had no intention of insulting you." "Vellow!" said the German: "You call me vellow! What do you mean by that? Vorse and vorse! I will kill you, by G—d! You call me vellow!"

P P

## HARE-HUNTING VINDICATED.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

MY letter of the 25th of May last endeavoured to prove that *some degree of condition* was necessary to the horse doomed to follow even a "pack of psalm-singing harriers;" and I now proceed, in compliance with a promise made in that letter, to illustrate still farther the aforesaid point in issue, by giving the particulars of *another* run I witnessed with the celebrated Vale harriers (belonging to Mr. Yeatman, of Stock House, Dorset) alluded to in that letter—from which statement NIMROD, and OTHERS who hold hare-hunting cheap, *because they have never seen it in perfection*, shall decide whether, "to follow a regular pack of psalm-singing harriers," it is necessary to have a horse in condition; and whether, "as puss is pretty sure to come home to die, and so at all events there is no fear of her *going out of the parish*, his rider can ALWAYS have a pull at him!"

I beg, however, to premise, that considerable time having elapsed since I addressed you on this subject, very considerable advantages have resulted from the delay. One is, that I have seen the ground over which the Vale harriers ran, on the 31st of January, 1822, on which day they had their run from the banks of the Stour to Pointington, in Somersetshire; and I can pronounce that it was *more* than ten miles, as the crow flies, which they covered within the hour and twenty minutes, to say nothing of the necessary windings and doubling of the ground by the pack, generally reckoned at one-third of the distance. Another advantage arising

from the delay above alluded to is, that I have seen NIMROD's letter in reply to mine, and if any proof were wanting to shew that NIMROD is as *perfect* in his capacity of gentleman and scholar, as he is in that of the genuine sportsman, I beg to say that his letter of July last sufficiently and abundantly confirms it: and I beg to offer him, without further preface, my most grateful thanks for his *courteous* notice of my plain and unvarnished narrative of facts, in opposition to, perhaps, an hasty opinion of his; as well as to assure him that, "carrying anger as the flint does fire," I differ from him in *DEGREE* more than in *kind*: and that, convinced, as I am, by bitter experience of near twenty years' standing, that nothing but *very high condition* will do for the *QUICK WORK* of modern fox-hunting, I also am decidedly of opinion, on the other hand, that *sound good condition* is necessary to horses which have to live with modern harriers, so fast and well bred as those I am speaking of, running over the deepest vales and finest champaign country in the world, taking into account their *constant teasing*, of many hours' duration, from the quantity of game preserved for their popular proprietor—of which condition, and its necessary amount, I will leave gentlemen to judge, from the following fact, well recorded in the West of England.

Without mentioning the particulars of many superior runs which these hounds had last season, some of which I did, and some of which I did not see, I will hasten to the description of one which took place on the 4th of March last, one of the most boisterous days of the whole year, and which was as follows:—

Oh Tuesday, the 4th of the above.

month, seventeen couple of these hounds were walked to Charminster Down, near Dorchester, from their Down kennel about five miles. It blew a perfect hurricane, and few gentlemen were out. They ran, however, for near two hours, with a breast-high scent, changing hares every moment nearly, till one of the most violent hail-storms ever seen drove them literally under the horses' bellies for shelter; and, as the wind increased, Mr. Y. ordered his huntsman to walk them towards home, and they were walked accordingly, eight miles north of the Downs, towards their native vale, which lies about 1000 feet below the level of these exposed regions; and where they were introduced, in a somewhat milder climate, to another hare, at three, P.M. After running different scents for one hour and half, threading several small coppices, a *particularly small* hare was seen and laid on to; which, after trying the small covers under the chalk pit, at Buckland Newton, and finding the pack *in earnest*, went over by Dewlish Common across the enclosures to the brook at Canning Court, over the same to the parish of Pulham, and over for Shortwood, a cover of forty acres, which was skirted; the pack going for the parish of Mappowder, *through it*, without a turn, and along the finest tract of grazing land imaginable, for Stoke Common; over it, for the parish of Woolland, and through it by Woolland Wood for the parish of Ibber-ton, swimming the brook there and skirting Kidford Coppice for the parish of Belchalwal, across the enclosures *towards* the parish of Okeford Fitzpaine. Before, however, the pack had got out of Belchalwal, they got from scent to view, and killed in beautiful style, on open

ground, having ran eleven miles at least, *through six parishes*, in one hour and thirty minutes, with a bad flighty scent at this time of the day, hunting every yard of it!

Having thus related a plain matter of fact, and one good run out of twenty, during the last season, and finding that I have not room for my account of the Dartmoor style of hare-hunting in this letter, I have only to subscribe myself, your's, obediently, VENATOR VAGUS.

P. S. The hare weighed four pounds and half.

September 1, 1823.

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ON THE  
ERRONEOUS PREJUDICE *against*  
PUGILISTIC CONTESTS:

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE  
MAGISTRACY OF THE SHIRE OF  
GLOUCESTER.

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To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

WE were some time since informed by the public papers, that the Gloucestershire Magistrates had given orders to suppress all pugilistic encounters within their jurisdiction. Such has been the general course of proceeding with individual Magistrates throughout England, but the above is probably the single instance of a general prohibition; and the writer of these lines humbly conceives that the proceeding does not speak very forcibly in favour of the consideration or policy of those by whom it has been organised. They are obviously either acting under the influence of, or really are associates of that faction, which, during the last thirty years, has been struggling, and that too successfully, to transmogrify gallant old England into a nation of precisians and hypocrites. Whether this egregious "communion of

salute" will boast of their success at moralising the country, I know not; but this I do know, that *vicious habits, crimes, and those of previously unheard-of atrocity, have prevailed among us, in an enormously greater degree, during the dominion of the saints, than at any former period.* Were these the proper pages for such a topic, I could easily, and I trust rationally, assign the above effect to its legitimate cause. I shall not fail to perform that task elsewhere.

The capricious method in which boxing, the ground of an important branch of British morality, is treated, reflects no honour on our Government, or on our legislative wisdom. It is mere hypocritical drivelling, which never answers any sound moral purpose. A power is retained, of entirely preventing these encounters, and it is committed to the discretion—in other words, the caprice or prejudice—of individual Magistrates. Thus is evinced a vacillating and imperfect comprehension of the nature of this object of legislation, and its consequences, associated with an evident fear of the probable effect of its total suppression. If boxing be really of dangerous and immoral tendency, why not, to use an elegant modern parliamentary and judicial phrase, at once put it down? If otherwise, and that the people have a right to use their own discretion in the case, why not allow it? What possible good can be derived from the present half measures, of seeing, binding and loosening, refusing, and granting permission?

The harm, however, is obvious, and the example contagious. According to the present magisterial tactics, men smuggle their combats, well knowing that they are acting against

law, and thence acquire a contempt for the laws, which, in every state, ought to merit, and thence would surely obtain, the reverence and respect of the people. The thing needful is—an unshackled allowance of this right for which we contend; and with respect to laws and regulations, preventive of any abuse of it, or of riotous breaches of the peace in consequence, those we already possess in an abundant plenty. In favour of the allowance which I advocate, may be urged, and a powerful plea it is, the superior regularity and freedom from barbarous and demoralizing abuses of the modern pugilistic school, and the essential advantage of having at its head a man of respectability and fair character. Such is Mr. Jackson, who has during many years presided at the ring, and in the school, with so much honour to himself, and advantage to the general system. I have formerly addressed that gentleman, in these pages, on the present subject, in regard to the decent and proper conduct becoming Englishmen, at their pugilistic meetings; and, most particularly, on the duty, in these enlightened times, thence the absolute necessity, of dis severing at once and for ever, the ancient infamous connection between boxing and BAITING of animals—in more appropriate terms, torturing them to death.

Man does not acquire hardihood and true courage from the cowardly act of staking down and exposing wretched animals to suffering, but by practising and learning to suffer himself; and that qualification which enables a man to defend himself, and to become a defender of his country, in its need, is to be learned at the pugilistic theatre. I expressed my hope to

Mr. Jackson, that I should live to see the time when our men of rank and property, the patrons of this noble science of defence, would successfully use their influence to erect, by subscription, a spacious and ornamental *gymnasium* in the metropolis; where that gallant part of the public, who have the pluck to witness and to admire the science, and the active and passive courage of their fellow men, in their voluntary combats, might be accommodated in a convenient style; and where this truly national business might be conducted, both as to principle and practice, in a manner void of all reproach. Such an example would no doubt be followed by our cities and large provincial towns.

It is the plea of our canting, but, in reality, rough riders, that boxing matches, fairs, shows, playhouses (see the notable address to the public—"Why do you go to the playhouse?") serve to collect together thieves, vagabonds, and all sorts of immoral people. Granted: but what community will you find on the earth, exempt from such; and how, until the law have operated upon them, will you be able to interdict the presence of such, at scenes of public amusement? It is the object of a rational, vigilant, and energetic system of police, to attend on all public occasions, and to suppress all aggression and disorder; but the Government of a country neither does, nor ought to possess the right, to proceed beyond that point—most assuredly, not to deprive the orderly majority of their lawful and customary amusements, on the stupid and contemptible plea, that a rascally and lawless minority abuse them. I here state the present case of *faire*, which the saints are striving, *velis et remis, omnibus nervis*, to put

down throughout England; but, with the blessing of God, and cheered by the solar light of reason, of knowledge, and of common sense, I trust we shall be enabled to put the saints down first. It is fit that the worthy part of the commonalty of England should have some respite, some indulgence, to cheer them on their dreary and laborious way through the never-ending road of taxation. Finally, are the saints themselves, in reality, in principle and practice, the holy inward men they outwardly represent; and are all their meetings and assemblies free from the contamination of any immoral mixture? If so, they have a right to cast the first stone at us.

We are apt to overlook, or under-rate in value, advantages, however great, which we have immemorably and habitually enjoyed. Thus it is with boxing, the pure science, and fair legitimate practice of which has ever been, and is still confined to, old England; for even in the United States of America, old England's eldest daughter, they still, in their pugilistic contests, retain the abominable and savage practice "to gouge, *bellueine*, and bite!" But ah, still more foul disgrace! there is a shire in England—I blush for my country at the name—where such a beastly custom has been in use within memory, and where one single instance, and I trust the last, of something too much like it, has stained our daily press. Those degenerate Britons, who are using all their powerful influence to discourage, and finally to put down, pugilism, are the *elite* of that respectable and oblivious sort of people whom I have just now characterised. They appear insensible of the immense benefit their coun-

try has derived from the moral lesson inculcated and firmly rooted in the vulgar mind, of using their natural weapons, the fists, instead of the knife and the stiletto, when urged by circumstances, casual or otherwise, to assuage their vindictive passions. The old boxing system produced this inestimable benefit; but had not that system, a liberal improvement of the ancient *gymnasia*, been encouraged, and rendered national, it could not have been permanent, or productive of those salutary effects which have been experienced from it. There was scarcely a country in Europe formerly, and so it unhappily is with some at the present hour, in which a man who was so unfortunate as to get into a broil, was not in danger of the dagger, the snick-a-snee, or the stiletto; whilst in England, at any rate *formerly*, neither native nor foreigner, in similar circumstances, ran the risk of any farther mishap than a sound douse on the mumpers, a handsome party-coloured blackening of the ogles, or a neat, dexterous, and electrifying cross buttock. France, which, during her grand Revolution, organized a wholesale system of assassination, at length grew sickened of blood, and of the retail or individual practice; and that country, next to England, is one of the most free from private murders: nevertheless, the French cannot be contented without implements of mortal wound in their squabbles; and we had an instance, during the war, of two French prisoners deciding a difference, with scissars fastened to sticks! And a French priest assured the present writer, at the time, that, in his opinion, the conduct of these men was more satis-

factory, than if they had used their fists. Such is the force of custom; and our pugilistic missionary, who, about that period, crossed the channel in order to convert the Parisians to the true faith, had no more success, than certain missionaries of another description have since had, in India, excepting with the *rice* or belly christians. I would willingly hope the best of other nations, and that among the numerous modern improvements, sound morality will, at length, come in for its share; and that the vulgar high and low of all countries, will learn to give vent to their passions, in an open and manly way, and that a universal stigma will attach to all secret murderous deeds. Modern Italy has always been infamous for numerous, or rather customary assassinations, which, if they still prevail as heretofore, it is the duty of Austria, with her *protecting* arm, to endeavour to suppress. How the case stood formerly, may be judged of, by the following quotation from Mr. Lawrence's chapter on the "Philosophy of Sports:"—"At Naples, Dr. Owen informs us, FIVE THOUSAND PERSONS PERISHED, in one year, by the bloody hand of assassination." "A conference is said to have been lately held with his Neapolitan Majesty, upon the subject, and the necessity of punishing the assassin with death, strongly contended for. His Majesty begged leave to differ from his learned advisers on the propriety of this step; for at present, said the Monarch, I lose five thousand of my subjects by assassination; if, therefore, I were to put to death every assassin, I should lose double the number."

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.



LETTER IN REPLY TO MR.  
JOHN LAWRENCE, ON. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

**Y**OUR correspondent, Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE, has fallen into the same error as many of the advocates of Mr. Martin's system have done: he has suffered his mind to be led astray, and his judgment blinded, by the indignation he has felt at descriptions of particular acts of cruelty to animals, exercised by unprincipled wretches scarcely deserving the name of human beings, or by exaggerated accounts, published by those on whose statements there is no dependence to be placed, and not from his own actual observations. I have taken much pains and care to arrive at the truth and real state of the case, when I have heard of cruelty to animals; and I never could find an instance in which the real acts of cruelty bore any comparison to the description of them.

Mr. LAWRENCE would fain have us believe that the cruelty which requires legislative interference, is exercised exclusively by the lower orders of society; that the *rationale* of sporting is legitimised to the higher orders only; that there is a necessity for hunting the hare, for fishing with the hook, for racing, shooting, &c. &c.; but that for bull-baiting, cock-fighting, &c. there exists no necessity. Does Mr. LAWRENCE think that animal suffering is to be judged of by bulk—that the bull feels pain and torture, in comparison to the poor fish or mangled partridge, in proportion to his size, or compared with them? If so, he has adopted a new school with a vengeance. I

confess I am one of the many who think that had Mr. Martin's late Bill passed into a law, we should not in time have had it in our power to destroy a fox, or burn a wasp's nest with impunity; and, perhaps, if naturalists could have proved that the vegetable kingdom was endowed, as the eloquent Darwin would have us believe, with feelings and sensation, we should, in process of time, have been restrained from lopping an exuberant branch from our trees, lest we might give them unnecessary pain and torture.

I repeat, that I am a sportsman of the old school—not the old school of torture or suffering, but of that which teaches me that a contest between a dog and a bull, or between two game cocks, is far from being more cruel than hunting, shooting, or fishing. I have never taken the least interest, or found any amusement, in bull-baiting; but from what I have ever heard or seen of it, I think it has been very much misrepresented. I might defy your correspondent to produce a single instance of the cutting and causticing which he has so pathetically described, or of throwing the bull over the bridge. On the contrary, the bull is, I believe, baited or worried by one dog only at a time, and is generally so wary and cautious, that the dog is almost always the greatest sufferer.

In the middle of the town in the neighbourhood of which I live, there is a large iron ring fixed to the ground, called "the bull ring," and there was formerly a penalty attached to any butcher who should exhibit the flesh of a bull in the meat market, without producing the animal, on the previous market day, to be baited there; and though this

custom is not now kept up, yet as it might serve to prevent imposition, I should not be sorry to see it revived.

Mr. Martin I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with; but, if I was so, I would recommend him to endeavour to correct the morals of the lower orders in some other manner than that of breaking a lance against their cruelties. Swearing, for instance, is an abominable vice, which the lower orders of the people are very much addicted to.—I am, Sir, your's, &c.

AN AMATEUR OF THE COCKPIT.

September 17, 1823.

#### ON HORSE BREEDING.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

THE papers state, that at Horn-castle fair, black cart colts fetched very low prices: the fact is, since the termination of the war, there are not so many heavy road waggons in use, and of late they have been superseded by the vans; consequently, there is not above half the demand for strong black cart colts. Now, the horse for the farmer to breed, that will ensure a ready market, is from a strong active cart mare, and a bony half-bred horse: should the produce not have action enough for a van, it becomes a very useful sort of cart horse for farm purposes.

The breed of forest ponies has certainly of late years degenerated: they have neither the substance, shape, nor beauty, the greater part of a drove used formerly to possess. If you look over a drove of sixty, you will not be able to select above eight or nine that are really clever. This may be remedied, by turning out, in each forest, a small thorough-

bred stallion, about fourteen hands three inches high.—I am, Sir, your's,

A BREEDER.

September 2, 1823.

#### ON KENNELS, AND FEEDING OF HOUNDS.

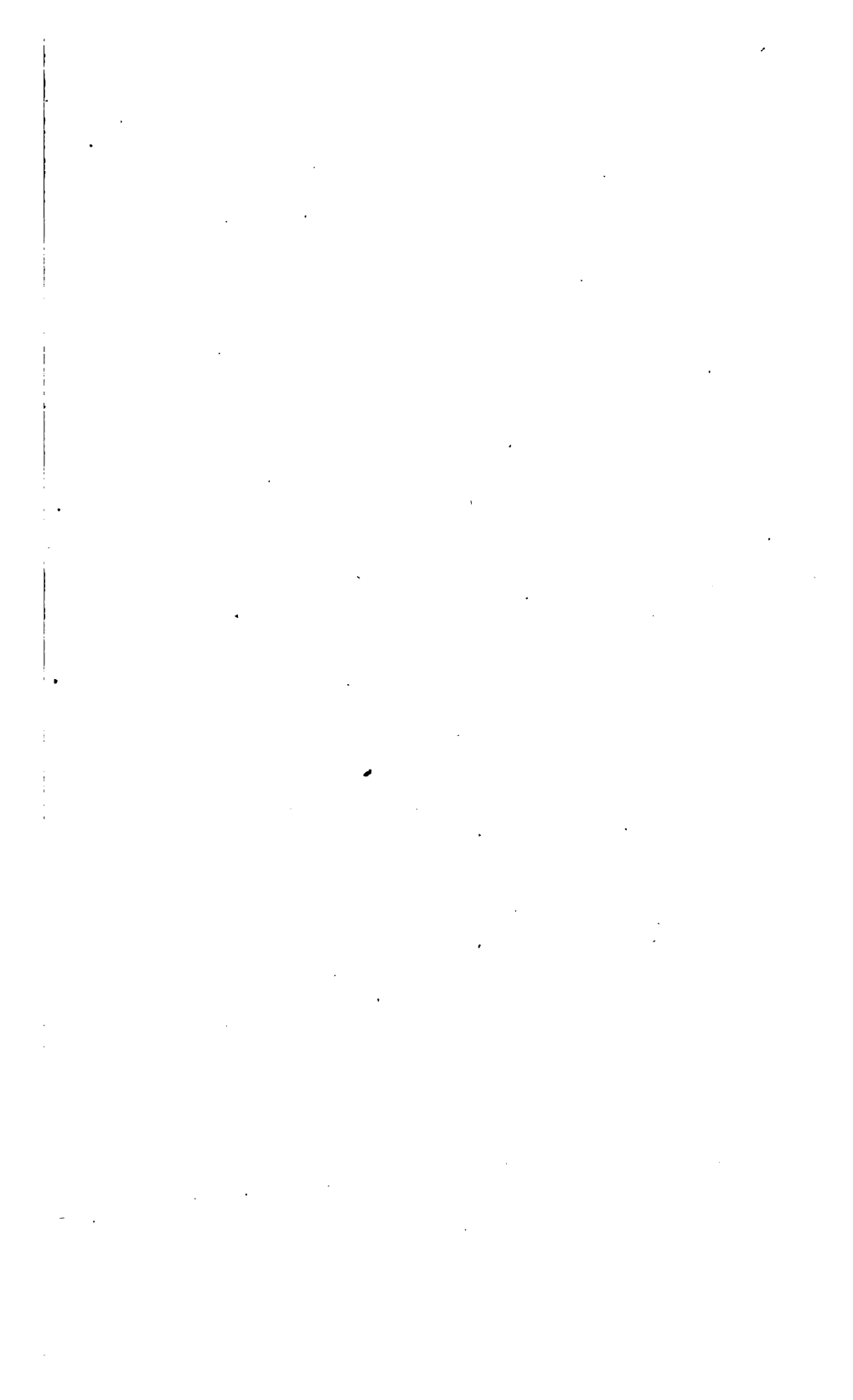
*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

IN most kennels I have seen, there is the same fault: the sleeping rooms are too low. The higher the room, the more healthy are the hounds; and each room should have a small chimney through the roof. A thatched roof is preferable, because it is the coolest in the summer, and the warmest in the winter. The windows should be so constructed as to admit more or less air, according to the season of the year. At no period should hounds be suffered to lie without straw, as the straw serves to keep them clean in their coats, as well as adding to their comfort in taking their rest; and the oftener it is changed, the better, and the cleaner and healthier will the hounds be. In the summer a small quantity of straw is sufficient; but in the winter they cannot have too good a bed. Kennels should have a grass covert, and if a large tree or two stands in the centre, so much the better. Cold food is also preferable, but it should never, after being mixed, be kept over the day, or it will ferment, and make the hounds sick. In the summer months, hounds should have vegetables mixed with their food: before mixing the vegetables, the water in which the vegetables are boiled should be strained off.—I am, Sir, yours,

VENATOR.

September 12, 1823.





**GIMCRACK.**

*Published Sept. 1851, by T. Agnew & Sons, Manchester & London.*

## GIMCRACK.

*With a Portrait of that celebrated Horse.*

**GIMCRACK**, foaled in 1760, was got by Cripple, son of the Godolphin Arabian, out of Blossom, a grey mare, by Old Crab; her grandam by the Devonshire Childers, out of Miss Belvoire. Gimcrack's dam was by Grieswood's Partner, son of Old Partner; his grandam by Old Partner; great grandam by Bloody Buttocks (a horse of unknown pedigree, but always distinguished as "the speedy stallion"), a daughter of Old Greyhound, out of Brocklesby Betty. Betty was got by the Curwen Bay Barb; her dam, the Hobby Mare, by the Lister Turk, and though not trained until after she had been a brood mare, she beat all England, and her name stands as one of the most distinguished of our racers. This of Gimcrack is one of the highest-bred pedigrees, partaking largely of the blood of the Godolphin and Darley Arabians, and of the Byerly Turk and Lister Turk.

It is a pleasing task to us, to place on the records of the Magazine, a memoir of Gimcrack, an old acquaintance, whom we used to visit and caress, almost weekly, during the five or six months he was at Tattersall's, kept there, it was then said, by his proprietor, for the inspection of the public, in about his twentieth year, after having been withdrawn from the business of the stud. He was in colour a dark grey, mixed with pure white, nearly of the present fashionable hues for coach horses; and fourteen hands one quarter of an inch in height, apparently master of twelve or thirteen stone; was bred by Gideon Elliott, Esq. of Murrell Green, Hants, and succes-

sively the property of Mr. Wildman, the sheep salesman at Smithfield, a celebrated sportsman, Lord Bolingbroke, Count Lauraguais, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Lord Grosvenor; but whether he died the property of Lord Grosvenor, and in what year he died, we have not been informed.

Pick's account (vol. i. p. 347, *Turf Register*) of the sale of Gimcrack, at five years old, to Mr. Wildman, cannot be reconciled with the following anecdote; unless, indeed, Wildman had sold and repurchased him; as it is quite at variance with that given to us by an old training groom at Epsom, who, living in the vicinity of Mickleham, had the best opportunities of knowing the fact; which was afterwards, in 1790, as we recollect; confirmed to us, by a colt-breaker in Hants, living at or near Murrell Green. The story is as follows:—The breeder of Gimcrack dying, and having entertained a high opinion of the Cripple colt, left him, by will, a legacy to Mr. Wildman. This gentleman, then full of racing stock, appeared to entertain a very different opinion of the legacy, then certainly not at all prepossessing from his size (the general object), received the colt with reluctance, as in all probability a dear gift, and would not be at the expence of training him; but as that was the condition of the bequest, he endeavoured to throw the *onus* on his stud-groom, and sent the colt as a gift to the groom's house. The man was absent from home, but the wife (and "the grey mare, it seems, was the better horse"), having a strong suspicion that Mr. Wildman knew better than to give away a racer of any probable worth, absolutely refused to give stable room to the grey colt,

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which, in consequence, became an article returned. W. was now saddled with his supposed worthless burden; but in order to convert him to some use, the colt was ridden hackney by the stable boys at Mickleham, for their various purposes of carrying the sweaters to the Downs, and otherwise attending on the horses in training. In the course of this business, it happened that one of the boys took it into his head, to ride the Cripple colt up the gallop with the racers, found he could hold way with them, and insisted that the colt could outfoot the speediest of them. The good news being reported to Mr. Wildman, the legacy colt was instantly purged, and put into gallops, and the sequel we have here to report. The authenticity, or otherwise, of this account, may be judged of, by reference to the Calendars, from 1764 to 1766, not at this moment before us; and, indeed, ascertained, by the present Mr. Wildman, and, no doubt, many other persons now living, to whom we appeal.

Gimcrack started for the first time at Epsom, in May, 1764, for the four-year-old plate of 50l. which he won, distancing three of the horses. He ran seven times in that year, winning every time. In 1765, he ran five times, four of which he won, two of them for one thousand guineas each, and received forfeit two hundred and fifty: the horses he beat were of the first rate. But he was beaten for the first time, by Bay Malton, giving him (Malton) seven pounds; which famous racer was beaten by him, in turn (in 1769), at even weights. In 1766, Gimcrack, then the property of Count Lauraguais, and ridden by John Oakley, ran a match twenty-two miles and half in one hour, in France, winning

a large sum. He was withdrawn from the course in 1771, having ran eight seasons, and beaten many, or most in their turn, of the capital horses of his time—Rocket, Ascham, Nabob, Pilgrim, Bellario, Chalfont, Tantrum, Morwick Ball, Allfoors, and others. In 1770, he carried the whip, at Newmarket, from Pilgrim, at ten stone each. He was beaten ten times—in several instances, by horses which he in turn beat. In 1769 Lord Grosvenor purchased him for twelve hundred guineas, immediately refusing a premium of five hundred on his bargain.

He covered in Lord Grosvenor's stud, near Newmarket, until 1779, at from thirty guineas to ten, in his last season, but failed as a stallion, the few he got being ordinary racers. This is a case of too frequent occurrence in the stud, where the old adage does not always hold, that "like produces like;" the finest forms and highest qualifications, even probably of both horse and mare, failing to stamp their like. The old philosophers of the turf were unable to solve this difficulty, any otherwise than by the sage conclusion, that in such failures "*the blood did not nick.*" However, fortune, on a certain occasion, being in good humour, condescended to *nick*, instead of the blood, in favour of Grey Robin, a son of Gimcrack, and a racer which had little to boast either of speed or goodness. This horse, in April, 1777, to our great surprise, and some small lightening of our pocket, won the great Stakes, at Newmarket, B.C. one hundred guineas each, from Dictator, Tremamondo, Potatoes, Prince, and twelve or fourteen others. Robin was ridden by George Herring; and the capital horses waiting for each other, and

little regarding Robin, as an inferior horse, Herring, having his wits about him, seized the advantage, and went away at such a rate, that the others, with all their superiority, were unable to overtake him. This tactic has been successfully practised, we believe, on two occasions of consequence since. The uncertainty of success with racing stallions, in general, may be joined with the curious fact, that scarcely any modern eastern horses of late or present days, get racers, although imported from the same parts of Asia or Africa, whence those stallions came in former times, the immediate produce of which were racers of the highest form. With respect to the first dilemma, fortune might perhaps be favourable to a judicious choice of the mares, in a mode not always within the comprehension of the breeder.

#### DEVON STAG-HUNTING.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

I Am quite pleased to observe in the papers, that the Exmoor stag-hounds are still in so flourishing a condition. The counties of Devon and Somerset are certainly greatly indebted to Mr. Lucas, for his perseverance in retaining them. Had he given them up, I fear it would have been difficult to have found a successor, and one of the oldest established hunts in the kingdom would have fallen into decay, and that noble animal, the red deer, would, in the course of a few years, have been entirely annihilated. This hunt has existed, I have been told, considerably more than two hundred years, and has been the favourite diversion of the ancestors of most of the oldest families in the two

counties: I therefore trust it will still continue to receive the hearty support of the present generation.—  
I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,  
AN OLD STAG-HUNTER.

Somersetshire, Sept. 5, 1822.

#### SALE OF MR. POWLETT'S STUD.

ON Wednesday in the Doncaster Meeting, the racing stud of the Hon. T. O. Powlett, who is retiring from the turf, was disposed of by public sale, and fetched the following prices:—

Gambler, by Haphazard, 6 yrs old—Lord Lowther—120gs.

Masquerader, by Woful, 4 yrs old—Mr. Forth—100gs.

Figaro, by Haphazard, 4 yrs old—Mr. Farquharson—2000gs.

Bay Filly, by Ebor, dam by Shuttle—Engaged in Catterick and Newcastle Produce Stakes, 1821—Mr. Robinson—50gs.

Chesnut Colt, by Walton, out of Thomasina—Engaged in the Colt Sapling Stakes, at York Spring Meeting, 1824; and the Four-year-old Produce Stakes, at York August and Doncaster Meetings, 1825—Mr. Oswald—200gs.

Roan Colt, Brother to D. I. O. by Whitworth—Engaged in the Colt Sapling Stakes, at York Spring Meeting, 1824; and the Racing Club Foal Stakes, at Doncaster, 1824—General Sharp—40gs.

Bay Filly, by Ebor, out of Orphan—Engaged in the Oak Stakes, at Epsom, 1824—Mr. Yates—64gs.

Chesnut Filly, by Blacklock, out of Altisidora—Engaged in the Four-year-old Produce Stakes, at York August Meeting, 1825—Mr. Oswald—1150gs.

Brown Filly, by Ardrossan, dam by Shuttle—Engaged in the Two-year-old Produce Stakes, of 100gs.

each, h. ft. at Doncaster, 1824 ; and the Catterick Produce Stakes, 1825—General Grosvenor—25gs.

Brown Filly, by Ardrossan, dam by Orville—ditto—52gs.

Chesnut Filly, by Ardrossan, out of Caifacaratadaddera—Engaged in the Catterick Produce Stakes, 1825 ; the Bolton Stakes, at Middleham, 1825 ; and the Oaks Stakes, at Epsom, 1825—Mr. Kirby—25gs.

Bay Filly, by Whisker, out of Orphan—Engaged in the Oaks Stakes, at Epsom, 1825—Mr. Whaley—110gs.

Brown Colt, Brother to Swinton, by Comus, dam by Shuttle—Mr. Lambton—105gs.

Chesnut Colt, by Magistrate, out of Vourneen—Engaged in a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. Rowley Mile, at Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1825 ; the Derby Stakes, at Epsom, 1825 ; and the Racing Club Foal Stakes, at Doncaster, 1825—Mr. Dilley—250gs.

Bay Colt, by Phantom, out of Emmeline, by Waxy—Engaged in the Derby Stakes, at Epsom, 1825—Mr. Oswald—270gs.

Brown Filly, 4 yrs old, by Prime Minister, dam by Shuttle, out of Eliza (Scud's dam)—Covered by Jack Spigot—Mr. Laughton—32gs.

The Juggler's Dam, by Pipator, dam by Delpini, out of Mr. Peirse's celebrated mare Tuberose—Covered by Comus—Mr. Wilson—30gs.

Swinton's Dam, by Shuttle, dam by Delpini, out of Tuberose—Covered by Comus—Mr. Wilson—55gs.

Grey Filly, 3 yrs old, by Whisker, out of Jack Spigot's dam—Covered by Ardrossan—Mr. Orde, 55gs.

Swap's Dam, by Hambletonian, out of Vesta—Covered by Catton ; with a colt foal at her foot, which

she suckles, by Ardrossan, out of Marigold—Mr. Lucas—50gs.

Orphan, by Camillus, out of Sledmere's dam—Covered by Tramp ; with a filly foal at her foot, by Ebor ; engaged in a Two-year-old Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. at Doncaster, 1825—Mr. Lambton—115gs.

Sister to Swinton, by Comus, dam by Shuttle—Covered by Jack Spigot—Mr. Dickenson—50gs.

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### SUPPLY OF FOXES.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

IN many parts of England, where there are not foxes enough to support a pack of hounds, gentlemen are obliged to procure foxes from France, which is a small sort of fox, and never of any use, further than from their weakness they become an easy prey to hounds, and afford a ready opportunity of bleeding the young hounds.

In Scotland the foxes are remarkably fine, and very numerous. I therefore suggest, for the consideration of those in the habit of buying foxes to turn out, that as the expence of procuring foxes from Scotland would not be greater than what it costs them in sending to France, that they would benefit their sports by adopting the aforesaid proposed plan ; and am, Sir, yours,  
VENATOR.

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### EDUCATION OF THE HORSE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

IF you think the following extracts from the work of the late Mr. John Adams, on horsemanship, will be acceptable to the readers of your amusing publication, you will oblige me by inserting them in your next Number :—



Mr. Adams, in treating the subject of bending and suppling raw horses, says, "Another method I have seen, which was, the assistance of two pieces of wood, made in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross, the two lower arms of which were shaped to fix on the saddle, and fastened by a girth: the elevated arms had buckles, or loops, to fasten the reins to. Thus the reins operated in as high a situation as the hands of the rider. I am extremely obliged to the inventor, whoever he was, for the idea; and with the alterations I here recommend, I think it will fully answer the purpose intended, and make a necessary utensil in the riding house. The alterations I propose are, that instead of the upper arms of the cross, there rise a spindle from the centre, and on that spindle should be fixed two moveable arms, one long, the other short, which may be raised or lowered, and turned to that situation which you would desire the reins should operate from, and there made fast by a screw. Those who have attentively read the precepts I have given for riding, will observe that the situation of the hands is conformable to the position of the horse, and consequently when the horse is bent, the outer hand is carried forward in proportion to that bend, to prevent the rein from pressing the neck, which would direct the horse within his ground. This shews the propriety of having the arms to move; and I think with the plate I have given, it may be thoroughly comprehended. *It would be a farther improvement, if to the end of each arm were fixed a spring: none would be better than a worm spring, similar to the pocket spring steel-yard, which may be made to yield one inch, and cannot be strained*

beyond it. *This would soften the operation of the reins, and give an effect like unto the fingers.*"

Thus far Mr. Adams, whose book was published in 1805. It would appear he only made use of the cross in bending the horse while in the longe: he does not seem to have been aware of its utility when applied to a colt in the stable; but as far as I know, he was the *first* who started the idea of using springs with the cross. It is astonishing how little the education of the horse is attended to, in general: his docility, and consequently his value and usefulness, might be amazingly increased, by a proper attention to this subject. —I remain, Mr. Editor, your obliged,

X.

September 4, 1823.

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#### INQUIRY IN PEDESTRIANISM.

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To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

**B**EING a subscriber and constant reader of your entertaining and valuable Magazine, I request information in your next on the following subject:—

Having observed an account in the *Weekly Dispatch* and other papers, of a foot race on Sunbury Common, between Defoes, and a man produced by Burus (the pugilist), which account stated that the *unknown* had accomplished the *four hundred yards in forty-seven seconds*, I beg leave to say I consider the time to have been incorrectly given. My reasons are as follows:—The *quarter mile* (440 yards) has never been done in less than *fifty-six seconds*. Abraham Wood did it in that time, and no man has ever done it in less. Now 400 yards in forty-seven seconds

is at the rate of a quarter mile in *fifty-two* seconds, which I certainly think is much beyond the power of man. You, or any of your corre-

spondents answering this letter in your next, will much oblige

A BIT OF A RUNNER.

Royal Artillery Barracks, Sept. 20.

## FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

**A**N Irishman lately crying race-lists in Nottingham, was called to by a person, at a low kitchen window, with "Halloo! bring one here." Pat stared about him, and not observing his customer, he looked up at the chamber windows. At the same moment, the person called out, "Here! What the devil makes you so high-minded this morning?" Pat instantly got a sight of his customer, and, tripping to the low window, delivered the list, with, "By Jasus, Sir, the reason I am so high-minded is, because I was *born up-stairs!*"

### THE RED-HOT NOSE.

*An Old Friend with a New Face.*

Bibo to Western Indies went;  
On money-making much intent,  
But fonder still of liquor;  
Like Etna look'd his awful nose,  
Or, as some baleful meteor glows,  
With deep and dreary flicker.

*Quashe*, his negro-boy, one day  
Was watching him, as prone he lay  
In sound and snoring slumber;  
Whilst round the mosquitoes were  
flying,

Each for a bite at Bibo vying,  
That living lump of lumber.

At length, one settled on his nose,  
But seemed to find no soft repose:

A moment scarce he lingers.

"Ah, dam you heart!" then *Quashe*  
cried,

"*Me vera glad to see you fried,*  
And burn your little fingers."

J. M. LACEY.

SOME years ago, when the late Judge Grose was presiding during the Assizes at Bury St. Edmund's, a dog, which happened to have followed some one into Court, *gave tongue* rather loudly at the same time with one of the barristers. Immediately there was a cry of "Turn that dog out!" but his Lordship, who, in this instance, shewed himself to be a *good judge*, dryly said, "*Turn out the man he belongs to, and we shall soon get rid of the dog.*"

### SIX SORTS OF PEOPLE WHO FAST.

The Miser fasts *because he will not eat;*

The Poor Man fasts *because he has no meat;*

The Rich Man fasts *with greedy mind to spare;*

The Glutton fasts *to eat the greater share;*

The Hypocrite, he fasts *to seem more holy;*

The Righteous Man, *to punish sinful folly.*

**IRISH ECONOMY.**—At a late Assizes in Ireland, two men were condemned to be hanged. On receiving their sentence, one of them addressed the Judge, and said he had two favours to ask of him. "What are they?" said his Lordship. "Plase your Honour," said Pat, "will you let me hang this man before I am hanged myself?" "What is the other request?" said

the Judge. "Why, please your Honour," continued Pat, "will you let my wife hang me, for she will do it more tenderly than the hangman, and then what she will resave for the two jobs will help the poor crater to pay her rent!"

EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.

Here lies poor Johnson. Reader,  
have a care:  
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear.  
Religious, moral, generous, and humane  
He was—but self-sufficient, rude,  
and vain:  
Ill bred, and over bearing in dispute,  
A scholar, and a Christian—yet a brute.  
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,  
His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy,  
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,  
Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd, and cough'd, and spit.

USEFUL EPITAPH.—On a gravestone in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise is the following singularly prudent inscription, which, in its praise of the dead, does not lose sight of the living:—  
"Here lies N——, the best of fathers—the most tender of husbands. His inconsolable widow still keeps the fancy-shop *Rue Richelieu*, No. —."

A SHOPKEEPER having an empty cask, which he wished to dispose of, placed it before his door, and with chalk wrote upon it, "For

sail." A waggish schoolboy passing that way shortly after, and perceiving the mistake of the "vender of wares," immediately wrote underneath, "for freight or passage, apply at the bung-hole."

AN Irish officer was asked why he had exchanged from the 24th regiment to the 32d? "Because," said he, "I had a brother in the 31st, and I wanted to be near him."

A MANUFACTORY was some years since established on Twickenham Common, the processes in which being extremely offensive, obliged the neighbouring inhabitants to have recourse to law, and the question of nuisance or no nuisance was argued in Westminster-hall. Opposite to this manufactory dwelt a superannuated Admiral, who was supposed not to have been in his best fighting humour, on some important occasion at sea. He was a witness in the cause, and having already declared upon oath that the stench of the works was intolerable, he was required to say what this intolerable smell resembled. It is not always easy to hit upon a comparison, and the veteran was puzzled: he could only repeat—  
"Like, like—I don't know what it's like: it's like the horriddest smell I ever smelt in my life!"—  
"Was it like gunpowder, Mr. Admiral?" said the malicious Counsel. The whole Court took it: the laugh went round; and the witness retreated to his place.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

EVERY thing went off in the highest style at the Doncaster Meet-

ing, that northern Newmarket: vast sums won and lost, and all paid *bond*

*vide*. Indeed, it is probable that the English turf had never a sounder or more responsible set of betters, than in the present day. The losses, however, must be confined to their own body, and some of them must necessarily come off *minus*. Such is the nature of their business. One whisper, indeed, to the tune of two thousand, was heard, but in a very narrow circle, and it fortunately proved merely a whisper. As to the great race, the best horses had been very correctly posted before-hand, nor had the others really any chance. The private opinion of one of the best judges of the day, was all along in favour of Barefoot; and should he train on, he is worth every guinea of the money for which he was sold. As to the false starts, so frequently happening, the gentleman sportsman who has favoured us with the present article, says, in his opinion, a plan might be devised to obviate their inconvenience and botheration. He also observes, that according to his recollection, the first St. Leger Stakes were run for, at Doncaster, in 1779.

Doncaster Races is one of the finest pictures of the sporting world in the kingdom. It is here where the true and real sporting gentlemen are to be met with; and it is also the place where hundreds resort to who *live* by sporting. An immense number of the Nobility and their connexions were on the ground. Upwards of 1300 tickets were sold at the doors, at a guinea each. One thousand eight hundred persons were in the stand during the race for the St. Leger Stakes. The stand is to be enlarged. The number of persons present was generally admitted to be greater than ever known, by many thousands. That eccentric old man, Mr. James Hurst, of Rochcliffe, near Wakefield, was on the ground. His carriage he made himself, which is composed of rude pieces of stick tied together, and without springs. It stands very high, and is covered with a piece of patch-work quilt. Mr. Hurst being determined not to pay *duty* for any thing about

his person, he keeps an *otter* instead of a dog about his house, and generally rides out upon a bull instead of a horse. He had on a dingy, felt, coarse white hat, and his trowsers were made of a piece of a woman's gown. He had a sack full of apples, and to those persons whom he recognised as his acquaintances, he presented one. Mr. Hurst and, his vehicle, as usual, excited a great deal of curiosity; and upon the whole it is one of the most eccentric performances that can be imagined.—Spring and Cribb's morning lounge, assisted by Barlow, from Nottinghamshire (who was defeated by Josh Hudson), was attended by all the first-rate *swells* in Doncaster. Both of the champions were loudly applauded; and Barlow, who, it seems, is considerably improved, in his combat with Spring shared the approbation with his opponent.

#### BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S, SEPTEMBER 22.

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES.  
Emilius against the field.

#### DERBY STAKES.

- 6 to 1 agst Swiss.
- 8 to 1 agst Reformer.
- 14 to 1 agst Pantina.
- 20 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 20 to 1 agst Blacklock.

#### DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

- 12 to 1 agst Reformer.
- 14 to 1 agst Swiss.
- 14 to 1 agst Miller of Mansfield.
- 20 to 1 agst Brother to Coronation.
- 20 to 1 agst colt out of Evens's dam.
- 20 to 1 agst Streatham.
- 25 to 1 agst Armstrong's colt.
- 30 to 1 agst colt by Rubens, out of Maid of Lorn.

#### THE TURF.

Mr. C. Day, of Northleach, has sold his colt Helenus, two years old, the winner of the stakes at Ascot, Cheltenham, and Abingdon, to Fulwar Craven, Esq. of Chilton House, for 1000 guineas.

Colonel Udny has purchased Pity Me, and Comte D'Artois, of Mr. Riddell.

Lord Darlington has purchased Swiss, the winner of the Champaigne Stakes, at Doncaster, and the first favourite for the Derby next year.

His Lordship has also purchased Barefoot.

Mr. Kirby has purchased, of Sir B. Dodsworth, Honest John, by Comus; and of Lord Foley, the filly by Walton, three years old.

Lord Kennedy has bought the celebrated horse Negotiator, for 1500*l*. He is matched with Jock, at the York Spring Meeting, for a large sum.

Lord Dunwich's horse Swap (four years old), is matched against Mr. Tyrwhitt Jones's Prosody (five years old), 8st. 4lb. each, at the Houghton Meeting, for 100*g*s. h. ft.

At the Newmarket First October Meeting, the Marquis of Exeter's Apparition (three years old, 9st.) is matched against Mr. Udney's Tarandus (two years old, 8st.), for 100 sovereigns, h. ft.

The Duke of Grafton's Hampden (four years old, 8st. 7lb.) is matched on the fourth day of the First October Meeting against Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Orville (three years old, 7st.), for 500 guineas h. ft.

Same day, the Marquis of Exeter's Athenian (six years old, 8st. 11lb.) is matched against Mr. W. Powlett's Whig (four years old, 8st.), for 100 sovereigns.

*Newmarket First October Meeting, 1824.—Monday.*—Mr. Udney's Emilius, then 4 yrs old, agst Mr. Fletcher's Jock the Laird's Brother, then 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. each, Ab. M. 500, h. ft.

The *Exeter Flying Post*, after regretting the indifferent sport which the late races of that city afforded, says, "We however feel pleasure in adding, that great exertions are making to re-establish the races upon a most extensive scale, and we hear that liberal subscriptions are entered into for the next year; that there is to be a 100-guinea gold cup, to which there are already seven subscribers of 10 guineas each; and a Devonshire stakes of 25 guineas, with 15 guineas half forfeit, or five guineas if declared in due time, to which there are already nine subscribers. There will also, it is said, be a Ladies' Purse of 100 guineas—besides a City Plate of 100 guineas. It is also in

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contemplation to have a Hunters' Sweepstakes, and a Plate for the Yeomanry of Devon.—The Hon. Newton Fellowes has most nobly intimated his intention of giving the Sweepstakes which his colt won on the first day, towards the funds for the next year's races; and Mr. King has also consented, with the Hon. Newton Fellowes, to give one of the 50*l*. plates won by them on the second day, in addition to the Devonshire Sweepstakes of 25 guineas—J. B. Swete, Esq. and John Buller Yarde Buller, Esq. are appointed stewards.—The course, we understand, is to undergo considerable improvements."

Basingstoke races were fashionably, though not numerously, attended, and the sport tolerably good. Old Marksman kept up his charter, by winning over this course, *as usual*. This extraordinary horse is in his 16th year. The Duke of Wellington and his two sons were on the ground each day, and his Grace officiated as steward with much good humour and politeness. We were happy to see him looking remarkably well. The ordinary at the Crown Inn was attended by his Grace, and about forty other Noblemen and gentlemen, including Lords Bolton, Lennox, and Dorchester; J. Fleming and G. P. Jervoise, Esqrs. the County Members; the Hon. G. Herbert, Sir H. Wilson, &c. &c. At the close of the evening, a liberal subscription was entered into, when Edward Knight, Esq. of Chawton, obligingly consented to fill the office of steward for the next year. The ball on Friday, at the Town Hall, was honoured with the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, their sons, Marquis Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley; Lord and Lady Bolton, Ladies Ellenborough and Campbell, Sir H. and Lady Wilson, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Jervoise, and about 150 other persons of distinction.

Sir Francis Burdett has accepted the office of steward of Burderop races for next year.

A perpetual admission ticket for the Grand Stand at Doncaster, the original price of which was seven gui-

neas, lately sold, by public auction, at Darfield, for 17l. 10s. exclusive of duty.

The stewards appointed for the ensuing year, for Lichfield races, are the Hon. R. Bridgeman and Robert Piggott, Esq.—Lichfield course is to be altered before next season, so as to avoid the hills, and a new course will be formed on the Tamworth side of the common. The sweepstakes for next year are already well filled.

The stewards appointed for Shrewsbury races next year, are R. Pigot, Esq. and A. W. Corbet, Esq. of Sundorne.

It is in contemplation to establish races at Tiverton, Devon.

At Swaffham races, the stands were filled with almost all the beauty and fashion of the county, among whom were—the Earl of Albemarle and the Ladies Keppel, the Lieutenant of the County and Mrs. and Miss Wodehouse, Lady, Miss, and Miss Frances Jerningham, Sir Edward and Miss Bacon, Sir Jacob and Lady Astley, Sir William Browne Folkes, the Rev. Sir William Kemp, General and Lady Fitzroy, &c. &c.

*Hereford.*—John Barneby, Esq. of Brockhampton, is nominated steward for next year.

*Burton-upon-Trent.*—There were two dead heats during these races, and the sport was generally good. Wednesday had been a fine day, but during the running, a terrific thunder storm spread consternation throughout the numerous company, who were drenched with rain. The course, which was in a tolerably good state before, was rendered quite boggy; and horses of short quick action, not over weighted, had a manifest advantage. The sporting men were of course quite "abroad."

*Doncaster.*—The stewards appointed for the ensuing year are, Lord Muncester and Sir Hedworth Williamson.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and the Duchess of Kent were present at the Margate races—the Duchess, accompanied by her daughter, Princess Feodor, in a low

chaise, while the Prince rode about with his nephew, on horseback, between the heats, and was warmly received by the populace. The course was very badly kept, which occasioned two accidents as the horses were coming in. Mr. Howard's Worthy ran over and most severely hurt several persons; while the jockey, a young boy, was thrown off by the shock, and carried away senseless. In the second race also, a boy, crossing the course, was run over and taken up bleeding, and, to all appearance, seriously injured.

*Stapleton Park Meeting.*—The pleasurable sports at the Hon. Mr. Petre's, were attended this month by a great assemblage of nobility and gentry. Mr. Petre's mansion was throughout the week crowded by visitors of the highest rank, and after the races of the first day, 130 distinguished characters sat down to a sumptuous dinner, and at night there was a most magnificent display of fireworks, which produced the most happy effect. It is with very great regret we state, that a most melancholy accident occurred during the race for the Cup, on the Tuesday. The Hon. Mr. Trevor, son of Viscount Dungannon, while riding the horse Macready, was thrown with great violence, which occasioned a concussion of the brain. It is supposed he had been looking back, and that his leg came in contact with the three-quarters of a mile post. Every possible attention was paid by four medical gentlemen, but without effect. He continued insensible till he died, on Thursday, the 18th September.

*Aberdeen Meeting.*—On Tuesday, about 300 noblemen and gentlemen, with their ladies, dined at the ordinary, Lord Arbuthnot in the chair; and the number, the rank, and respectability of the company present, having pointed this out as the most fit occasion for the purpose, his Lordship took the opportunity of presenting to Colonel the Hon. John Ramsey, Secretary of the United Meeting, a very handsome piece of plate, value 300gs. voted to him by

the gentlemen of the meeting; and another, of the same value, by the ladies. His Lordship, in presenting to the gallant Colonel these splendid marks of the esteem and regard of the Meeting, made some handsome and appropriate remarks, adding, in conclusion, "a tea service of plate has been ordered by the ladies of the meeting; an ornament for the centre of the convivial board, by the gentlemen; and these, by their request, I now beg leave to present to Colonel Ramsay, in testimony of our esteem and friendship. I am most sensible how imperfectly I have expressed the sentiments of every individual connected with the united meeting on this occasion; but it is some satisfaction to me to think, that whatever has been said is spoken in sincerity, and that nothing can be ascribed to the partiality of a friend." His Lordship then proposed "the health of Colonel Ramsay," which was drank with the greatest enthusiasm of feeling, and amid the most heartfelt plaudits of approbation. Colonel Ramsay, who was evidently much affected by the distinguished honour conferred upon him, in being thus presented with such flattering testimonials of the esteem of those whose good opinion must be regarded as a proud distinction, made a suitable reply, which was received with great applause. The evening was spent most happily and harmoniously, and the party did not break up till a late hour in the morning.

Pontefract races were not so well attended as formerly, especially on the Tuesday: this was attributed to the lateness of the harvest. The famed little horse, Dr. Syntax, which won the Cup, was the means of bringing numbers to the ground, and the stand was in consequence respectably attended on Wednesday. The sport was not good.

*Manchester Races.*—*The King's Plate.*—His Majesty's gracious grant of a King's Plate, to be run for at the Manchester races, was accompanied by the following letter:—

"Whitehall, July 28."

"GENTLEMEN—I beg leave to acquaint you, that his Majesty has been pleased to grant a King's Plate of 100 guineas to be run for annually at the Manchester races. I have ventured to assure the King that there is no part of his dominions which could appreciate any mark of his Majesty's consideration and favour more highly than the loyal town of Manchester.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant, "ROBERT PEEL."

"To the Gentlemen of the Race Committee, Manchester."

A country paper, giving an account of Bodmin races, finding Mr. Chard's *Codicil* the winner of the Gold Cup, followed on the list by Mr. Carpenter's *Ditto*, from its ignorance of turf affairs supposed that *Ditto* was used to avoid the repetition of the name *Codicil*, and therefore sagaciously called both horses by the name of *CODICIL*.

#### THE TURF IN GERMANY.

(See Vol. LXI. p. 312. of the *Sporting Magazine*, for an account of these Races in 1822.)

*Doberan (Mecklenburg), Aug. 15.*—The example of England, which sets a pattern to the rest of the world in every thing connected with the useful and the agreeable, is about to be adopted in this country, with regard to the elegant amusement of horse-racing. Nothing, probably, has conducted more to the superior breed of that noble animal, the horse, than the ardour with which, during a long period, the English have persecuted the sports of the turf. All those, therefore, who take delight in rural economy and genuine improvement, will learn with pleasure that the Duke of Mecklenburg intends annually to set apart four days, in the month of August, for the encouragement of horse-racing—such horse-racing to take place here at Doberan. The initiation has, in fact, just been witnessed. Yesterday was the day, when a great number of persons from all parts of the principality flocked hitherward to behold the beautiful and very interesting spec-

tacle. Upwards of four hundred equipages, some of them very elegant, were on the ground. It was expected that we should have been honoured with the august presence of the King of Prussia, but his Majesty has not yet visited the Baths. Every place of reception was crowded to excess; and though covers were laid for 600 persons in the great dining-room of the Duke's hotel, besides every possible arrangement being made by the minor restaurateurs, yet, notwithstanding every exertion, so great was the number of guests, that they were with extreme difficulty accommodated. There were six different races. Their Royal Highnesses the Hereditary Grand Dukes, and the Princes William and Charles of Prussia, obligingly condescended to take upon them the office of stewards. The first prize was won by Mr. Von Muller; the second by the horse of the Count Von Bassewitz Prohberede; the third by Colonel Von Muller Strip-pow. The Alexandrine Plate consisted of nearly two prizes—namely, an elegant Gold Cup, and a Silver Cup. Mr. Von Bell Zirow gained the first, by a famous English blood mare; the second fell to the lot of Mr. Von Blucher. Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Alexandrina graciously presented the two cups to the winners, with her own fair hands. The sixth and final race was rode by farmers on half-bred horses: one Juers was the winner, beating five others. One of the countrymen, in too rapidly alighting from his horse, had the misfortune to break his leg: he, however, not only received the general sympathy in kind words, but an immediate subscription was set on foot, and the sum of 300 dollars (about 60*l.* sterling) raised, which he received upon the spot. The first four races were run in excellent speed—about 900 yards English (which is 20 yards more than half a mile) in one minute; and this applies not only to the English horses, but to the native Mecklenburghers. In point of fact, the latter only could be entered for

the subscription plates. The race ground has become most happily chosen. The distance is not far from the Baths. On all sides a beautiful perspective meets the eye, which is agreeably aided by looking down upon the friendly residence of Doberan. No doubt, against another year, the concourse of visitors will be very great."

#### HUNTING.

The Dulverton or North Devon stag-hounds have had some brilliant runs over the Forest of Exmoor, and will continue stag-hunting until about the 15th or 20th October. The hounds are in very fine condition.

It has been found beneficial, to give hounds, when hard worked, a small quantity of dry oatmeal, before they go out on a hunting morning.

His Grace the Duke of Athol gives up 80,000 acres of land in Scotland, for the feed of his red deer.

Saturday, Sept. 13, the East Sussex fox-hounds were taken out for a day's cubbing.

W. Stanford, Esq. is the successor, in the management of the Brighton subscription harriers, to W. Chapman, Esq. deceased, and under whose qualified and spirited controul, the most satisfactory results may be anticipated.

#### SPORTING OBITUARY.

Lately died, greatly and most deservedly regretted by all his relations, friends, and neighbours, Mr. William Burstow, of Ollery Farm, near Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, one of a family of yeomen who have resided in the neighbourhood of Wiveliscombe, as agriculturists, upwards of a century and half, and who have ever been distinguished for their great respectability. The fox-hunter, stag-hunter, and hare-hunter, have invariably found every branch of the Burstow family true and sincere friends to the cause.

#### ACCIDENT IN HUNTING.

We are sorry to state that one of the sons of Earl Fortescue met with a severe fall on Friday last, on Exmoor Forest, near Symonds-bath, when in full chase of a stag, and was taken up quite senseless, by Mr.



Lucas, the master of the Dulverton and Exmoor stag-hounds. Fortunately, Mr. Cudiffe, surgeon, of Southmilton, was on the spot, and conveyed him to Symondsbath, when, after bleeding him for the concussion, he kindly attended him to Castle Hill. The horse going at full speed, caught his foot in a hole, and pitched him most violently on the head. The stag was roused in the coverts of Mr. Thomas Acland, at Bray, and went direct to Porlock, a distance of near 30 miles. The stag-hunt is remarkably well conducted, under the management of Mr. Lucas. They hunt three times a week, and the season of stag-hunting will continue to the 15th of October.—*Taunton, August 27, 1823.*

#### GROUSE.

Grouse, in the counties of Renfrew and Aberdeenshire, are very plentiful this year. The following is an extract from a letter, written in Aberdeenshire, and sent us by a correspondent:—"We have been shooting on the mountains, 48 miles from any town: nothing to be seen for miles and miles, but hills covered with heath. The first day, I and my young friend bagged 32 brace and a half; the second, 13; the third day, 15; the fourth, 18; the fifth, 15; the sixth, 14½. After the Caledonian Hunt races, we intend shooting deer and roebucks."

#### ARCHERY.

*Lady's Archery.*—On Friday, September 5, the first Lady's and Gentleman's Archery which has ever been held in Warwickshire, took place at Berkswell Hall, the seat of Sir E. Eardley Wilmot, Bart. Ten ladies and twenty gentlemen shot at the butts, at the distance of sixty yards, for five prizes, given by Lady E. Wilmot on the occasion. A silver snuff-box was won by R. Gresley, Esq. as Captain of Numbers, and a gold pencil case was won by Colonel Steward, for the best gold. Lady Barbara Newdigate won both prizes, a gold bracelet and gold earrings, being the best gold, and the most in number. Miss Augusta Leigh drew the successful shot for the best gold,

and received an elegant gold bracelet as the prize. The day was uncommonly fine, and the ground well adapted for the amusement. About three o'clock upwards of an hundred sat down to a cold dinner under a large tent, and afterwards resumed the shooting till dark; when the evening concluded with quadrilles, which were kept up till a late hour. Upon Lady E. Wilmot's health being drank, Sir E. Wilmot, in a short speech, observed, that as it was the first time that the Ladies had joined the Woodmen of Arden, either in the amusement of archery, or at the festive board at a forest meeting, he should propose a toast, which he was sure would meet with the approbation of the fair sex:—"The Lasses of Warwickshire, and may they hereafter never meet unaccompanied by their BEAUX."

*Needwood Forresters.*—The third meeting for the season of the Needwood Forresters, was held this month, at Holybush, the elegant mansion of T. K. Hall, Esq. The beauties of the scenery were very much heightened on this occasion by the arrangements for the accommodation of the party, being tastefully furnished with tents, marquees, &c. and decorated with flags and colours, and the whole presented a very animated and romantic spectacle. The company assembled in full numbers at noon, and at half-past one o'clock the sport of the day commenced, and continued with much spirit till five, when the successful candidates for the several prizes were announced as follows:—The first lady's prize, to the amiable hostess, Mrs. Hall; the second, to the Hon. Miss Curzon. The first gentleman's prize, to Mr. Gresley; the second, to Mr. Charles Arkwright. In addition to the above, three prizes were given by Mr. and Mrs. Hall, the successful competitors for which were Miss Sneyd and Miss C. Sneyd, of Keel, and the Hon. and Rev. R. Bagot. After the determination of the prizes, the company sat down to a sumptuous dinner, set out with much elegance in two spacious apartments in the house, and a

temporary addition erected for the occasion. In the evening, the company engaged in the amusement of dancing, which was kept up with much gaiety till a late hour, and an elegant supper concluded the festivities of the day. The band of the Derbyshire Militia contributed to the animation of the meeting.

The fourth meeting of the *Needwood Foresters* took place at Byckley Lodge, in Needwood Forest, the residence of G. Sneyd, Esq. on Thursday, Sept. 18. The company began to assemble soon after two o'clock, when the band of the Staffordshire Militia struck up for the archers to repair to their targets, three of which were fixed on the lawn in front of the mansion. Beautiful and gratifying was it to behold the fair damsels and the youths, all attired in appropriate costume, trip up with grace and elegance to the destined spot, upon which the interest of the day so much depended. Nothing was left undone by the worthy host and hostess to make this one of the most truly English scenes that could be witnessed. The prizes were well contested by a numerous company, and were at length adjudged to Miss Sneyd, the daughter of the owner of the mansion, and Miss Charlotte Sneyd, of Keel, whose shooting nothing could possibly surpass. At the moment her bow was elevated, all hearts panted, and a death-like silence prevailed, when, no sooner did the arrow fly from the bow, than it struck the centre of the target. The band immediately struck up—"See the Conquering Hero," whilst a shout burst from the populace. The fair victor was borne away by the young archers, decorated with a crown of roses. After the shooting, the company sat down to an elegant entertainment, and the treat concluded with a ball, which lasted until morning's dawn.

*The Woodmen of Arden.*—The Woodmen of the Forest of Arden held their Grand Annual Wardmote on Monday, August 18. The Lord Warden, the Earl of Aylesford, pre-

sented a very handsome chased silver cup to the best shot at the target, on Wednesday, which was won by the Rev. H. W. Sitwell; and a similar one to the best shot at the target, on Friday, which was won by the Rev. C. Palmer. The balls on Wednesday and Friday evenings, in the Forest Hall, were very brilliantly attended, there being assembled much of the beauty and fashion of that and the adjoining counties.

On Thursday, Sept. 9, a trial of skill in archery, took place at Firle Place, Sussex, the seat of Lord Gage, at which Lady Gage, and several other ladies, greatly distinguished themselves in the use of the cross-bow.

#### THE PUGILISTIC RING.

*Battle for 50l. between David Hudson, and Neale, the Streatham Youth, at Blindlow Heath, on the Lewes road, 25 miles from town, Sept. 23.*—David Hudson appeared in the ring, attended by his brother Josh and Tom Owen; and Neale followed, supported by Jem Ward and Harry Holt. On stripping, the superior condition of Neale was evident. Both were about 11st. 10lb. Five and 6 to 4 on Neale.

#### ROUNDS.

1. Both cautious; sparring for a few minutes. Hudson willing to begin: Neale all coolness, and determined not to give a chance away. Hudson let fly; Neale stopped and returned; stopped again. Neale broke ground. Hudson sprung at him, with his right hand, at the body; well stopped once more. Neale retreated to a corner of the ring; Hudson pressed on him till they closed; Hudson was thrown; no harm done.

2. Hudson again impetuous, and Neale working cautious as before. Neale again retreated to a corner of the ring, followed by Hudson. ["Never mind," said Tom Owen: "we shall catch him up our alley presently."] Neale made awkward his left and right, and caught Hudson boring in with the left hand. Ditto repeated thrice. Hudson again thrown.

3. The men closed instantly on being brought to the scratch. A severe struggle took place for the fall: Neale was thrown heavily. ["Bravo, Hudson!"]

4. Hudson met his man with a flush hit in the face. Neale tried his best for a hit, but his hand could not tell. He was again thrown.

8. Neale still cautious. Hudson would go to work: counter hits on the head were exchanged, then a close. Hudson had the best of the fall.

6. Hudson's wind was touched, but his ardour kept him moving. He was met with a counter on the head. Capital stops made on both sides. Neale caught his man with a round right-handed heavy hit on the side of the head. Hudson tried his best without effect, until the fall, when the Youth came under.

7th, 8th, and 9th rounds were without much variety. In the last, after a heavy counter hit, Neale was thrown.

10. Hudson came smiling to his ground. He was met in a rush by a flush hit in the wind. He gave back a little; then, on a close taking place, again sent Neale down.

11. This was a severe fighting round. Neale missed his blow, and fell on his knee, but sprung up at once, and planted a rattling hit on Hudson's left cheek.

12. Neale fought more forward, and made his hands tell on Hudson's head: he also received some punishment in return. Hudson's ear was dreadfully mangled.

13. Neale planted a flush hit in the face. Hudson could make no impression, but again had the best of the fall.

14. Hudson went to work with both left and right hands; but his blows were all stopped by Neale. Hudson came down distressed. His brother cried out, "He can fight an hour yet! What's the matter with him?"

15. The fall was severely contested for: Hudson got the worst of it.

16. Neale made an awkward right-handed hit; and, after a close, pitched head foremost on the ground.

17. Hudson brought his hand to a spot, but it left no impression. He ended the next round by throwing Neale heavily.

19. Neale, with his left hand, and the right at the body, dealt out severe punishment.

20. This round ended with a heavy fall to Hudson.

21. Neale made his hits good, and broke ground. The men were thrown on the ropes, and several blows were exchanged in that situation. On getting loose, Hudson went in again; but was hit three times successively; but he succeeded in boring Neale to the ground.

22. Again both were on the ropes. Neale grasped Hudson's wrist with his left hand, and dealt out severe punishment on the head with his right.

23. Hudson fought as bravely as man could do, but nature was leaving him fast. He stood up to receive. [Holt cried out, "I hope that will put all idea of a cross out of the question!" "Bravo! it is all right!"]

24. Hudson made several attempts to get

in, but was met with punishing hits on the head.

25. This was the last round. Hudson rushed in for a chance. Neale waited for him, and sent out his left hand clear from the shoulder: it caught Hudson in the middle of the head on the rush, and sent him down as if he were shot. Hudson could not be brought to time, and was taken out of the ring dreadfully punished, and in an insensible state. The Stockman Youth was carried round the ring on the arms of his friends, very little the worse for wear. The battle lasted 55 minutes.

REMARKS.—David Hudson cannot win from a younger and fresher man. Neale promises well; but he must amend his style of fighting. He is slow to return.

## SECOND FIGHT.

A second fight took place, between Stockman (the lively Kid), and Cavanagh (an Irish lad). These are heroes in miniature: neither of them weigh 10st. A short time since Cavanagh defeated the other, it was said by a chance hit, and as Stockman felt assured of winning, a match for 25 guineas a side was knocked up. The seconds were, Josh Hudson and Crouch for Stockman, and Crawley and Ward for Cavanagh. The betting 5 and 6 to 4 on Stockman.

Round 1. The attitude of both was attractive. Stockman was all ardour and confidence, Cavanagh collected and steady. Neither was disposed for ceremony, and the moment the seconds left them, they went to work left and right. Cavanagh first received hits, but succeeded in throwing his opponent.

2. Cavanagh fought at the body, and made his right hand tell on Stockman's ribs: Stockman met him with counters on the head.

3. Cavanagh again tried for the body, but was cleverly stopped. He was hit clean down by a right-handed blow on the chest.

4. Cavanagh was thrown.—[Crouch offered 20 to 5. "Come and stake it!" said Crawley.]—From the 5th to the 10th round the success was alternate. Stockman fought at the head, and Pat at the body.

11. Stockman planted a flush hit on the head ["Keep that mill going!" sung out Josh Hudson], but received the instant after his loan with interest.—Up to the 20th round the same lively fight was kept up. Stockman had the best of hitting, but Paddy took value in the falls.

20. Cavanagh was thrown and punished on the ropes. In a close, he smug Stockman a heavy Summer.

31. Cavanagh met his man with three successive flush hits on the mouth: his hands were quick, but the shoulders had no weight to make them tell. To the 30th round, Stockman continued to have the best of it, with the exception of some severe falls with which Cavanagh contrived to treat him.

31. Stockman dropped his left hand lightly at Cavanagh's head, and then dashed his head in the other's face. Pat reeled back and fell.

32. Cavanagh suffered severely from the *butting blow* in the last round—the blood came from his forehead and nose in a continued stream: his right eye was closed, still he fought game to the last.—[Cries of "Fight, Stockman!" and "Take him away!"]

33. Stockman had all his own way, though Pat reduced the betting to even, a short time before loss of blood was getting the better of him. He planted repeated blows on Stockman's face and body, but they were sound and nothing else.

Up to the 36th, no variety. Cavanagh caught Stockman round the waist, and flung him heavily. ["Bravo, Pat!"]

37. Stockman went down to a word.—["Hisses!"]

38. Cavanagh still fought on. ["They can't beat this Irishman: it is all your own, Stockman!"] Cavanagh was thrown.

39. Cavanagh made his left hand tell on the head, and his right hand on the body, and had the best of the fall. ["The Irishman must win."]

In the 43d round, Paddy brought the betting even. Up to the 50th round, Stockman led. Cavanagh was getting weaker from loss of blood. Stockman tried to *butt* with his head again, but Cavanagh would not stand it. For fifteen rounds more Cavanagh fought from sheer courage: he had not a chance. ["Take him away!"] His seconds entreated him several times to give up, but he would not. At last the poor fellow suffered so much from loss of blood, and no chance being left him of winning, his seconds took him away. He refused to give up to the last, and was beaten though not conquered. The fight lasted an hour and half.

REMARKS.—Stockman is a capital fighter of his weight, and a right good judge. Cavanagh wants shoulder to give his blows force. He is a quick but a light hitter: in that respect he is far below the mark.

Josh Hudson, and James Ward, the Black Diamond, have agreed to fight for 100l. a side. To be a fair stand-up fight, in a twenty-four-foot roped ring, half-minute time. Mr.

Jackson to name the place of fighting. The battle to take place on Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1823. Upon the above articles being signed, 12 to 8 were offered to be taken by the friends of Ward.

Spring and Cribb arrived in London on Thursday, the 11th of September, after a most successful sparring tour at Birmingham, Warwick, Cheltenham, Worcester, Gloucester, Monmouth, &c. The young and old Champions were engaged to exhibit at Oxford fair, but on their arrival the Vice Chancellor interfered, to the great *chagrin* of the Collegians. Spring and Cribb left London the 13th, for Doncaster races. Josh Hudson, Sampson, Curtis, and Arthur Matthewson, likewise directed their steps towards the above celebrated sporting place.

A battle was fought this month, at Stoke Common, Bucks, between Flowers, a Wiltshire man, a first-rate boxer on the provincial list, and Pearce, a native of Berkshire, of pugilistic fame, for 50 sovereigns a side. Six rounds were fought in seventeen minutes, when Pearce was obliged to give in. The men were 11st. each, and acquitted themselves satisfactorily.

Geo. Flowers and Barney Harris fought for 20 sovereigns and a purse, at the Maize Green, on Epping Forest, September 11. These men had distinguished themselves as rare *gluttonists* in divers pitched battles, and each was prodigal of his qualifications, aspiring to the science of a Randall or a Holt. The men set to with great gaiety, and kept it up for nine rounds, occupying twenty-four minutes, when Harris received a finishing hit. Flowers, as a winner, received *quantum sufficit*, and his strength won it.

Jack Ford, a well-known brave man in the P. R. died a few days since, leaving a widow and four small children totally unprovided for.

#### PIGEON FLYING.

Several persons residing at Liege have lately been engaged in the establishment of pigeon stations. A few

days since twenty-two pigeons returned from Paris to Liege, having travelled 75 leagues, as the bird flies, in four hours, which gives 18 leagues an hour. Another experiment has been made between Frankfort and Liege. A third was made at Coblenz. The object was to send off for Liege a great number of pigeons. Two among them arrived at Liege in 2½ hours. The distance is only 30 leagues, about 12 leagues an hour. Making observations upon the different results, and following the roads upon the map, we are led to conclude, that the winding of rivers is an assistance to pigeons finding their way back, whilst woods and heights impede their flight, or, at least, occasion uncertainty in the direction they must take. It ought to be known that the famous pigeons which travel between Aleppo and Alexandria are of a particular class—the *columba tabellaria*.—*Paris paper*.

#### AQUATIC SPORTING.

A sailing match for a silver cup took place this month on the Norwich river at Carrow. Eight boats started for the prize: there being but little wind, the combatants decided the contest by sculling. The cup was won by the Dart, of Yarmouth.—A teakettle was afterwards given, to be rowed for by *Females*. The announcement of this singular race attracted great attention, and drew together an immense concourse of persons: the only candidate, however, who could be found to enter her name for the prize, was a girl from the Berner Arms, at Burgh.—This young daughter of Neptune therefore rowed over the space without competition, and obtained the *glittering* “guerdon of desert” —

“*She feather’d her oar with such skill  
and dexterity,  
“ Winning each heart and delighting  
each eye.”*

#### NEW SKATE.

A skate has been invented, which renders this amusement independent of the frost. It is like the common skate, but instead of *one* iron it has *two*, with a set of small brass wheels

let in between, which revolve, and enable the wearer to run with great rapidity on any hard level surface, and to perform, though with less force or nicety, all the evolutions of skating. A patent has been obtained for the invention.

#### PEDESTRIANISM.

A correspondent from Wynyard’s Gap remarks, that the most extraordinary pedestrian going, and considering too he is more than 70 years old, is Jacob Cornick, one of the Cattistock Hunt earth-stoppers.

At Leith, on Thursday, Aug. 28, M<sup>r</sup> Millan, a pedestrian from England, undertook to walk 40 miles in eight successive hours. A quarter of a mile was measured off on the high road bounding Leith Links, on which M<sup>r</sup> Millan started, 16 minutes past twelve o’clock, and finished 41 minutes past seven, having completed his arduous undertaking in seven hours 25 minutes. M<sup>r</sup> Millan is a young man of a slender and active make: he has a shuffling *shambling* walk, but gets rapidly over the ground. On finishing, he appeared comparatively fresh, and, it is said, was merely trying his powers for a match shortly to be decided. During the performance, the whole *fancy* world of Leith appeared to be on the *qui vive*.

A wager was made by Lieutenant Parker, R.N. of 1000 to 300 guineas, to walk seven miles in one hour! On Tuesday, Sept. 9, this gentleman started on a piece of ground about a mile and a half from Buxton. The first two miles he performed in 15 minutes, and completed the seven miles with ease in 58 minutes! Betting on the preceding evening was against the performance 12 to 1.

On the 8th September, Mr. W. West, the pedestrian, failed to perform a match which, perhaps, exceeded the powers of any man. His task was to go on foot from London to the 80 mile-stone, close upon Up-haven, in the Weyhill road, to Bath, and return, in 47 hours. The match was for 200 sovereigns, and half of

S s

the road is hilly, so that the odds were six and seven to four on time. The pedestrian started at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and reached Staines in three hours, where he made a temporary halt, and went on to Blackwater, where he took refreshment at half-past eight o'clock (30 miles). He went to Overton (53 miles) and dined, and had his table cleared before a quarter past three. He walked to Weyhill, the next 14 miles, in three hours, and touched on the 80th mile-stone, after three hours' refreshment, at twelve at night, and returned back to within a mile of Andover, soon after three, leaving himself 64 miles to do in 20 hours. He did his 20 miles in the next four hours, when he fell lame, but he continued on to Golden Farmer Hill, when he was put into his vehicle, unable to go on. The match was lost by 27 miles, to perform which he had eight hours left. A tendon sprang from the pedestrian's right leg in going the 120th, which kept getting worse.

August 30, Skipper made a *finale* of the arduous undertaking, of walking 1,500 miles, at the rate of 50 miles per day, in 30 successive days. His daily course was from the Mouth of the Nile public-house, Copenhagen-street, Worcester, to the Lamb, Cheltenham, and back to the spot he started from. On the day of accomplishing his task, he set off about four in the morning, and returned about half-past eight in the evening. The last two miles of his career his path was lined with spectators, and he was joined by a band of music and flags, to escort him into the city with due *eclat*. His step was firm and elastic, and his pace so rapid, that those who would keep up with him, were compelled to *amble*—almost *trot*; and, scarcely exhibiting the least symptom of fatigue, he brought his toil to a successful conclusion. We do not understand that much money was pending upon the issue. Skipper is a native of Norwich, is about 34 years of age, and stands five feet ten inches high.

At the close of Doncaster races, Philly Cummins, a groom, was backed by a gentleman of the name of Matelock, to go on foot to London in 53 hours, for a bet of 100 sovereigns, the pedestrian to accomplish 160 miles. He won the match on the Sunday by half an hour.

*Match to York.*—A few days since, Mr. Irvine undertook to go from London to York, and back, 394 miles, in five days and eight hours, being five hours less than Powell required to perform that task in 1792. He did his work regularly at the rate of three miles an hour, and won the match with nearly half an hour to spare. The task is three miles and 25 poles each hour, without stoppages.

Captain Fairburn started at twelve o'clock at night, August 31, to go on foot to the 38 mile-stone near Reading, Berks, and return (76 miles), in ten hours. The match was for 200 sovereigns. He reached half the distance at half-past eight, and arrived at the Park-gate 10 minutes within time, winning cleverly. The pedestrian's friend, Mr. Nash, accompanied the umpire in a *chaise* with provisions.

#### DONCASTER.

It is the opinion of many good judges, that Sherwood would have won the St. Leger, had he been kept back a little in the race. Having got an excellent start, his jockey was, perhaps, too anxious to keep it, particularly as his horse had been indulged, from his having been amiss—his subsequent running proving that he was all the better for his work. This may be attributed to the large sum Scott, his rider, stood on his winning. Had he been able to have kept the lead, vast sums of money would have been left behind in the north, as among the spinners he was backed most heavily. Perhaps it is all very well as it is, for money in that country is more easily manufactured than in the south.

#### SPORTING ANECDOTE.

The late Duke of Berri, who was devoted to field sports, and an excellent shot, while upon a visit to a distinguished English Commoner, was

accompanied to the field by his own *maitre de chasse*, and an old grey-headed gamekeeper. The latter had resided many years upon the estate, and could scarcely repress his dissatisfaction at the number of victims to the Duke's skill. Repeatedly in the course of the day, upon springing a pheasant, the *maitre de chasse*, as is usual with the French, would call out *poule!* (hen), and the Duke, as a fair sportsman, of course restrained his fire. On the return of the party, the worthy host inquired of "Old John" what kind of shot his illustrious visitor was, to which the following reply was grumbled out:—"By the Lord, he never misses; and if he had pulled half as often as *l'other*

Mounseer wanted him to do, your honour would have hardly had a bird next year."

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TIMES APPOINTED FOR HOLDING THE SUBJOINED MEETINGS, IN 1823.

Monmouth .....	Oct. 1
Stafford .....	6
Kelso .....	8
Northallerton .....	9
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Ayr .....	23
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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE favours of several Correspondents are deferred till next Number.

"*C'est moi*" is not suited to our work.

ERRATUM.—Last Number, p. 249, col. 1, l. 23, for "Samuel," read "Isaac."

## POETRY.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

### THE DISCOVERY.

THERE was an hare-hunting hearty esquire,

He lived in a good-scenting western shire:

He hunted his hounds, and farmed his estate:

He was fond of whist, but not fond of wines!

This patriarch had many concubines—

He was likewise a learned Magistrate.

His wife was a peerless hard-reading dame,  
With a goodly length of well-sounding name,

And an acre of noble pedigree:

Her family tree was planted, they say,  
Before William the Norman came this way,

In truth, 'twas a most ancient heraldry.

This hardy esquire and dame of high blood  
Begot a goodly legitimate brood—

'Twas a healthy beautiful progeny:

The daughters were gentle, ruddy, and fair,  
Polite, warm-hearted, and quite debonnaire:

The sons were a noble sight for to see.

Charles, the eldest, when I rhymed forth  
this tale,

Began to be seedy, and rather stale,

For he had lived all the days of his life:

He had not fled from the Circean bowl:

And a loving lass was the light of his soul,  
Yet he never had married a wife.

Joseph, the second, was aged twenty-three,  
An Adonis of perfect symmetry,

With the curly locks of Hyperion:

He was a pure sprig of morality:

He was sage, and well skill'd in chemistry,

And he was the old squire's dear darling son.

There was a little maid lived in the house,  
A little serving lass, meek as a mouse—

I rather think Jenny was the girl's name:

Her mother was a Brianite preacher,  
And every thing most lovely did teach her—

Above all things, to keep pure her good fame.

She was not quite handsome, yet in her eye  
There was something to stop the passer by:

And she was a tearful tender young maid:

She had a moisture on her pouting lip,  
Which love-thirsting Charles had oft wish'd to sip,

But of dad and mamma was afraid.

One hot sunny day, when she was at work,  
This sinful Charles, this most terrible Turk,

He seiz'd her, and caught her up in his arms:

He kiss'd her till her breath grew very short,

But Jenny did not like his kissing sport,  
Or such liberty tak'n with her youthful charms.

She rais'd the whole house with a hue and cry,  
 And sobb'd out wicked Charles's devilry.  
 "Oh, hang the man! What a sin!"  
 cried out one;  
 "Oh, what a pity!" squeak'd forth another;  
 "He is not like his good quiet brother—  
 He'll ruin us all before he has done!"

The 'Squire in his arm chair sat hectoring:  
 The beautiful Joseph was lecturing  
 'Gainst all the deadly sins—then im-  
 ploring—

Mamma join'd the sermon, with each sister:  
 All meant ev'ry word should poor Charles  
 blister—

Whilst chaste Jenny stood crying and  
 roaring.

Joseph gave him a reading from St. Paul,  
 Concerning the lusts of the flesh, and all  
 Burnings, and concupiscence, which is  
 evil.

Sad Charles, he carelessly whistled a tune,  
 Something 'bout lasses, and warm days of  
 June,  
 And wish'd all the prose with the old  
 Devil.

Said he, "If I'd kiss'd with her own con-  
 sent,  
 I'd cared not if the British Parliament  
 Censur'd this-unholy and dreadful deed.  
 Oh, hang her!" cried he, "what made  
 her tell!"

For he thought with himself 'twas love's  
 last knell,  
 And the anguish, it made his heart bleed.

With tearful eye, he groan'd: "I've past  
 my prime:

My youthful days are gone. There was a  
 time

When no youthly lass to me would say  
 nay.

My days of love and of pleasure are past.  
 Well, by gosh, we cannot be first and last:  
 Ev'ry one of us has his day!"

To see that all poachers kept out of bounds,  
 One night the ould 'Squire was going his  
 rounds,

With the stealthy pace of a mousing cat,  
 When he heard a gentle murmuring sound,  
 A rustling noise. He crept nearer the  
 ground,

Scarcely breathing: he thought he smelt  
 a rat.

A trembling kiss, with, "Oh, I shall die!"  
 Then, "My love, my dearest!" then a  
 soft sigh;

And then it was heaven and hugging.  
 "Hah, hah!" thinks the 'Squire: "there's  
 something wrong!"

I know pretty well the tune of that song—  
 It's some youth a maiden humbugging!"

He felt very curious: "Who can it be?  
 I suppose it is Charles, that debauchee!  
 But I'll just take a peep, to make sure."  
 No muse can properly sing his surprise—  
 Indeed, he hardly could trust his own eyes—  
*It was Jenny the chaste with Joseph the  
 pure!*

## THE TROTTING HORSE.

(Inserted at the request of a Correspondent.)

TUNE—"Captain Starkie."

COME, I ride as good a trotting horse  
 as any in the town,  
 Trot you sixteen miles within the hour, I'll  
 bet you fifty pound:

He gathers up his knees so smart, and he  
 tucks his haunches in,  
 And to throw the dirt in the flats' eyes, the  
 rogue thinks it no sin.

Chorus.—With my trot away, come  
 away, fal de ra, &c.

He's an eye like a hawk, and a neck like  
 a swan;

He's a foot like a cat, and his back a  
 longish span.

Kind Nature formed him so, that he's as  
 honest as he's good,

He's every thing a horse should be—he's  
 bottom, bone, and blood.

When I drop my hand, I see him nod,  
 and safely walk away;

What others brag and bounce about, to him  
 is only play;

No safer horse, or honesteer, e'er trod on  
 English ground:

He's rising six—can catch a bird—all over  
 right and sound.

There's your starch'd and stiffen'd, towel'd  
 blades, what transports they produce!

They cock their toes, and square their  
 arms, and comes the loving noose;

Then I let go my rattling prad, and pass  
 them like the wind,

I drop a nod, and tips a smile, and leaves  
 the flats behind.

If twenty miles I am from home, in the  
 dark, I do not mind;

If my friends are all brush'd, and I with  
 pipe and bottle left behind;

If a scampman bold should come, or a  
 kiddy on the hop,

"Pull sharp your trick, my boys," says  
 I, "or I'll out-ride your shop."

If Fortune, fickle jade, should e'er wish to  
 scorge my name,

And what she generously gave would wish  
 to have again,

O, that I'll freely grant, and without the  
 least remorse,

Only give to me what God can grant—my  
 health, my wife, and horse.

Trot away, &c.



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THE RACING CALENDAR AT THE END.

# Racing Calendar, 1823.

## ANSON HUNT, STAFFORDSHIRE.

**WEDNESDAY, March 19.**—The **WITHERLEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, 12st. each.—Mares and Geldings allowed 2lb.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Capt. Peel's b. g. <i>Monarch</i> , by Thunderbolt, 5 yrs old .....	1	by Pierrepont, 4 yrs old.....	2
Mr. Croxall's (Jun.) b. g. Quill Driver,		Capt. Peel's b. g. Hotspur, by Master Richard, 6 yrs old.....	3

The **BOSWORTH STAKES** of 25gs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough bred, 12st. each.—Two miles.—Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. g. <i>Habberley</i> , by Shuttlecock, aged .....	1	Lord Anson's ch. g. Spot, by Shuttlecock, aged .....	3
Mr. E. Peel's b. h. Werner, by Pioneer, 5 yrs old .....	2	Lord Anson's gr. g. Pilgrim, by Grimaldi, 6 yrs old.....	4

The **ATHERSTONE STAKES** of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages, not thorough bred, 13st. each.—Heats, two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Applethwaite's b. g. <i>Truth</i> , by Thunderbolt, aged .....	1	1	Lord Chetwynd's b. g. Mendax, by Young Gohanna, 5 yrs old.....	3	3
Capt. Peel's b. g. <i>Monarch</i> , 5 yrs old .....	2	2			

The **FARMERS' PURSE** of 50gs. for horses not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Gibson's b. g. by Hippomenes, aged, 13st.....	2	1	1
Mr. Owen's ch. g. The Farmer, by Magic, 6 yrs old, 13st.....	1	2	2

A **FORCED HANDICAP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, one mile, was won by Lord Anson's ch. g. *Spot*, by Shuttlecock, aged, beating four others.

## PONTEFRAC T SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY, March 31.**—A **GOLD CUP**, value 50gs. for horses not thorough bred, &c.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Alderson's b. h. <i>Random</i> , by Sir Charles, aged 12st. (Mr. Wright) .....	1	1	old, 12st. 3lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Dawson's ch. h. Governor, 6 yrs Random the favourite. Won easy.			Mr. Winn's b. c. by Caliban, 3 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. ....	3	3

A **SILVER CUP**, value 50gs. given by the Hon. E. Petre, for horses not thorough bred, &c. the property of Farmers.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Furnia's b. f. <i>Creeping Jane</i> , 3 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. ....	2	1	1
Mr. Alderson's b. h. <i>Random</i> , aged, 12st. 4lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Atkinson's b. f. <i>Reckless</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. ....	3	3	dr.
Mr. Shillito's gr. h. <i>Hark-away</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. ....	4		dr.

Six to 4 on Random: after the second heat, 2 to 1 on *Creeping Jane*. The first an excellent heat; the second and third easy.

**MATCH for 50l.**—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Buchannan's b. m. <i>Chambermaid</i> , aged, 10st. (Major Wood).....	1	Mr. Petre's b. h. Boots, aged, 10st. 10lb. 2
		Won very easy.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses not thorough bred, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Petre's br. h. <i>Dick</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Captain Ramsden) .....	1	old, 12st. ....	3
Mr. Fournia's b. f. <i>Creeping Jane</i> , 3 yrs old, 11st. 1lb. ....	2	Mr. Winn's ch. h. Chevalier, aged, 12st. 3lb. ....	0
Mr. Wortley's b. h. Southerick, 6 yrs		Mr. J. Wyrill's b. f. My Dolly, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. ....	0

Won cleverly.

## CATTERICK-BRIDGE MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, April 2.**—The **Craven Stakes** of 10gs. each, p. p. : two-year-olds to carry 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st.; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Ferguson's gr. c. <i>Jonathan</i> , by Octavian, 4 yrs old (R. Johnson) .....	1	Mr. J. Benson's b. c. Baron Bowes, 8 yrs old .....	3
Hon. E. Petre's b. c. Theodore, by Woful, 3 yrs old .....	2	Mr. Lambton's gr. h. Dunsinane, 5 yrs old .....	4

Even betting on Theodore, 7 to 4 agst Dunsinane, and 3 to 1 agst Jonathan. A good race.

The **Produce Stakes** of 25gs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares in 1819: colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Fifteen subscribers. Two miles.

Mr. Jaques's ch. c. <i>Crab</i> , by Leopold, dam by Shuttle (J. Jackson) .....	1	Octavian .....	3
Lord Queensberry's br. c. Prosody, by Prime Minister, out of Dr. Syntax's dam .....	2	Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Balance, by Comus—Sancho .....	4
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Six to 4 agst Balance, and 4 to 1 agst Lord Queensberry's. Won cleverly.		Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Manuel, by Leopold .....	5

**Sweepstakes** of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st. rising three years old.—Seven subscribers.—Two miles.

Sir W. Maxwell's ch. c. *Ben Ledi*, by Viscount, out of Mrs. Barnet..... walked over.

**THURSDAY, April 3.**—The **Subscription Plate** of 50l. for maiden horses, &c. rising three years old, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. R. O. Gascoigne's gr. c. by Comus, dam by Evander, rising 4 yrs old (T. Lye) .....	1	1	dam by Sir Harry Dimsdale, 3 yrs old .....	2	dr.
Mr. Lambton's gr. c. by Leopold, Three to 1 on the winner. Very easy.			Mr. W. Hutchinson's c. by Raphael, 3 yrs old .....	3	dr.

The **Old Stakes** of 25gs. each, 10gs. forfeit. colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. A winner to carry 3lb. extra.—Two miles.

Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. <i>North Star</i> , by Octavian (R. Johnson) .....	1	Bourbon, out of Sister to Sir Joshua ...	2
Mr. Riddell's b. c. Count D'Artois, by Five and 6 to 4 on the winner. Very easy.		Mr. Lambton's gr. c. by Leopold, dam by Sir H. Dimsdale .....	3

The **Yearling Stakes** of 20gs. each, p. p. rising two years old, colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile.

Mr. Jaques's b. f. <i>Ringlet</i> , by Whisker, out of Merryfield's dam (J. Jackson) 1	Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. by Octavian ...	3
Mr. J. Lonsdale's br. c. by Smolensko, out of Antelope's dam .....	Mr. Lambton's br. c. Brother to Adam Blair .....	4

Six to 4 agst Ringlet, 2 to 1 agst Mr. Lonsdale, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Lambton's, and 5 to 1 agst Mr. Ferguson's. Very easy.

## MEYNELL HUNT SPRING RACES.

**WEDNESDAY, April 2.**—The **Meynell Hunt Stakes** of 5gs. each, by Members of the Club, for horses not thorough bred, that never won prior to the day of naming.—Heats, two miles.—Gentlemen riders.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Walker's ch. h. aged (Mr. J. B. Story) .....	1	1	Mr. Wightwick's b. f. Screw, by Fitz-James, 4 yrs old .....	2	dr.
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A **Silver Cup**, value 20gs. with 30gs. added, and 10gs. to the second horse, for horses not thorough bred, that never started, paid or received forfeit, prior to the day of naming.—Heats, two miles.—Ridden by Farmers.

Mr. A. Thacker's ch. g. *Chance*, by Bradbury, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. .... 1 5 1  
 Mr. Bailey's b. g. Farmer, by Orlando, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. .... 5 1 2  
 Mr. Hunt's b. g. Forester, by Young Pavilion, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. .... 4 4 5  
 Mr. Nix's b. g. True Blue, by Holme, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. .... 2 3 4  
 Mr. T. Brigg's bl. g. Auctioneer, by Sultan, aged, 12st. 2lb. .... 3 2 5  
 Auctioneer was the favourite at starting; 5 to 4 agst Chance, 5 to 4 agst True Blue,  
 6 to 4 agst Forester, and 2 to 1 agst Farmer. This race, as well as the Hunt Stakes,  
 created great sport.

### MIDDLEHAM MEETING.

**MONDAY, April 7.**—The CRAVEN STAKES of 10gs. each, for two-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, six, and aged, 9st. 11lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Craven Course.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Riddell's b. c. <i>Comte d'Artois</i> , by Bourbon, out of Sister to Sir Joshua, 2 yrs old (J. Gray) .....	1	Princess Jemima, 2 yrs old .....	3
Mr. Peirse's b. c. Baron Bowes, by Woful, 3 yrs old .....	2	Mr. Seymour's b. f. by Comus, dam by Woodpecker, 2 yrs old .....	4
Col. Wood's b. c. by Walton, out of Six to 4 agst Mr. Gascoigne's colt, 2 to 1 agst Colonel Wood's colt, 2 to 1 agst Baron Bowes, and high odds agst the winner.		Mr. Gascoigne's gr. c. by Comus, dam by Evander, 3 yrs old .....	5

Good race, but won clear at the end.

The BOLTON STAKES of 30gs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1819: colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—One mile and a half.—Nine subscribers.

Sir M. W. Ridley's b. c. <i>Ringlet</i> , by Whisker, dam by Patriot (B. Smith) .....	1	Mr. Lambton's b. c. Manuel, by Leopold, out of Peterea .....	3
Sir W. Maxwell's br. c. Ben Ledi, by Viscount .....	2	Mr. Benson's ch. c. Barrack Billy, by Walton—Brighton mare .....	4

Even betting and 5 to 4 agst Ben Ledi, and 4 to 1 agst Ringlet. A good race, and won by a head.

The FILLY STAKES of 20gs. each, for fillies rising three years old, 8st. 2lb. each.—Craven Course.

Mr. Salvin's ch. <i>Princess</i> , by Comus, out of Remembrancer (R. Johnson) ...	1	Viscount .....	3
Mr. James's br. b. by Whisker, dam by Sir David .....	2	Mr. Baker's b. by Woldman, dam by Delpini .....	4
Sir W. Maxwell's br. <i>Brillante</i> , by Even betting on Brillante, and 5 to 1 agst Princess.		Lord Darlington's ch. by Whisker—Money Musk .....	5

Won easy.

**TUESDAY, April 8.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for colts and fillies rising two years old: colts, 8st. 11lb. fillies, 7st. 12lb.—Yearling Course.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Jaques's b. f. <i>Ringlet</i> , by Whisker, out of Merryfield's dam (J. Jackson) .....	1	Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. by Octavian—Even's dam .....	2
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Four to 1 on Ringlet. Won very easy.

FIFTY POUNDS for horses, &c. that never won 50l. (matches excepted): two-year-olds, 7st.; three, 8st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, six, and aged, 9st.—Heats, once round the course.

Mr. Peirse's b. c. <i>Baron Bowes</i> , by Woful, 3 yrs old (T. Shepherd) .....	4	1	1
Col. Wood's b. c. by Walton, out of Princess Jemima, 2 yrs old .....	1	2	2
Mr. Lee's b. c. by Walton, 2 yrs old .....	2	3	dr.
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. c. by Raphael, 2 yrs old .....	3	dr.	

Five to 4 agst Baron Bowes, and 2 to 1 agst Col. Wood's c. A good race; first heat won easy, the second by only a head, and the third by half a length.

The HUNTERS' STAKES of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred. Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Bretherton's ch. g. *Mercury*, by Hambletonian, 6 yrs old, 12st. .... walked over.  
 This meeting was very thinly attended, and little or no betting took place on the Doncaster St. Leger.

## YORK CRAVEN MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, April 9.**—The CRAVEN STAKES (Handicap) of five sovereigns each.—Gentlemen riders.—One mile and a quarter.—Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. Rowla's b. g. <i>Tom Paine</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Capt. Ramsden) .....	1	Amadis, 4 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. (the Owner) .....	2
Mr. Ridsdale's br. g. Fitzwalter, by .....		Mr. Ridsdale's b. g. Bishop, by Cardinal York, 4 yrs, 11st. 6lb. (Mr. T. Shafto) 3	
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Mr. Leak's gr. g. Flaxtonian, by Orville, dam by Sir H. Dimsdale, 5 yrs old, 12st. 3lb. (Mr. Stewart) .....	0	Miss Hotham, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. ...	0
Mr. Duncombe's b. g. by Driver, aged, 12st. (Sir T. Sykes) .....	0	Mr. Copland's b. m. Jenny-of-all-Trades, by Firelock, aged, 10st. 10lb. ....	0
Capt. Tinning's b. g. by Prime Minister, dam by Traveller, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb. (Mr. Kent) .....	0	Mr. Warneford's b. f. Dunnington Lass, by Whitelock, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (Mr. E. Warneford) .....	0
Mr. Wilks's b. g. by Knowsley, dam by Hyacinthus, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. ....	0	Mr. W. Duncombe's ch. f. by Ledston, 4 yrs old, 10st. (Mr. Wentworth) .....	0
Mr. Walker's b. c. by Stripling, out of Two to 1 agst Tom Paine, 2 to 1 agst Fitzwalter, and 5 to 1 agst Flaxtonian. A smart race, yet won cleverly.		Mr. Smith's b. g. Champagne, by Sir Malagigi, 4 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. (Mr. Brown) .....	0

A GOLD CUP, value 70 sovereigns, by subscription of seven sovereigns each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, and that have been regularly hunted during the season, either with Lord Harewood's, Sir M. M. Sykes's, or the York and Ainsty fox-hounds.—Gentlemen riders, 12st. each.—Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Caldwell's ch. h. <i>Speculation</i> , by Bradbury, dam by Ormond, 6 yrs old (Sir T. Sykes) .....	1	(Mr. Pigou) .....	4
Mr. Stewart's br. m. Lilla, by Ardrossan, dam by Emperor, 5 yrs old (the Owner) .....	2	Mr. E. K. Bayard's br. h. Wallflower (Mr. Ridsdale) .....	5
Mr. Copland's b. m. Bess, aged (the Owner) .....	3	Mr. Bayard's br. h. Cardinal, out of Annetta, by John Bull, aged (Capt. Ramsden) .....	6
Mr. R. Ferguson's b. h. Get-away, aged Six to 4 agst Speculation, and 2 to 1 agst Lilla. Won easy.		Mr. Wentworth's br. h. Farmer, by Grazier (Capt. Rickaby) .....	7

SWEETSTAKES of 25 sovereigns each.—One mile and a half.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Stewart's b. m. <i>Pecunia</i> , by Octavian, aged, 11st. 6lb. (the Owner) .....	1	Mr. Ferguson's b. g. by Jupiter, 6 yrs old, 11st. (Mr. Smith) .....	2
Three and 4 to 1 on Pecunia. Very easy.			

The HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovereigns each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, that have been regularly hunted in 1822 and 1823.—Gentlemen riders, 12st. each.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Rowla's b. g. <i>Tom Paine</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old (Capt. Ramsden) .....	1	Mr. Leak's gr. h. Flaxtonian, by Orville, 5 yrs old .....	7	4
Mr. Stewart's b. m. Pecunia, by Octavian, aged (the Owner) .....	4	Mr. Worsley's b. h. Skipjack, by Kite, aged (Mr. F. Worsley) .....	3	5
Mr. Smith's b. m. Jenny Horner, by Golumpus, aged (Sir T. Sykes) .....	2	Mr. Ferguson's b. m. Jenny, aged .....	5	dr.
Five to 2 agst Tom Paine, and 2 to 1 on Jenny Horner. The first heat won cleverly; the second a fine race.—The qualification of Flaxtonian being in dispute, the Stewards determined that, in case he had come in first, the Stakes were not to be paid him, and that bets were to be paid in conformity with the winner, as declared by them.		Mr. R. Ferguson's b. g. Get-away, aged .....	6	dr.

## NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

**MONDAY, April 14.**—The CRAVEN STAKES, a Subscription of 10 sovereigns each, for two-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Across the Flat.—Seventeen subscribers.



Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Catton, dam by Haphazard, 2 yrs old (J. May).....	1	Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. Bay Burton, by Tramp, 3 yrs old .....	3
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. Swap, by Catton, 3 yrs old .....	2	Duke of Grafton's b. f. Posthuma, by Orville, 3 yrs old .....	4
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. Jack Spigot, 4 yrs old .....	0	4 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Heathcote's br. c. Brother to Antelope, 4 yrs old .....	0	Mr. J. Rogers's ch. c. Tab, by Selim, out of Stingtail, 2 yrs old.....	0
Lord Jersey's br. c. Sharper, by Octavian, 3 yrs old .....	0	Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Whizgig, by Rubena, 3 yrs old .....	0
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. c. Bacchanal, 4 yrs old .....	0	Duke of Portland's ch. h. Comical, by Comus, 6 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Hunter's b. c. Tressilian, by Orville, 4 yrs old .....	0	Duke of Portland's ch. f. Gabrielle, by Partisan, 2 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Crockford's br. c. by Selim—Palma, Four to 1 agst Gabrielle, 5 to 1 agst Whizgig, 6 to 1 agst Swap, and 10 to 1 agst the winner. Won by two lengths.	0	Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Addy, 2 yrs old... 0	

## MATCH for 50 sovs.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. by Election, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (T. Goodisson) .....	1	Lord Exeter's b. f. Governor, 2 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	2
Six to 4 on Electress. Won by a length.			

## The First Class of the NINTH RIDDLESWORTH STAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. for colts.—Ab. M.—Twenty-two subscribers.

Mr. Udry's b. c. <i>Emilius</i> , by Orville —Emily, 8st. 4lb. (F. Buckle).....	1	Lord Jersey's b. c. by Phantom, out of Web, 8st. 7lb. ....	3
Duke of Grafton's br. Talisman, by Soothsayer, out of Pope Joan, 8st. 7lb. 2	2	Lord Exeter's b. c. Troy, by Filho da Puta, out of Briseis, 8st. 4lb. ....	4
Five to 4 agst <i>Emilius</i> , and 5 to 3 agst Lord Jersey's. Won by three lengths.			

## MATCH for 50 sovs. 8st. 5lb. each.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Jane Shore</i> , by Woful (T. Goodisson).....	1	Lord Exeter's br. c. Elf, by Comus—Gibside Fairy.....	2
Six to 4 on <i>Jane Shore</i> . Won by three-quarters of a length.			

## MATCH for 200gs. h. ft.—A. F.

Mr. Dundas's c. <i>Encore</i> , by William-son's Ditto, out of Yarico, 8st. 4lb. (J. Robinson) .....	1	Major Wilson's ch. c. by Rubens or Soothsayer, out of Tippettywicheat, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
Seven to 4 on <i>Encore</i> . Won by half a length.			

## TUESDAY, April 15.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. by Pioneer, dam by Whalebone, out of Marianne (W. Arnall) .....	1	Mr. Rush's f. by Pioneer, out of Discord .....	2
Five to 4 on the winner. Won by a neck.			

## SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 5lb.—R. M.—Five subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Adroit</i> , by The Flyer, out of Finesse (S. Day) .....	1	Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Comus, out of Miniature .....	2
Two to 1 on <i>Adroit</i> . Won by a neck.			

## SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb. Untried stallions, &amp;c. allowed 3lb.—D. M.—Four subscribers.

Lord Warwick's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Sir Petronel mare, grandam by Sorcerer (John Day) .....	1	Zodiac .....	2
Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Armourer, by Even betting on the winner. Won by a length.	1	Lord Maynard's br. b. f. by Pioneer, dam by Benningbrough.....	3

## The Second Class of the NINTH RIDDLESWORTH STAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 7lb. each.—Untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.—Ab. M.—Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. Wyndham's by Whalebone, dam by Gohanna, out of Catherine (W. Arnall) 1	1	Mr. Crockford's b. by Selim—Sister to Remembrancer .....	3
Duke of Grafton's b. Veil, by Rubens, out of Vestal .....	2	Mr. Thornhill's ch. by Scud, out of Goosander .....	4
Six to 4 on the winner. Won by two lengths.			

## MATCH for 500, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—A. F.

Lord Foley's b. h. <i>Suites</i> , by Selim, 6 yrs old (J. Robinson) .....	1	Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. Gedolphin, 4 yrs old .....	2
Six to 4 on Sultan.		Won by a length.	

**THE OATLANDS STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—Ditch-in.—Eleven subscribers, besides six who paid 10 sovs. each to the owner of the second horse.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. <i>Figaro</i> , by Haphazard, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (W. Scott) .....	1	Mr. Hunter's Friar Bacon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. Bay Burton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	3
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Aarea</i> , by Election, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	0	3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0
Id Exeter's b. c. Holbein, by Rubens, Even betting on Figaro, 5 to 1 agst Centaur, and 6 to 1 agst Friar Bacon.	0	Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Centaur, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	0
		Won by a length.	

**WEDNESDAY, April 16.**—MATCH for 50gs. h. ft.: 8st. 4lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Major Wilson's b. c. by Juniper, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs old (F. Buckle) .....	1	Mr. Fielde's ch. c. Chew Bacon, 4 yrs old .....	2
Eleven to 8 on Major Wilson's colt.		Won by a length.	

**SUBSCRIPTION PURSE** of 50l.: two-year-olds, 7st.; three, 8st. 7lb.; and four, 9st.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Batson's b. c. <i>Mystic</i> , by Hedley, 3 yrs old (J. Day) .....	1	Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Elfrid, by Wan- derer, 2 yrs old .....	2
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Meynell's b. c. <i>Almanson</i> , by Mu- ley, 3 yrs old .....	0	Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Or- ville, out of Barossa, 2 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 2 yrs old .....	0	Lord Clarendon's b. c. by Clavelino, out of Allegretta, 2 yrs old .....	0
Duke of York's b. f. Jane Shore, by Woful, 2 yrs old .....	0	Mr. Williamson's bl. f. Harriet, by Pe- ricles, 3 yrs old .....	0
Even betting on Mystic, and 5 to 3 agst Elfrid.		Won by a length.	

**MATCH** for 50 sovs. 20ft.—T. Y. C.

Major Wilson's b. c. by Partisan, out of Trimbrush, 7st. 10lb. (F. Buckle) ...	1	Mr. Fielde's b. f. Brenda, by Partizan, 7st. 7lb. ....	2
Seven to 4 on Major Wilson's colt.		Won by three lengths.	

**HANDICAP STAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—R. M.

Mr. Crockford's br. c. by Selim, out of Palma, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (W. Wheatley) 1	1	Mr. Prendergast's f. by Rainbow, out of Janette, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	3
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Mr. Thornhill's br. c. Adolphus, 4 yrs

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Charlton's b. c. Gulliver, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. ....	0	3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	0
Duke of Portland's gr. f. Vaultress, Six to 4 agst Adolphus, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Crockford's colt.	0	Mr. Cooper's c. Smoker, by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	0
		Won by half a length.	

**MATCH** for 100 sovs. h. ft.: 8st. 7lb. each.—From the end of D. M. to the end of B. C.

Lord Huntingfield's br. g. <i>Mostyn</i> , aged .....	1	Mr. Holland's gr. m. Lady Bird, by his Arabian .....	2
Four to 1 on Mostyn.		Won easy.	

**THURSDAY, April 17.**—The **CLARET STAKES** of 200gs. each, h. ft.: colts; 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. I.—Eight subscribers.—The owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake.

Mr. Greville's b. c. <i>Moses</i> , by Seymour or Whalebone (T. Goodisson) .....	1	Duke of Grafton's b. f. Posthuma, by Orville .....	4
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Sir J. Byng's b. c. <i>Morisco</i> , by Muley... 2	2	Mr. Pettit's br. c. Ajax, by Amadis ... 5	5
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. Swap, by Catton .....	3	Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. Brother to An- tonia .....	6

Five to 2 agst Ajax, 3 to 1 agst Morisco, 4 to 1 agst Moses, 7 to 1 agst Swap, 9 to 1 agst Mr. Chifney's colt, and 10 to 1 agst Posthuma. Won by a length.

Mr. Thornhill's b. c. by Scud, out of Romp's dam, 8st. 7lb. (S. Chifney), agst Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Troy, out of Brice's, 8st. 3lb. (J. Robinson). R. M. Gen. Grosvenor staked 110gs. to 100gs. Ran a dead heat.

MATCH for 100gs. h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—A. F.

Mr. Dundas's br. c. <i>Encore</i> , by W.'s	1	Mr. N. Smith's b. c. by W.'s Ditto,	2
Ditto (J. Robinson).....	1	dam by Trumpator .....	2

Two to 1 on *Encore*. Won by a head.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, for colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A. F.  
Three subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. *Talisman*, by Soothsayer, out of Pope Joan .....walked over.  
The DINNER STAKES of 300gs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.  
R. M.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Udny's b. c. *Emilius*, by Orville .....walked over.

FRIDAY, April 18.—SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l.: two-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; three, 8st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 13lb.; five, 9st. 4lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 8lb.—D. M.

Mr. Rogers's b. f. <i>Scratch</i> , by Selim,	1	old	2
dam by Haphazard, 2 yrs (J. Boggis)	1	Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Cornus, out of	2
Mr. J. Walker's b. h. Langtonian, 5 yrs	1	Miniature, 2 yrs old.....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Parker's b. f. by Marmion, out of	0	Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Otis, by Bastard,	0
Nymphina, 3 yrs old	0	2 yrs old	0
Mr. Symond's b. f. by Blucher, dam by	0	Duke of Rutland's ch. c. by Soothsayer,	0
Juniper, 2 yrs old	0	out of Rosabella, 2 yrs old .....	0

Five to 1 agst *Scratch*. Won by half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.  
Six subscribers.

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Cornus, out of	1	D. of York's br. c. by Smolensko or Do-	2
Gonsalvi's dam (F. Buckle) .....	1	minie Sampson, out of Aladdin's dam	2

Two to 1 on Mr. Wilson's colt. Won by three lengths.

The HAMPTON COURT STUD STAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—B. M.—Three pounds allowed; &c.—Ten subscribers.

Duke of York's ch. c. by Aladdin, out of	1	Duke of Rutland's c. by Soothsayer, out	2
a Sister to Castanea (T. Goodisson) ...	1	of Blowing.....	2

Five to 2 on Duke of York's colt. Won by a length.

SATURDAY, April 19.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 1lb.—A. F.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Re-	1	Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Walton, out of	3
serve (J. Robinson).....	1	Vourneen	3
Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Phasis, by Quiz	2	Lord Exeter's b. c. Troy, by Filho da	4
—Persepolis .....	2	Putu	4

Even betting on Phasis, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's filly, 4 to 1 against Mr. Wilson's colt, and 8 to 1 agst Troy. Won by a length.

Lord Foley's b. h. *Sultan*, by Selim, received forfeit from Mr. Charlton's b. h. Master Henry, by Orville, 8st. 7lb. each, T. M. M. 500 sovereigns. h. s.

### KELSO SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, April 16.—The HUNTERS' STAKES of 5gs. each.—The Duke Course.—Twenty-one subscribers.

Mr. Johnston's b. h. <i>Sir Thomas</i> , by Whitworth, 6 yrs (Capt. F. Campbell)	1	5	2	1
Mr. Culley's ch. g. Juba, by Orion, aged .....	5	1	3	2
Mr. Sitwell's gr. g. Lowlin, 6 yrs old .....	3	4	1	3
Mr. Fawens's b. g. Doctor Blemish, aged.....	2	2	4	
Mr. Kerr's gr. m. ....	6	3	5	
Mr. Pringle's Actson .....	4	dr.		

This race afforded excellent sport: each heat was keenly contested, and the last was won by only half a head.

### THE HOO MEETING (HERTS).

For Horses the Property of Members of the Club.

SATURDAY, April 5.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 25gs. each, colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. rising three years old.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Feilde's b. f. <i>Brenda</i> , by Partisan (J. Day).....	1	Soothsayer, out of Streamlet.....	2
Mr. Whyte's ch. f. Fortune-teller, by		Lord Verulam's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Romana's dam.....	3
The COUNTY STAKES of 10gs. each, for horses bred in Hertfordshire.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.			
Mr. Feilde's gr. c. by Quizzer, out of Gipsy, 2 yrs, 7st. 10lb. (H. Boyce)...	1	Lord Verulam's ch. c. Vapour, 3 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	2
The MAIDEN STAKES of 10gs. each: two-year-olds, 7st. 10lb.; three, 10st.; four, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. &c.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.			
Lord Verulam's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Romana's dam, 2 yrs old (F. Boyce) .....	1	Mr. Whyte's f. Fortune-teller, 2 yrs old.....	2
Mr. Whyte's br. h. Tom Tough, by Whalebone, 8 yrs old .....	4	Mr. Feilde's gr. c. by Quizzer, 2 yrs old .....	3
	2		4
Between the heats for the Maiden Stakes, the GOLD CUP, value 120gs. and 20l. in money, being a subscription of 20 sovs. each, was run.—Weights the same as the Newmarket Craven Stakes.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner to be sold for 350gs. if demanded; &c.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.			
Mr. Feilde's br. f. <i>Norna</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs old (J. Day).....	1	Mr. Pickford's b. h. Cardenio, aged.....	3
Mr. Feilde's b. c. Netherfield, 3 yrs old 2		Mr. Whyte's b. g. Quibble, 6 yrs old, broke down) .....	0
Norna the favourite, who was claimed by the owner.			
MATCH for 25gs.—Two miles.			
Mr. Feilde's ch. c. <i>Chew Bacon</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.....	1	Mr. Latour's ch. c. by Trinidad, out of Trull, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (bolted).....	2

## INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

### NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1823.

**MONDAY.**—MATCH for 100 sovereigns: 8st. 8lb. each.—Ditch Mile.

Mr. Wyndham's Robin Hood, against  
Mr. Udny's *Mirandola*.

**TUESDAY.**—MATCH for 25 sovs.: 8st. 2lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Williamson's c. Castrel, out of Dimity, against  
Mr. Hunter's f. by Orville, out of Canvas.

### FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1823.

**TUESDAY.**—MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Williamson's ch. c. by Bourbon, out of Waxy Lass, 8st. 2lb. against  
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by Crispin or Blucher, out of Lady Sophia, 8st.

### SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1824.

**NO Day mentioned.**—MATCH for 100 sovereigns, half forfeit.—The Y. C.

Mr. Williamson's br. c. by Haphazard, out of Harriet's dam, 8st. 2lb. against  
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by Catton, out of Comical's dam, 8st.

### HOUGHTON MEETING, 1823.

**MONDAY.**—MATCH for 200 sovs.: 8st. 6lb. each.—R. M.

Mr. Greville's c. by Aladdin, out of Sister to Castanea, against  
Duke of Grafton's Cinder, Brother to Carbonaro.

## DURHAM MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, April 23.**—The TRIAL STAKES of 20gs each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Once round.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Jaques's b. f. by Walton, dam by Governor (T. Shepherd) .....	1	Mr. Riddell's b. f. by X Y X, out of Juggler's dam .....	2
Two to 1 on the winner. Won easy.			

The OLD STAKES of 10gs. each: colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles. A winner this year to carry 3lb. extra.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Peirse's ch. c. <i>Crab</i> , by Leopold, out of Sister to Corduroy, by Shuttle (T. Shepherd) .....	1	Octavian .....	2
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Sir Anthony, by .....	1	Mr. Lambton's gr. c. by Leopold, dam by Sir H. Dimdale .....	3
Two to 1 agst Crab. Won easy.			

The MAIDEN PLATE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages: three-year-olds, 8st.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, six, and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Reed's gr. c. <i>Marauder</i> , by Macbeth, 4 yrs old (Johnson) .....	1	1	Mr. Carter's b. f. Miss Whizgig, by Grey Malton, 2 yrs old .....	5	4
Mr. Lambton's b. c. Manuel, 2 yrs ...	2	2	Mayor of Durham's b. f. Miss Craddock, 4 yrs old .....	4	dr.
Mr. Hudson's b. g. Sir John, 5 yrs	3	3	Two to 1 on the winner. Won easy.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for horses belonging to the Officers of the Durham Yeomanry Cavalry.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Captain Allan's b. h. *Cardinal*, by Cardinal York .....

**THURSDAY, April 24.**—SILVER CUP, value 50gs. by subscribers of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added: three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Fillies allowed 3lb.—A winner of 50l. this year, to carry 3lb. extra.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. <i>Wanton</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs old (T. Lye) .....	1	1	beth, 4 yrs old .....	2	2
Mr. Reed's gr. c. <i>Marauder</i> , by Mac .....	1	1	Mr. Riddell's ch. c. <i>Pity-me</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs old .....	3	3
Six to 4 on Wanton.					

The DURHAM STAKES of 5gs. each, with 25l. added, for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. four, 8st. 7lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , by Comus, 3 yrs old .....	4	1	1
Mr. Peirse's b. c. Baron Bowes, by Woful .....	1	2	2
Sir H. Hardinge's b. c. by Walton, 3 yrs old .....	2	3	3
Mayor of Durham's ch. f. White Rose, 4 yrs old .....	2	dr.	
Two to 1 on Baron Bowes. A good race.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each.—Gentlemen riders.—One mile and a distance. Major Headley's *Flying Quaker* .....

1	Mayor of Durham's Master Welham ...	3
2	Captain Allan's b. h. Hussar .....	2

**FRIDAY, April 25.**—FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages: three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—A winner of 50l. at any one time in plate or stakes, before entry, to carry 3lb.; if two or more, 5lb. extra.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , by Comus, 3 yrs old .....	4	1	1
Sir H. Hardinge's b. c. by Walton, 2 yrs old .....	1	4	2
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. <i>Pity-me</i> , by Woful, 3 yrs old .....	3	3	3
Mr. Lambton's b. c. Manuel, by Leopold, 2 yrs old .....	2	2	dr.
An excellent race. At starting, even betting on Hudson's gelding, Sir H. Hardinge's colt, and <i>Pity-me</i> . After the second heat, 2 to 1 on Hudson.			

A HUNTERS' STAKES of 15gs. each.—Two Miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. J. Burrell's ch. m. (Mr. Trotter) ...	1	Mr. George's ch. h. (The Owner) .....	3
Mr. H. Smales's br. m. (Mr. T. Shafto) 2	2	Mr. Gregson's br. m. (Mr. Hawkes) ...	4
A beautiful race, and won by only half a neck.			

MATCH.—One mile, and a distance.

Mr. J. Burrell's ch. m. ....	1	Mr. Theakstone's b. h. ....	2
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## NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY, April 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, for colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb. rising four years old.—B. C.—Six subscribers.**

Duke of Grafton's br. c. <i>Midsummer</i> , by Thunderbolt (F. Buckle) .....	1	Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Buxton, by Thunderbolt .....	2
Five to 4 on Midsummer. Won by half a length.			

**MATCH for 100gs. h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—Ab. M.**

Major Wilson's b. c. by Partisan, dam by Oscar (F. Buckle) .....	1	Duke of Rutland's ch. c. by Soothsayer —Blowing .....	2
Five to 2 on the winner. Won easy.			

**MATCH for 100gs. h. ft.—A. F.**

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. <i>Hampden</i> , by Rubens, 8st. 9lb. (S. Barnard) .....	1	Mr. Greville's b. c. Aaron, by Election, 8st. 2 Seven to 4 on Hampden. Won easy.
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**MATCH for 100 sovs. 8st. 8lb. each.—D. M.**

Mr. Wyndham's b. h. <i>Robin Hood</i> , by Octavius (W. Arnall) .....	1	Mr. Udny's ch. f. Mirandola .....	2
5 to 4 agst Robin Hood. Won by a length.			

**MATCH for 300gs. h. ft.—A. F.**

Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Augusta</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Robinson) ...	1	Duke of Grafton's b. f. Posthuma, by Orville, 3 yrs old, 8st. ....	2
Six to 4 on Augusta. Won easy.			

**SWEEPSTAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. each.—R. M.—Four subscribers.**

Duke of Portland's b. <i>Joseph</i> , by Soothsayer, dam by Dick Andrews (W. Clift) .....	0	Lord Jersey's b. by Phantom, out of Web .....	0
Five to 2 agst the winner. The second heat won easy.			

**SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 6st. 4lb. each.—Ab. M.—Three subscribers.**

Lord Exeter's br. <i>Apparition</i> , by Co- mus—Phantora (J. Robinson) .....	1	Duke of Grafton's b. Veil, by Rubens, out of Vestal .....	2
Six to 4 agst Apparition. Won easy.			

**SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A. F. Six subscribers.**

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Fanatic*, by Soothsayer, out of Folly .....

Lord Exeter and Mr. Udny divided the forfeits.

Lord Foley's b. h. *Sultan*, 6 yrs old, received forfeit from Mr. L. Charlton's b. h. Master Henry, aged, 8st. 7lb. each. Last three miles of B. C. 500gs. h. ft.

Mr. Greville's b. c. *Moses*, received ft. from Mr. James's br. c. Ajax, 8st. 7lb. each. A. F. 200gs. h. ft.

**TUESDAY, April 29.—The DUDINGTON STAKES of 150gs. each, 100gs. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A. M.—Five subscribers.**

Duke of Grafton's br. c. <i>Cinder</i> , by Wo- sh—Charcoal (S. Barnard) .....	1	Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. Orville— Bizarre .....	2
Five to 4 on Cinder. Won by a head.			

**SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 5lb. each.—D. M.—Eight subscribers.**

Mr. Wyndham's bay. <i>Pimvin</i> , by Whalebone, dam by Johanna, out of Amazon (W. Arnall) .....	1	Duke of Grafton's b. Veil, by Rubens, out of Vestal .....	2
Five to 1 on Pimvin. Won by hf. a length.			

**The KING'S PLATE of 100gs. for mares: three-year-olds, 8st. 4lb.; four, 9st. 4lb.; five, 9st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 10st.—R. C.**

Mr. Molony's b. m. <i>Luss</i> , by Hedley, 5 yrs old (J. Robinson) .....	1	bone, 3 yrs old .....	4
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Whizig, by Rubens, 3 yrs old .....	2	Mr. Barnard's b. f. by Muley, dam by Totteridge, out of a Sister to Marianne, 3 yrs old .....	5
Mr. Prendergast's ch. f. by Rambow, 3 yrs old .....	3	Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Marmion—Nym- phina, 3 yrs old .....	6
Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Twatty, by Whale- Five to 2 agst Twatty, 3 to 1 agst Luss, and 3 to 1 agst Whizig. Won by half a length.			

**THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES**, a Subscription of 100gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—**R. M.**—Twenty-two subscribers.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. <i>Nicola</i> , by Selim—	1	Duke of Grafton's br. c. <i>Talisman</i> , by	2
Langar's dam (W. Wheatley) .....		Southsayer .....	
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Duke of Grafton's br. c. <i>Cinder</i> , by Wo-		by Orville .....	0
fel—Charcoal .....	0	Mr. Thornhill's b. c. by Scud, out of	
Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Zealot</i> , by Partisan	0	Romp's dam .....	0
Mr. Rogers's b. c. <i>Eden</i> , by Comus, dam			
Two to 1 agst <i>Zealot</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Cinder</i> , 7 to 2 agst <i>Talisman</i> , and 4 to 1 agst <i>Nicola</i> .			
Won by a head.			

**FIFTY POUNDS**, by subscription, for four-year-olds and upwards.—Last three miles of the **B. C.**

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. *Centaure*, by Canopus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. ....walked over.  
Mr. Williamson's ch. c. by Castrel, out of Dimity, received ft. from Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Orville, out of Canvas, 8st. 2lb. each. **T. Y. C.** 25 sovs.

**WEDNESDAY, April 30.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—**T. Y. C.**—The winner to be sold for 150gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Crockford's b. f. by Selim, out of a		levy) .....	1
Sister to Rememberancer (W. Wheat-		Mr. Williams's ch. Sister to Twatty .....	2
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Walton, out of		Mr. Bloss's b. f. Sister to Miracle .....	0
Vourneen .....	0	Mr. Villiers's ch. c. by Don Cosmick, out	
Lord Exeter's br. c. Elf, by Comus .....	0	of Serina .....	0
Mr. Forth's b. f. Sister to Magnus Troil	0	Mr. Simmond's b. f. by Blucher, dam by	
Sir W. Milner's b. c. by Comus, out of		Juniper .....	0
Neva .....	0		
Three to 1 agst Sister to Twatty, and 4 to 1 agst the winner. Won by half a length.			

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—**A. F.**—Five subscribers.  
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Hampden*, by 8st. 7lb. .... 2  
Rubens, 8st. 9lb. (S. Barnard) ..... 1  
Sir J. Byng's b. c. *Morisco*, by Muley, 7st. 10lb. .... 3  
Even betting on *Morisco*, and 6 to 4 agst *Hampden*. Won by a neck.

**MATCH** for 50 sovs.—**D. M.**  
Mr. Hunter's b. c. *Tressilian*, by Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st. (W. Arnall) ..... 1  
Duke of Portland's ch. h. *Comical*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 2  
Two to 1 on *Tressilian*. Won by a length.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 4lb. **B. C.**  
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. *Wanton*, by Frolic, 3 yrs old (W. Hammond) ..... 1  
3 yrs old ..... 2  
Mr. Williams's b. f. *Emma*, by Orville, 3 yrs old (belted soon after starting) ... 3  
Mr. Rush's ch. c. by Rubens—*Rosabella*,  
Two to 1 on *Wanton*. Won easy.

**THURSDAY, May 1.**—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—**D. M.**—Six subscribers.

Lord Darlington's br. c. <i>Marcellus</i> , by	7st. 7lb. ....	2
Selim, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (F. Buckle)	1	Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Holbein</i> , by Rubens,
Mr. Greville's ch. f. <i>Electress</i> , 3 yrs old,		dam by Golumpus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....
Five to 4 on <i>Marcellus</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Electress</i> , and 3 to 1 agst <i>Holbein</i> . Won by half a length.		

**MATCH** for 200gs. h. ft.—**D. M.**  
Mr. Fox's b. c. *Macduff*, by Macbeth, 8st. (G. Dockeray) ..... 1  
Mr. Greville's b. c. *Moses*, 8st. 10lb. .... 2  
Six to 5 on *Macduff*. Won by half a length.

**THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES**, a Subscription of 100gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb.—**D. M.**—Eight subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's br. <i>Zinc</i> , by Woful,	1	Mr. Wyndham's b. <i>Spermaceti</i> , by	2
out of Zaida (F. Buckle) .....		Whalebone—Sister to Wanderer .....	
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Lord Exeter's br. <i>Apparition</i> , by Comus	0	Mr. Greville's ch. <i>Poppetina</i> , by Selim,	
— <i>Phantom</i> .....	0	out of Agnes .....	0

Mr. Hunter's b. by Rubens, out of Sprightly..... 0 | Mr. Thornhill's b. by Scud or Pioneer, out of Fandango's dam..... 0  
Six to 4 on Zinc, 5 to 2 agst Spermaceti, and 7 to 1 agst Poppetina. Won by half a length.

'SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—T. Y. C.—Four subscribers.  
Mr. Fox's b. c. *Macduff*, by Macbeth, 8st. 6lb. .... 2 | 8st. 6lb. .... 2  
8st. (G. Dockeray) ..... 1 | Mr. Pettit's br. c. *Ajax*, by Amadis, 9st. .... 3  
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. *The Stag*, 9st. .... 3  
Six to 5 on Macduff, 6 to 4 agst *The Stag*, and 6 to 1 agst *Ajax*. Won by two lengths.

The KING'S PLATE of 100gs.—R. C.

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. *Centaur*, 4 yrs old, 11st. (W. Arnall)..... 1 | Mr. Molony's b. m. *Luss*, by Hedley, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. .... 2  
Six to 4 agst *Centaur*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Major Wilson's ch. c. by Haphazard, out of Rivulet, 8st. 7lb. .... 1 | Mr. Fielde's Brenda, 8st. .... 2  
Six to 4 on the winner. Won by four lengths.

Major Wilson's c. by Juniper, dam by Oscar, 8st. 5lb. received 20 sovs. from Mr. Fielde's ch. c. *Chew Bacon*, by Rubens, 8st. A. F. 50 sovs. h. ft.

FRIDAY, May 2.—MATCH for 100 sovs.—D. M.

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. *Vedette*, by Pioneer, out of a Sister to Caroline, 8st. 7lb. (W. Arnall) ..... 1 | Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Portrait*, by Comus, out of *Miniature*, 8st. 3lb. .... 2  
Three to 1 on *Vedette*. Won by three lengths.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 7lb.—D. M.—Five subscribers.—The winner to be sold for 150gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Udny's b. c. by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Trumpator, out of Countess (F. Buckle)..... 1 | cord ..... 2  
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Dis-Eleven to 8 on Mr. Rush's filly, and 5 to 2 agst the winner. Won by a length.  
Duke of Richmond's Pincushion ..... 3  
Lord Exeter's br. c. *Elf*, by Comus ..... 4

SECOND YEAR.—Renewal of the NEWMARKET STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. M.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100gs. out of the Stakes.—Twenty-five subscribers.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. *Nicolo*, by Selim, out of Zaida ..... 2 | Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Orville ..... 3  
(W. Wheatley) ..... 1 | —Bizarre ..... 3  
Duke of Grafton's br. f. *Zinc*, by Woful,

The following also started, but were not placed :

Duke of York's ch. c. *Premium*, by Aladdin, out of Sister to Castanea..... 0 | worm's dam ..... 0  
Duke of Grafton's br. c. *Logic*, by Selim, Mr. Goddard's ch. c. by Rubens—Brain- out of *Piquet* ..... 0  
Five to 4 agst *Logic*, 3 to 1 agst *Premium*, 6 to 1 agst *Zinc*, and 6 to 1 agst *Nicolo*.  
Won by a length.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—Ab. M.

Mr. Udny's ch. m. *Mirandola*, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old (F. Buckle) ..... 1 | Mr. Thornhill's br. c. *Adolphus*, 4 yrs old ..... 2  
Five to 4 agst *Mirandola*. Won by three lengths.

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's b. f. *Jane Shore*, by Woful, 2 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (R. Marks).... 1 | Lord Exeter's b. c. *Holbein*, by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 2  
Six to 4 on *Jane Shore*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Rogers's br. f. *Scratch*, by Selim, 2 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (H. Hammond) ... 1 | Mr. Williamson's bl. f. *Harriet*, by Percles, 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 2  
Even betting.

### IRVINE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, May 7.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Three pounds allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Alexandre's gr. f. *La Grisette*, by Viscount, out of Albuera .....walked over.



MATCH for 100gs. h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—Mile and half.

Lord Kelburne's b. h. <i>Chance</i> , by Stamford, aged (Garbutt) .....	1	Lord Kennedy's b. h. <i>Eglington</i> , aged .....	2
		Won by half a neck.	

A SWEEPSTAKES for 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three pounds allowed, &c.—One mile.

Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. c. <i>Stratherne</i> , by Whisker .....	1	mus.....	3
Sir A. Ramsay's b. f. <i>Eoina</i> , by Haphazard .....	2	Mr. Baird's gr. c. <i>Langton</i> , by Viscount .....	4
Lord Kelburne's b. c. <i>The Pirate</i> , by Co-		Sir D. H. Blair's ch. c. by Stamford—	5
		Tartan .....	5

THE IRVINE STAKES of 10gs. each, with 25gs. added.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Lord Tweedale's ch. h. <i>Champion</i> , by Stamford, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (T. Lye) .....	1	3 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Alexander's gr. f. <i>La Grisette</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	2	Mr. Baird's <i>Langton</i> , 3 yrs old.....	0
Sir D. H. Blair's ch. c. by Stamford,		Mr. Hawthorne's bay filly, by Filho da	0
		Putu, 3 yrs old .....	0
		Won easy.	

MATCH for 150gs. h. ft.—10st. each.—Two miles.

Lord Kennedy's b. h. <i>Eglington</i> , by Stamford .....	1	Lord Kelburne's b. h. <i>Chance</i> .....	2
		Won by two lengths.	

THURSDAY, May 8.—MATCH for 100gs. h. ft.—Two miles.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. <i>Caledonian</i> , by Stamford, out of Blue Stockings, 8st. 3lb. (J. Garbutt) .....	1	Mr. Hawthorn's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Mrs. Clarke, 8st.....	2
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THE STEWARDS' PURSE of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Lord Tweedale's ch. h. <i>The Champion</i> , by Stamford, 5 yrs, 9st. 3lb. 1 .....	1	9st. 4lb. ....	3	2
Id. Kennedy's b. h. <i>Eglington</i> , aged,		Lord Kelburne's b. h. <i>Chance</i> , aged,	2	3
		9st. 4lb. ....	2	3

MATCH.—To carry 12st. each.

Lord Kennedy's b. g. ....	1	Mr. Johnston's b. g. ....	2
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### CHESTER MEETING.

MONDAY, May 5.—The GROSVENOR STAKES of 10gs. each: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares allowed 2lb.—Grosvenor Course, about a mile and a quarter.—Five subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Doge of Venice</i> , by Sir Oliver, 5 yrs old (T. Nicholson) .....	1	Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Belmont</i> , by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs old .....	3
Mr. Mytton's br. h. <i>Banker</i> , by Smolensko, aged .....	2	Colonel Yates's ch. m. <i>Pantoufle</i> , 5 yrs old .....	4

THE PRODUCE STAKES of 25gs. each: colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st.—Three pounds allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Fourteen subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Hymettus</i> , by Thunderbolt, out of <i>Larissa</i> (3lb.) (S. Day) .....	1	tard, out of <i>Petronilla</i> (3lb.).....	2
Lord Stamford's br. c. <i>Falcon</i> , by Bus-		Sir G. Pigot's br. c. <i>Patahull</i> , by Orville—Canidia .....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Comus, out of Cowslip .....	0	out of <i>The Hipped Mare</i> .....	0
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Alarm</i> , by Thunderbolt (3lb.) .....	0	Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by Southsayer, out of <i>Mademoiselle Presale</i> .....	0
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. f. by Sir Oliver,		Mr. Mytton's ch. c. <i>Enterprise</i> , by Comus, dam by Alexander .....	0

SWEEPSTAKES of 15gs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>Whittington</i> , by Thunderbolt, out of <i>Dairymaid</i> , 3 yrs old (Spring) .....	1	by Haphazard, out of <i>Tristram's</i> dam, 3 yrs old .....	2
Mr. Beadsworth's b. c. <i>Birmingham</i> ,		Sir W. Wynn's b. f. by Comus, 3 yrs old .....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Derby's bay colt, by Milo, 3 yrs old .....	0	Lord Anson's b. c. <i>Brother to The Patriarch</i> , 3 yrs old .....	0
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A MAIDEN PURSE of 50l.: three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 11lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. I. Scott's b. c. <i>Chasman</i> , 3 yrs old .....	4	1	1
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. by <i>Litta</i> , 3 yrs old .....	2	3	2
Mr. Hutton's br. c. by <i>Milo</i> , 3 yrs old .....	5	2	3
Mr. Griffith's b. f. by <i>Fyldener</i> , 3 yrs old .....	3	4	dr.
Sir T. Stanley's b. f. <i>Fenella</i> , by <i>Milo</i> , 3 yrs old .....	1	fell	

MATCH for 50gs. h. ft.—Two miles.

Mr. Seel's br. f. by <i>Milo</i> , out of <i>Madryna</i> , 8st. (Smith) .....	1	Mr. Formby's ro. c. <i>Indian Juggler</i> , by his Foreign horse, 7st. 10lb. ....	2
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TUESDAY, May 6.—HANDICAP STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.—Once round, and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , dam by <i>Cervantes</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (Holmes) .....	1	ther to <i>Lingar</i> , by <i>Selim</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	3
Mr. Yates's ch. c. <i>Mendax</i> , by <i>Soothsayer</i> , out of <i>Paulina</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	2	Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by <i>Cervantes</i> , dam by <i>Beningbrough</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	4
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. <i>Rossini</i> , Bro Six to 4 on <i>Rossini</i> , 4 to 1 agst Mr. Houldsworth's colt, and 4 to 1 agst <i>Mendax</i> .		Sir W. W. Wynn's b. f. by <i>Comus</i> , dam by <i>Beningbrough</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. (fell) .....	0

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs.: four-year-olds, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Winners of one Purse, Match, or Sweepstakes, carrying 5lb.; of two, 7lb.; and of three or more, 10lb. extra.—Three miles.

Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by <i>Quiz</i> , aged (Day) .....	1	Mr. Brown's ch. c. <i>D'Arcy</i> , by <i>Blackamoore</i> , 4 yrs old .....	3
Mr. Clifton's b. h. <i>Peter Lely</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , 5 yrs old .....	2	Mr. M. Jones's b. h. by <i>Weaver</i> , 5 yrs old .....	0
Five to 4 agst <i>Euphrates</i> , 6 to 4 agst <i>Peter Lely</i> , and 5 to 1 agst <i>D'Arcy</i> . <i>Euphrates</i> took the lead, and was never headed.			

SIXTY GUINEAS (clear), the gift of the Members of the City: three-year-old colts, 6st. 8lb. fillies, 6st. 6lb.; four-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. 11lb.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Rogers's gr. c. <i>Sir Edward</i> , by <i>Friend Ned</i> , 4 yrs (Darling) ...	1	1	triarch, 3 yrs old .....	0	dr
Mr. Maddy's ch. c. <i>Silurian</i> , 4 yrs	2	2	Mr. Mytton's br. c. <i>Libertine</i> , 3 yrs	0	dr
Lord Anson's Brother to The Pa-			Sir W. W. Wynn's b. f. by <i>Sir Oliver</i> , 3 yrs old .....	0	dr
Five to 4 on <i>Sir Edward</i> , and 4 to 1 agst <i>Libertine</i> .					

WEDNESDAY, May 7.—THE DUE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.: three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Once round, and a distance.—Ten subscribers.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by <i>Camillus</i> , dam by <i>Ditto</i> (T. Nicholson) .....	1	to <i>Agnes Sorrel</i> .....	2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Alecto</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> or <i>Hetman</i> , out of a Sister		Mr. Mytton's ch. c. <i>Enterprise</i> , by <i>Comus</i> .....	3
Five and 6 to 4 on <i>Sir T. Stanley's colt</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Alecto</i> , and 3 to 1 agst <i>Enterprise</i> . Won easy.			

THE STAND CUP, value 100gs.—added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Two miles, and a distance.—Eleven subscribers.

Sir T. Maston's b. m. <i>Princess Royal</i> , by <i>Castrel</i> , 5 yrs old (W. Scott) .....	1	aged .....	3
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Doge of Venice</i> , 5 yrs old .....	2	Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Tarragon</i> , by <i>Haphazard</i> , aged .....	4
Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , by <i>Quiz</i> , Six and 7 to 4 agst <i>Princess Royal</i> , 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst <i>Tarragon</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Euphrates</i> , and 7 to 1 agst <i>Doge of Venice</i> , who made very severe play. A fine race, and won by only half a head.		Sir W. Wynn's b. c. <i>Belmont</i> , 4 yrs old .....	5

THE ANNUAL CITY PURSE of 60gs.: three-year-olds, 6st. 5lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, thrice round.

Major O. Gore's b. h. *Cuyp*, by Haphazard, 6 yrs old ..... 3 1 1  
 Mr. Robinson's b. g. *Gas*, by Fyldener, 5 yrs old ..... 1 2 dr.  
 Mr. Simpson's b. m. *Bonny Bess*, by Corrector, 5 yrs old ..... 2 dis.  
 Five to 4 agst *Gas*, 7 to 4 agst *Cuyp*, and high odds agst *Bess*. Won easy.

**THURSDAY, May 8.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each: colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Once round, and a distance.—Seven subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. <i>Falcon</i> , by Bus-	Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. <i>Madoc</i> , by Comus 2
tard (Nicholson) .....	1

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. by Filho da	Filho da Puta .....	0
Putu, dam by Cervantes .....	0	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. Whittington, by	Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Birmingham,	0
Five to 4 agst <i>Madoc</i> , 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst <i>Falcon</i> , 3 to 1 agst Whittington, and 3 to 1	by Haphazard .....	0
agst Mr. Houldsworth's colt. A very fine race.		

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25gs. each: two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. Half a mile.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. by Blacklock,	Mad. Sequi .....	2
dam by Ruler (W. Scott) .....	1	
Mr. Clifton's ch. c. by Walton, out of	Lord Derby's gr. c. by Camillus, out of	2
	Rosalba .....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Cestrian,	Mr. Formby's b. c. Shebdeez Junior, by	
out of Paulina .....	the Arabian Shebdeez, dam by Sir	
Mr. Benson's b. f. Ittipet, by Blucher... 0	Launcelot .....	0
Five and 6 to 4 agst the winner, 5 to 2 agst the Walton colt, and 3 to 1 agst the Camil-		
lus colt. Won in a canter. One thousand to 50 was taken agst her for the Doncaster		
St. Leger, immediately after the race.		

**A FREE HANDICAP STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for five-year-olds and upwards.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Amiable</i> , by	7lb. ....	2
Orville, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb. (W. Scott) ... 1		
Mr. Mytton's b. h. Banker, aged, 8st.	Sir W. W. Wynn's [b. h. Thyrsis, 6 yrs	3
	old, 7st. 12lb. ....	

**A CUP**, value 70l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. Clifton's b. h. <i>Peter Lely</i> , by	Mr. Rogers's gr. c. Sir Edward,	
Rubens, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 1 1	4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2 dr.

**FRIDAY, May 9.**—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each: colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 11lb.

Sir T. Stanley's br. f. by Comus, out	Ld. Stamford's b. f. <i>Fury</i> , by Soothsayer	
of Cowslip, by Alexander (T. Ni-	—Stella .....	2
cholson) .....	1	
Five to 4 on Sir T. Stanley's filly, and 4 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's filly. Won easy.	Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by Soothsayer 3	

**THE PALATINE STAKES** of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts and fillies.—To start at the Castle-pole, and go once round.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. by Filho da	7st. 13lb. ....	2
Putu, dam by Camillus, 7st. 11lb.	Mr. Clifton's ch. c. by Comus, 8st. 4lb. ...	3
(W. Scott) .....	1	
Ld. Stamford's b. f. <i>Ostrich</i> , by Bustard,	Mr. W. O. Gore's ch. c. <i>Achmet</i> , by Se-	
Five and 6 to 4 agst <i>Ostrich</i> , 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 agst <i>Achmet</i> , and the winner not mentioned.	lin, 8st. 4lb. ....	4
	Won easy.	

**THE LADIES' PURSE**, value 50l.—Heats, twice round, to start at the coming-in chair.

Mr. Clifton's b. h. <i>Peter Lely</i> , by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (R. Johnson) ... 1 2 1	
Mr. Mytton's b. h. Banker, aged, 8st. 12lb. .... 2 1 2	
Five and 6 to 4 on <i>Peter Lely</i> ; after the heat, 5 to 1 on him; after the second heat, 5 to 4 on Banker. Each heat admirably contested.	

**HANDICAP STAKES** of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added.—Two miles.

Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. <i>Rosini</i> , by Se-	old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2
lim, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. .... 1		
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. h. Thyrsis, 6 yrs	Cel. Yates's ch. m. Pantouffe, 5 yrs	
	old, 8st. ....	3
Even betting on <i>Rosini</i> , 5 to 2 agst Thyrsis, and 3 to 1 agst Pantouffe. Won easy.		

## NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY, May 12.**—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—A. F.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Orville, out of Barossa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. (R. Boyce).....	1	Black, by Octavius, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb... 3	Mr. Hunter's b. h. Tressilian, by Orville, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	4
Lord Warwick's b. c. Cardinal Puff, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	2	Mr. Prendergast's f. by Rainbow, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.. ..	5	
Mr. Wyndham's bl. h. Black-and-all. Two to 1 agst Tressilian, and 5 to 2 agst the winner. Won by a head.				

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. M.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Rogers's b. c. <i>Eden</i> , by Comus—Miss Cannon (F. Buckle).....	1	Duke of Portland's bl. c. by Teasdale, dam by Election .....	3
Duke of Grafton's bl. c. by Soothsayer—Petronilla .....	2	Lord Grosvenor's bl. c. Bryn-y-orkyn, by Thunderbolt, out of Delta.....	4
Five to 4 agst Eden, 6 to 4 agst Duke of Portland's colt, and 4 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's colt. Won by a head.			

**MATCH** for 100 sovs. h. ft.—Ab. M.

Sir J. Byng's ch. c. <i>Friar Bacon</i> , by Muley, 8st. 4lb. (G. Dockeray) .....	1	Mr. Thornhill's Adolphus, 8st. 7lb.....	2
Six to 4 on Friar Bacon. Won by a neck.			

**MATCH** for 200 sovs.—D. M.

Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Augusta</i> , by Woful, 8st. 6lb. (J. Robinson).....	1	Mr. Fox's b. c. Macduff, by Macbeth, 8st. ....	2
Even betting. Won easy.			

Lord Foley's *Sultan*, rec. 100 from Mr. L. Charlton's Master Henry, 8st. 7lb. each. B. C. 500, h. ft.

**TUESDAY, May 13.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. and four-year-olds, 8st. 9lb.—T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 120gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Rubens, out of Sprightly, 3 yrs old (H. Boyce).....	1	Lord Verulam's f. by Rubens, out of Spitfire, 4 yrs old .....	2
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Lord Foley's ch. f. by Blucher, out of Olivera, 3 yrs old .....	0	Mr. Crockford's b. f. by Selim, out of Sister to Remembrancer, 3 yrs old ...	0
Mr. Williams's Sister to Twatty, 3 yrs old .....	0	Mr. Lambton's b. c. Adam Blair, by Don Cossack, 4 yrs old.....	0
Six to 4 on Adam Blair, and 3 to 1 agst the winner. Won by a head.			

**FIRST CLASS** of the HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.

Ld. Exeter's b. h. <i>Athenian</i> , by Pericles, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Robinson) .....	1	of Ridicule, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	2
Ld. G. H. Cavendish's f. by Pioneer, out .....		Mr. Powlett's bay c. The Whig, by X Y Z, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	3
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Mr. Greville's ch. f. Eleccress, by Election, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	0	Mr. Neale's bl. f. by Smolenako, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. ....	0
Six to 4 agst Ld. G. H. Cavendish's f. and 4 to 1 agst Athenian. Won by half a length.			

**SECOND CLASS** of the HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Rogers's br. f. <i>Scratch</i> , by Selim, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (H. Hammond).....	1	Lord Verulam's b. c. by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	3
Mr. Crockford's br. h. by Selim, out of Palma, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	2	Lord Jersey's br. c. Sharper, by Octavius, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	4
Six to 4 agst Scratch, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Crockford's colt. Won by half a length.			

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.

Ld. G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Orville—Bizarre (W. Arnall).....	1	Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Catton .....	2
The following also started, but were not placed:		Duke of Grafton's br. c. Logic, by Selim .....	3
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. by Scud or Pioneer, out of Fandango's dam.....	0	Major Wilson's ch. c. by Haphazard, out of Rivulet .....	0
Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Comus—Gonsalvi's dam .....	0	Mr. Villiers's br. f. by Don Cossack, out of John of Paris's dam.....	0

Mr. Crockford's ch. c. by Soothsayer, out of Chryseis ..... 0  
 Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville—L'Huile Six to 4 agst Duke of Rutland's colt, and 4 to 1 agst the winner. Won by half a length.

**WEDNESDAY, May 14.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Six subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Pincushion*, by Sorcerer, or Ditto, out of Comical's dam (J. Robinson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Wyndham's br. c. by Wanderer—Thalestris ..... 2  
 Mr. Crockford's b. f. by Selim, out of Three to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham's colt, and 4 to 1 agst *Pincushion*. Won by a length.

**HANDICAP PLATE** of 50l. by subscription, being the third of the three 50l. Plates, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Across the Flat.

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. *Vidette*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 1  
 Major Wilson's c. by Juniper, dam by The following also started, but were not placed :  
 Duke of Portland's ch. h. Comical, aged, 8st. 8lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Greville's ch. h. North Wester, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 0  
 Six to 4 agst North Wester, 5 to 2 agst *Vidette*, 6 to 1 agst Comical, and 10 to 1 agst Major Wilson's colt. Won by three lengths.

**THURSDAY, May 15.**—The JOCKEY CLUB PLATE of 50gs. to be run for by Horses the property of the Members of the Jockey Club.—B. C.

Mr. Wyndham's b. h. *Centaur*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (W. Arnall) ..... 1  
 Mr. Rush's ch. c. by Rubens, out of Rosabella, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. .... 2  
 Five to 1 on *Centaur*. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each.—A. F.

Lord Verulam's f. by Rubens, out of Spitfire, 7st. 4lb. .... 1  
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. *Tressilian*, by Orville, 8st. .... 2  
 Six to 4 on *Pastille*, 3 to 1 agst *Macduff*, 4 to 1 agst *Tressilian*, and 4 to 1 agst the winner. A fine race.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each.—T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. *Logic*, by Selim, 8st. 10lb. (J. Day) ..... 1  
 Mr. Hunter's b. by Rubens, out of Even on *Logic*. Won easy.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for three-year-olds 6st. 2lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 12lb.—T. M. M.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. 8cc.

Mr. Charlton's b. c. *Gulliver*, by Orville, out of Canidia, 4 yrs old ..... 1  
 The following also started, but were not placed :  
 Mr. Crockford's br. h. by Selim—Palma, 5 yrs old ..... 0  
 Mr. Bloss's b. f. *Sister to Miracle*, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
 Mr. W. Powlett's b. c. *The Whig*, 4 yrs old ..... 0  
 Mr. Smith's b. f. by Warrior, dam by Whiskey, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
 Five to 2 agst North Wester, 3 to 1 agst *Joseph*, and 3 to 1 agst *Addy*.

**MATCH** for 100 sovs.—T. Y. C.

Ld. Exeter's b. h. *Athenian*, by Pericles, 8st. 10lb. (J. Robinson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Wyndham's *Vidette*, 7st. 2lb. .... 2  
 Five to 4 agst *Athenian*. A good race.

YORK SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY, May 19.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 9st.; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Maiden Vol. XII. N. S.—No. 68.

horses at the time of naming allowed 4lb.; three and four-year-old fillies allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Sir W. Milner's bl. c. <i>Angler</i> , by Walton, 4 yrs old (T. Nicholson) .....	1	der, 4 yrs old .....	4
Mr. Watt's b. f. Muta, by Trump, 4 yrs 2		Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Fair Charlotte, by Catton, 4 yrs old .....	5
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Corinthian, by Comus, 4 yrs old .....	3	Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. by Prime Minister, dam by Shuttle, 4 yrs old .....	6
Mr. Gascoigne's gr. c. by Comus—Even-Seven to 4 agst Fair Charlotte, 2 to 1 agst Muta, 9 to 2 agst Angler, and 7 to 1 agst Mr. Powlett's filly. A most excellent race, and won by only a nose. Run in 3 minutes 34 seconds.			

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. Last mile and three quarters.—Ten subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. <i>Bourdeaux</i> , by Bourbon, out of Maritimes (W. Clift) 1		Harriet .....	4
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian .....	2	Mr. Wright's b. c. Cannon-Ball, by President .....	5
Mr. Jackson's ch. c. Corelli, by Comus, out of Cardinal Wolsey's dam .....	3	Lord Muncaster's br. c. Corridor, by Prime Minister .....	6
Mr. Uppley's b. c. by Proselyte, out of Five to 4 agst North Star, and 4 to 1 agst Bourdeaux. Won cleverly. Run in 3 minutes 17 seconds.		Colonel King's br. c. Great Tom of Lincoln, by Fulford .....	7

**PRODUCE STAKES** of 20gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—Three pounds allowed, &c.—Two-year-old Course.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Altisidora (J. Garbutt) .....	1	Lord Milton's bl. c. by Smolensko, out of Kitten .....	2
Two to 1 on Mr. Watt's filly. Won in a canter. Run in 1 minute 5½ seconds.			

**THE FILLY SAPLING STAKES** of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, 8st. 3lb. each.—Last mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Gascoigne's b. by Comus, out of Cannonade's dam (J. Jackson) .....	1	Sir W. Maxwell's br. Brillante, by Viscount .....	3
Lord Scarbrough's br. by Filho da Puta—Miss Catton .....	2	Mr. Watt's b. Sister to Torrelli, by Cerberus .....	4
Even betting on Mr. Gascoigne's filly, and 5 to 2 agst Mr. Watt's filly. Won cleverly. Run in 2 minutes 54 seconds.			

**THE SPRING ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. each.—Last mile and three quarters.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. <i>Barefoot</i> , Brother to Marion (J. Garbutt) .....	1	Octavian .....	2
Mr. Ferguson's br. c. Sir Anthony, by Two to 1 on Barefoot. Won cleverly. Run in 3 min. 15 sec.		Sir W. Milner's b. c. Harpooner, by Whalebone .....	3

In a MATCH for 100gs. h. ft. 8st. each, T. Y. C. Mr. Lambton's br. f. *Margravine*, by Smolensko, out of The Duchess, walked over, receiving forfeit from Mr. Petre's b. f. by Filho da Puta—Agatha.

**TUESDAY, May 20.—SWEEPSTAKES** of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft.: two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Ten subscribers.

Col. Cradock's b. c. <i>Swiss</i> , by Whisker, out of Sister to Corduroy (J. Jackson) 1		Altisidora .....	2
Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of The following also started, but were not placed:		Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. by Octavian—Evens's dam .....	3
Mr. Lambton's br. c. Brother to Adam Blair, by Don Coesack .....	0	rigold's dam .....	0
Mr. Powlett's b. f. by Ebor, out of Ma—The judges placed but three. Five to 4 on Mr. Watt's filly, and 2 to 1 agst Swiss. A most excellent race, and won by only a nose. Run in 1 min. 4 sec.		Lord Milton's bl. c. by Smolensko, out of Kitten .....	0

**THE FILLY STAKES** of 20gs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb. each. Last mile and half.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Salvin's ch. <i>Princess</i> , by Comus, dam by Remembrancer (R. Johnson) .....	1	ton—Maniac .....	2
Mr. Ellis's ch. Lady Fulford, by Wal-		Lord Milton's ch. Nitrogen, by Comus, out of Nitre .....	3
		Mr. Brown's br. Bella Donna, by Blu-	

# THE RACING CALENDAR, 1925.

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Mr. Smithson's br. by Prime Minister	4	Sir David	6
—Lady Ern.	5	Lord Scarbrough's b. by Raphael, dam by Paynator	7
Mr. James's br. by Whisker, dam by Six to 4 agst Princess, and 2 to 1 agst Lady Fulford.		Won easy. Run in 2 min. 55 sec.	
<b>THE SHORTS.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. : three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Last mile.—Five subscribers.</b>			
Mr. Watt's b. c. <i>Abron</i> , by Whisker, out of <i>Altisidora</i> (J. Garbutt)	1	Comus	2
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Gay Momus, by Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on <i>Abron</i> .		Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Balance, by Comus (rider fell).	0
		Won easy. Run in 1 min. 50 sec.	

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by subscriptions of 20gs. each : three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 13lb. —Two miles.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Watt's b. c. <i>Dupore</i> , by Cerberus, 4 yrs old (J. Garbutt)	1	tavian, 5 yrs old	2
Mr. Ferguson's gr. h. Jonathan, by Oc		Mr. Lambton's ch. m. Fortuna, by Comus, 5 yrs old	3
The following also started, but were not placed :			
Mr. Powlett's b. c. Masquerader, by Woful, 4 yrs old	0	Mr. Armstrong's br. h. Alexander, 6 yrs old	0
Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. h. St. Patrick, by Walton, 6 yrs old	0	Mr. R. Milnes's br. h. Sir John, by Smolensko, 6 yrs old	0
The Judge placed but three. Five to 2 agst Jonathan, 3 to 1 agst Fortuna, 4 to 1 agst St. Patrick, 4 and 5 to 1 agst Alexander, 6 to 1 agst Dupore, 7 to 1 agst Masquerader, and 8 to 1 agst Sir John. An excellent race, and won by only half a neck. A very great betting race.			

**WEDNESDAY, May 21.—The COLT SAPLING STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. each.—Three pounds allowed, &c. —Last mile and three-quarters.—Six subscribers.**

Lord Milton's br. <i>Bourdeaux</i> , by Bourbon (Jackson)	1	Mr. Howard's ch. Hengist, by Henderbock	2
Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on <i>Bourdeaux</i> .		Won easy. Run in 3 min. 20 sec.	

The CONSTITUTION STAKES of 20gs. each, h. ft. : three-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st. 1lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Ridesdale's b. c. <i>Orator</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old (J. Jackson)	1	Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Fair Charlotte, by Catton, 4 yrs old	3
Lord Milton's b. c. Rinaldo, by Amadis, 4 yrs old	2	Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Masquerader, by Woful, 4 yrs old	4
Two to 1 on <i>Orator</i> , 5 to 2 agst Fair Charlotte, and 7 to 2 agst Masquerader. A good race. Run in 2 min. 28 sec.			

J. Garbutt's riding on Mr. Watt's horses throughout the week gave universal satisfaction, being beat in two instances by not more than a nose, after very severe struggling.

## EXTON PARK MEETING.

**THURSDAY, April 3.—The RANKSBOROUGH STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough bred, 12st. each.—Two miles.—Six subscribers. —Ridden by Gentlemen or Farmers.**

Mr. Massey's ch. g. <i>Scrambler</i> , by Norton, 5 yrs old	1	Mr. Platel's b. m. Trencham Lass, 5 yrs 3	
Mr. Ward's b. h. Beaumont, 5 yrs old	2	Mr. Ullett's b. g. Random, by Young Sorcerer, 5 yrs old	4

The FARMERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. for horses the property of Farmers, not thorough bred : four-year-olds, 11st. 10lb.; five, 12st. 3lb. : six, and aged, 12st. 7lb.—Heats, two miles each.—Ridden by Farmers.

Mr. Sprigg's gr. h. <i>Pison</i> , by Asmodeus, 4 yrs old	1	Mr. Marriott's b. m. Ceres, by Norton, 5 yrs old	4 dr.
Mr. Faulkner's b. g. Newton, by Orlando, 6 yrs old	2	Mr. Perkin's b. m. Off-she-goes, by Cavendish, 6 yrs old	5 4
Mr. Costall's bl. g. by Orlando, 6 yrs old	6	Mr. Ullett's b. g. Random, by Young Sorcerer, 5 yrs old	3 dis.

**THE NEST STAKES** of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough bred: four-year-olds, 11st. 7lb.; five, 12st.; six, and aged, 12st. 4lb.—Heats, two miles each.—Ten subscribers.—Ridden by Gentlemen or Farmers.

Mr. Longden's b. g. <i>Dog-Trotter</i> , by	decus, 4 yrs old.....	2	2
Alonso, 4 yrs old.....	1	1	1
Mr. Sprigg's g. h. Pison, by Asmo.	old.....	2	2

**MATCH** for 50 sovs. 12st. each.—One mile.

Mr. Flintham's br. m. Jane.....	1	1
Mr. Uckett's bl. g. Horner (belted)...	2	2

### MANCHESTER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, May 21.**—PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—Twice round, and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Alecto</i> , by Filho da Puta or Hetman, Sister to Agnes Sorrel (H. Arthur).....	1	1
Mr. Yates's ch. f. Squib, by Soothsayer—Berenice.....	2	2

Six to 4 on Squib. A good race.

**THE ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25gs. each, with 50 sovs. added, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—St. Leger Course, one mile and three-quarters.—Eight subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Camillus, dam by W.'s Ditto (T. Nicholson).....	1	1
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. by Filho da Puta—Camillus.....	2	2
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Colchicum, by Champion.....	3	3
Mr. W. J. Hutchinson's ch. c. by Bigot, dam by Remembrancer.....	4	4
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. by Ambo, out of Gipsy's dam.....	5	5
Sir J. Byng's ch. c. by Cenus, out of Gadabout.....	6	6

Six to 4 on the winner. Won easy.

**THE GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. added to a subscription of 10gs. each: three-year-olds, 8st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Twice round, and a distance.—Twelve subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Doge of Venice</i> , by Sir Oliver, 8 yrs (T. Nicholson).....	1	1
Mr. Raskton's b. m. Princess Royal, by Castrel, 5 yrs old.....	2	2
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Tarragon, by Haphazard, aged.....	3	3
Lord Wilton's br. g. Broxton, by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs old.....	4	4

Even betting on Princess Royal, 6 to 4 agst Doge of Venice, and 5 to 1 agst Tarragon. Won easy.

**MAIDEN PLATE** of 60l.: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Mr. Hutchinson's ch. c. by Bigot, 3 yrs old (Lye).....	1	1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Birmingham, 3 yrs old.....	2	2
Mr. Anderson's b. m. by Marmion, 6 yrs old.....	4	3
Lord Derby's bl. f. by Rinaldo, 3 yrs old.....	2	2

Even betting on Birmingham, and 5 to 2 agst the winner.

**THURSDAY, May 22.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 30gs. each, 13gs. ft.: two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—Three-quarters of a mile, and to start at the Leger Post.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of the old Ruler mare (W. Scott).....	1	1
Mr. Johnson's b. c. by Octavian, dam by Sir Peter.....	2	2

Six to 1 on the winner. Won easy.

**A FREE HANDICAP STAKES** of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. with 20 sovs. added, for four-year-olds.—One mile and three-quarters.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Clifton's b. c. by Orville, 8st. (R. Johnson).....	1	1
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Belmont, 8st. ...	2	2
Mr. Benson's br. c. Picton, by Smolen-sko, 8st.....	3	3

Even betting on Picton, 7 to 4 agst the winner, and 4 to 1 agst Belmont. Won easy.

**SIXTY POUNDS:** three-year-olds, 8st. 10lb. and four, 8st. 3lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of one Plate this year to carry 3lb. and of two, or more, 5lb. extra.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.—The second horse entitled to 10l.



Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old (T. Lye).....	4	1	1
Mr. Jones's gr. c. Sir Edward, 4 yrs old .....	1	2	2
Sir T. Mostyn's b. g. Malgwyn, 4 yrs old .....	3	3	3
Mr. Paulden's b. f. Faith, 4 yrs old .....	2	dr.	

Five to 4 agst Sir Edward, and 5 to 2 agst the winner.

**FRIDAY, May 23.**—Renewal of the **WILTON STAKES** of 10gs. each, with 50 sovs. added, for all ages.—Two miles and three-quarters.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. <i>Amiable</i> , by Orville, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (W. Scott) 1	8st. 3lb. ....	0
Mr. Yates's b. c. Adventurer, 4 yrs old, Even betting on Euphrates, 2 to 1 agst Adventurer, and 5 to 2 agst Amiable. Won easy.	8st. 11lb. ....	0

**ONE HUNDRED POUNDS**, for all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance. The second horse to receive 10l.

Mr. Clifton's b. c. by Orville, out of Fadladinida, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (R. Johnston) .....	1	1	8st. 10lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Scott's b. c. Clansman, 3 yrs old, Even betting on Adventurer, and 6 to 4 agst the winner. Won easy.			Mr. Yates's b. c. Adventurer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2	dr.

**HANDICAP STAKES** of 5gs. each, with 30 sovs. added.—Twice round and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Sir J. Byng's ch. c. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st. (T. Lye) .....	1	8st. 3lb. ....	3
Lord Wilton's br. g. Broxton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2	Mr. Simpson's b. m. Bonny Beas, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	4

Six to 4 agst the winner, and 4 to 1 agst Faith. Won very easy.

### BEVERLEY MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, May 28.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Watt's b. c. <i>Abron</i> , by Whisker, out of Altisidora (J. Garbutt) .....	1	Mr. G. Pelham's br. c. by Orion, dam by Stamford .....	4
Col. King's br. c. Great Tom of Lincoln, by Fulford .....	2	Mr. J. Kirby's ch. c. Rip Van Winkle (broke down) .....	6
Sir Tatton Sykes's gr. f. Sister to Consul 3			

Three to 1 on Abron, and 4 to 1 agst Sister to Consul. Won in a canter.

**The MAIDEN PURSE** of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Bell's ch. c. by Fitz-Teazle, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (T. Lye).....	1	6	1
Mr. Howard's ch. c. Hengist, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	2	1	3
Mr. Wright's b. c. Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	3	3	2
Sir T. Sykes's gr. f. Sister to Consul, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	5	2	dr.
Mr. Stephenson's gr. f. Twangdella, by Cottingham, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	3	4	dr.
Lord Scarbrough's br. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Catton, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb. ....	6	5	dr.
Mr. Moss's ch. f. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	4	dr.	
Mr. Rivis's ch. f. Fairy, by Caliban, out of Patience, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	7	dr.	

Five to 2 agst Lord Scarbrough's filly, and 7 to 2 agst Sister to Consul; after the second heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on Hengist. Won cleverly.

**THURSDAY, May 29.**—The **GOLD CUP**, by subscription of 10gs. each, for three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Three miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Watt's b. c. <i>Dupore</i> , by Cerberus, 4 yrs old (J. Garbutt) .....	1	(fell lame) .....	3
Mr. Armstrong's b. h. Alexander, 6 yrs old .....	2	Lord Scarbrough's bl. f. Ebony, by Walton, 4 yrs old .....	4
Mr. Wright's b. c. Sir Walton, 4 yrs old .....		Mr. M. T. Gibbeson's ch. f. Miss Wentworth, 4 yrs old .....	5

Three to 1 on Dupore. Won in a canter.

**The HESSLEWOOD PURSE** of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added, for all ages. Heats, one mile and a quarter.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Kirby's b. c. <i>Orator</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Jackson) 1	1
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Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Raphael—Paynator, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. .... 3 2  
 Mr. T. Gibbeson's ch. f. Miss Wentworth, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 2 dr.  
 Seven to 2 on Orator. Won very easy.

**THE MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, three miles.  
 Mr. Armstrong's b. g. *Packman*, by Cardinal York, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.

(G. Skelton) ..... 3 3 1 1  
 Col. King's b. c. Great Tom of Lincoln, by Fulford, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. .... 1 2 3 2  
 Mr. Johnson's ch. c. by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. .... 2 1 2 3  
 Even betting on Packman; after the first heat, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Tom of Lincoln; after the second heat, 4 to 1 on Mr. Johnson's colt, and 10 to 1 agst Packman; after the third heat, 5 to 1 on Packman. Each heat won very easy, and the variation in the running of the horses appeared most extraordinary.

**FRIDAY, May 30.**—A HUNTER'S STAKES, of 7gs. each, p. p. for horses &c. not thorough bred: four-year-olds, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 4lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Gentlemen riders.—A winner once in the present year, to carry 3lb.; and twice, 5lb. extra.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Steward's b. m. <i>Pecunia</i> , by Octavian, aged (Sir T. Sykes) ..... 1	Shuttle, 4 yrs old (Mr. Kent) ..... 3
Mr. Rowla's br. h. Tom Paine, 5 yrs old (Capt. Ramsden) ..... 2	Mr. Goodbran's Creeping Jane, 4 yrs old (Mr. Kent) ..... 4
Mr. J. Hopkinson's br. f. Collina, by Young Sorcerer, dam by Young Two and 3 to 1 on Tom Paine, and 6 to 1 agst Pecunia. Won cleverly.	Mr. O. Grimston's ch. g. by Henderakelf, 4 yrs old ..... 5

**HANDICAP PURSE** of 50l. for the beaten horses, &c. the two preceding days. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gibbeson's ch. f. <i>Miss Wentworth</i> , by Cervantes, out of Wryneck, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. .... 1	Sir T. Sykes's gr. f. Sister to Consul, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 3
Mr. Moss's ch. f. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. .... 2	Mr. Wright's b. c. Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 4
Six to 4 agst Miss Wentworth; after the first heat 2 and 3 to 1 on her. Won easy.	

### EPSOM MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, May 28.**—The CRAVEN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Last mile and a quarter.

Mr. Naylor's ch. c. <i>Brilliant</i> , by Usquebaugh, 4 yrs old, 8st. (T. Howard) ..... 1	Mr. T. Scaith's br. m. Norna, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 2
The following also started, but were not placed:	
Mr. Heathcote's br. h. Brother to Antelope, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 0	Mr. Harrison's ch. f. by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 6st. .... 0
Mr. Northey's b. h. Monk, 5 yrs old, Six to 4 agst Norna, and 5 to 1 agst Brilliant. A good race.	

**THE GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. the surplus in specie, by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Whiteside's ch. h. <i>Wouvermans</i> , by Rubens, aged, 9st. 2lb. (G. Dockeray) ..... 1	Mr. Jones's b. c. Peter Fin, 4 yrs, 8st. 2
The following also started, but were not placed:	Mr. Naylor's b. m. Pastorella, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 3
Mr. Northey's b. f. Sprite, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. .... 0	old, 8st. .... 0
Mr. Coleman's b. h. Cardenio, aged, 8st. 11lb. .... 0	Mr. D. Page's ch. m. Prosody, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 0
Mr. Hawkins's ch. c. by Haphazard, but of a Sister to Remembrancer, 4 yrs Five to 2 agst Wouvermans, 3 to 1 agst Pastorella, 7 to 2 agst Cardenio, and 7 to 1 agst Peter Fin. Won cleverly.	Mr. T. Scaith's b. f. by Election, dam by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 0

**THE WOODCOT STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last half mile.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Forth's b. f. <i>Miss Jagg</i> , by Partisan, out of Jest (S. Day) ..... 1	Lord Exeter's b. f. by Selim, dam by Columbus ..... 2
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The following also started, but were not placed :—

Mr. Rush's br. Y. by Pioneer, out of Chintz.....	0	Little Folly .....	0
Mr. J. Rogers's Scold, Sister to Scratch	0	Mr. Symmonds's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Zodiac .....	0
Mr. Tomes's b. c. Sir Gray, by Rubens, out of Duplicate's dam .....	0	Mr. G. Harrison's b. f. by Skim, dam by Granicus, out of Marybella .....	0
Mr. Nayler's b. c. by Blucher, out of Three to 1 agst Scold, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's filly, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won easy.			

**THURSDAY, May 29.**—The First Year of a Renewal of the DERBY STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. : for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The last mile and half.—Sixty subscribers.—The owner of the second horse received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Mr. Udyn's b. c. <i>Emilius</i> , by Orville, out of Emily (F. Buckle) .....	1	Mr. J. Rogers's b. c. Tancred, Brother to Pacha .....	2
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The following also started, but were not placed :—

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Talisman, by Soothsayer .....	0	Blucher, out of Mary, by Gohanna ...	0
Mr. Biggs's br. c. Bertram, by Smolensko .....	0	Mr. Nayler's b. c. Triumph, by Fyldener	0
Mr. J. Rogers's ch. c. Nicolo, by Selim	0	Mr. S. Duncombe's ch. c. Young Quiz, Brother to Quizzer .....	0
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Cinder, by Woful .....	0	Mr. Turner's b. c. by Phantom, out of Fairing .....	0
Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. Cephalus, by Five to 4 and 11 to 8 agst Emilius, 6 to 4 and 13 to 8 agst Tancred, 10 to 1 agst Nicolo, 14 to 1 agst Bertram, and high odds agst any other.—Emilius took the lead until he came at Tottenham Corner, when Tancred passed him, but was soon defeated by Emilius, who won easy by about a length.		Mr. Tomes's b. c. Felix, by Comus, out of Duplicate's dam .....	0

The DURDAIN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—One mile.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Northey's b. f. <i>Sprite</i> , by Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	1	old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2
Mr. Forth's b. c. Magnus Troil, 4 yrs		Mr. Portman's br. g. Vampyre, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	3
Five to 4 on the winner. Won by a length.			

The DENBIES STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for maiden horses, &c.—One mile.—The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Coleman's ch. f. <i>Fortune-teller</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	Mr. Bowles's ch. f. Malmsey, 3 yrs, 7st. 2	
		Won by half a length.	

MATCH for 50gs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bowles's <i>Duckling</i> .....	2	1	1	Mr. Charlton's <i>Malvina</i> .....	1	2	2
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**FRIDAY, May 29.**—The First Year of a Renewal of the OAKS' STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The owner of the second filly to receive 100gs. out of the stakes.—Last mile and a half.—Forty-three subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's br. f. <i>Zinc</i> , by Woful (Buckle) .....	1	Whalebone .....	2
Duke of Richmond's gr. Dandizette, by		Mr. Rush's b. by Pioneer, out of Reserve .....	3

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Lord Exeter's br. Apparition, by Comus—Phantom .....	0	Lord Egremont's b. Spermaceti, by Whalebone .....	0
Mr. Theobald's b. by Phantom, out of Miranda .....	0	Lord Egremont's b. Pinwire, by Whalebone .....	0
Mr. Rogers's Tint, by Haphazard—Landscape .....	0	Mr. Doddington's b. by Orville, dam by Walton .....	0
Mr. Thornhill's ch. Sister to Shoveller ...	0		
Even betting and 6 to 5 agst Zinc, 3 to 1 agst Pinwire, 10 to 1 agst Spermaceti, 10 to 1 agst Dandizette, 20 to 1 agst Tint, and 20 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's filly. Won by nearly three lengths in fine style.			

## MATCH for 50 sovs.

Mr. Whiteside's ch. h. *Wouwermans*, by Rubens, aged ..... 1 | Mr. Scraith's b. m. Norma, 5 yrs old ..... 2  
 Five to 4 on the winner. Won by half a length.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for all ages.—Two miles.—The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Jones's b. c. *Peter Fin*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 3 1 1  
 Mr. Portman's br. g. *Vampyre*, 6 yrs old, 9st. .... 1 2 3  
 Mr. Coleman's b. h. *Cardenio*, aged 9st. .... 2 3 2  
 Mr. Harrison's bl. c. by *Dominie Sampson*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 4 dr.  
 Six to 4 on *Peter Fin*.

## NANTWICH MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, June 4.**—The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for all ages : three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. *Colchicum*, by Sir W. Wynne's b. f. by *Comus*, 3 yrs old ..... 2 2  
 Champion, out of a Sister to *Knave of Diamonds*, 3 yrs old (Cheswas) 1 1 | Mr. Lord's br. g. by *Woful*, 4 yrs... 3 3

**THURSDAY, June 5.**—The WEAVER STAKES of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Three subscribers. Lord Grosvenor's br. c. *Hymettus*, by Thunderbolt ..... walked over.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Heats, twice round.—Six subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. *The Main*, by old, 7st. .... 5 3  
 Haphazard, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. | Sir W. Wynne's b. h. *Thyrsis*, 6  
 (Hayes) ..... 1 1 | yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 2 dr.  
 Col. Yates's br. jh. *Paint-Brush*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 4 2 | Sir T. Mostyn's b. g. *Malgwyn*, 4  
 Mr. Mytton's b. c. *Clansman*, 3 yrs yrs old, 8st. .... 3 dr.

**FRIDAY, June 6.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 50 sovs. added, for all ages.—Heats, two miles, and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Painter's b. g. *Coscomb*, by Sir Mr. Mytton's b. c. *Libertine*, 3 yrs  
 Oliver, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 1 1 | old, 6st. 8lb. .... 2 2

## ASCOT HEATH MEETING.

**TUESDAY, June 10.**—The KING'S PLATE of 100gs.: four-year olds, 9st.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 8lb.—Four miles.

Mr. Wyndham's b. h. *Centaur*, by Canopus, 5 yrs old, (W. Arnall) ..... 1 | Mr. Forth's br. c. *Magnus Troil*, 4 yrs old ..... 2  
 Three and 4 to 1 on *Centaur*. Won by half a length.

The OATLANDS STAKES of 30gs. each, 20gs. ft. and only 10gs. ft. if declared by the time prescribed.—Two miles and a half.—Sixteen Subscribers: six paid only 10gs. each.

Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. *Bay Burton*, by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Buckle) 1 | Mr. West's ch. f. *Angelica*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. .... 2

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. H. Percy's br. b. Sir *Huldrbrand*, tonio, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 0  
 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. .... 0 | Mr. Heathcote's b. h. *Brother to Antelope*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 0  
 Duke of York's ch. h. *North Wester*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 0 | Lord Jersey's br. c. *Sharper*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. *Black-and-all-Black*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 0 | Duke of Rutland's b. c. by *Carton*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 0  
 Lord Darlington's b. c. brother to *Antelope*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 0  
 Three to 1 against Duke of Rutland's colt, and 10 to 1 against *Bay Burton*. An excellent race, and won by only a head.

The renewed SWEEPSTAKES, for 1823 and 1824, of 10gs. each: four-year old, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st.—Mares allowed

3lb.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.—To start at the half-mile post on the new mile, and go once round, about two miles and a half.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Udney's ch. m. <i>Mirandola</i> , by Haphazard, 6 yrs old (Buckle).....	1	Lord G. H. Cavendish's h. Bacchanal, 5 yrs old.....	3
Mr. Whiteside's ch. h. <i>Wouvermans</i> , aged.....	2	Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Wanton, 4 yrs 4	4
		Even betting on <i>Mirandola</i> . A fine race.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—New Mile.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Wyndham's bay <i>Spermactis</i> , by Whalebone, out of Robin Hood's dam (Wheatley).....	1	—Ridicule.	
Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. by Pioneer		Mr. L. Fox's b. Tint, by Haphazard—	
Three to 1 agst Pioneer filly, 3 to 1 agst Tint. Won by half a length.		Landscape .....	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb.—New Mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Udney's b. c. <i>Emilius</i> , by Orville, out of Emily (Buckle).....	1	Lord Darlington's colt, by Whisker, out of Castrella.....	2
		High odds on <i>Emilius</i> . Won in a canter.	

WEDNESDAY, June 11.—The DUKE OF YORK'S PLATE of 50l. for all ages.—Once round, and a distance.—The winner to be sold for 350gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Whiteside's ch. h. <i>Wouvermans</i> , by Rubens, aged, 9st. (Dockeray).....	1	5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	2
Mr. Heathcote's Brother to Antelope, 5		Mr. Scaith's h. c. Peter Fin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Theobald's ch. c. by Juniper, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	0	8st. 10lb.....	0
Mr. Farquharson's Surprise, 5 yrs old, <i>Wouvermans</i> the favourite.		Mr. Braithwaite's b. h. Vanloo, 6 yrs old, 9st.....	0
		Won easy.	

The WINKFIELD STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New Mile.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Biggs's br. c. <i>Bertram</i> , by Smolen-sko, out of Lamia (S. Day).....	1	Woful.....	2
Duke of Grafton's br. c. Cinder, by		Mr. Turner's b. c. by Phantom, out of Fairing .....	3
Even betting, and 5 to 4 agst Cinder. Won cleverly.			

The SWINLEY STAKES of 25gs. each: three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.—Last mile and half.—Three subscribers.

Lord Darlington's br. c. <i>Marcellus</i> , by Selim, 4 yrs old (Chifney).....	1	Lord Jersey's c. by Comus, dam by Rubens, 3 yrs old .....	2
		Twenty-five to 10 on <i>Marcellus</i> . Won easy.	

The ALBANY STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.: three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New Mile.—Five subscribers.

Lord Jersey's c. by Comus, dam by Rubens .....walked over.

THURSDAY, June 12.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30gs. each, 20gs. ft.: two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. C. Day's <i>Helene</i> , Brother to Melampus (Day).....	1	Mr. J. Rogers's Scold, Sister to Scratch	2
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Duke of York's ch. f. Sister to Louison	0	Mr. Houghton's ches. c. by Phantom, dam by Juniper, out of Neva's dam ...	0
Mr. Sidney's b. c. Peveril, by Selim, out of Rosabella .....	0	Lord Exeter's br. f. by Selim, out of Hol-bein's dam .....	0
Mr. Rush's br. f. by Pioneer, out of Chintz.....	0	Ld. Grosvenor's Flaccus, by The Flyer	0
		Won easy.	

The WINDSOR FOREST STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The Old Mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. <i>Elvid</i> , by Wai-derer, dam by Selim (Arnold) .....	1	Woful.....	2
Duke of York's b. f. Jane Shore, by Won easy.		Lord Exeter's br. f. Apparition, by Co-mus .....	3

The GOLD CUP, value 100*gs.* the surplus in specie, by eight subscribers of 20*gs.* each, for all ages.—To start at the half-mile post on the New Mile, and go once round, about two miles and a half.—The owner of the second horse withdrew his stake.

Mr. Fielde's b. c. <i>Netherfield</i> , by Crispin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (S. Day) .....	1	old, 8st. 2lb.....	2
Lord Darlington's b. c. Marcellus, 4 yrs		Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Wanton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Duke of York's b. c. Aaron, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	0	8st. 2lb.....	0
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Swivel, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	0	Mr. West's b. c. Opodeldoc, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	0
Six to 4 agst Marcellus, 7 to 4 agst Netherfield, 5 to 1 agst Swivel, and 5 to 1 agst Aaron. The horses came in as above, but a complaint being preferred against S. Day, the rider of Netherfield, an investigation took place, and the charge being substantiated, the Cup was given to Lord Darlington.			

RENEWED SWEEPSTAKES of 10*gs.* each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The New Mile.—Six subscribers.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. <i>Bertram</i> , by Smolensko (Day) .....	1	Lord Darlington's c. by Whisker, out of Castrella.....	3
Duke of York's b. f. Jane Shore, by Woful.....	2	Mr. Bouverie's b. c. Cephalus, by Blucher.....	4

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Heathcote's br. h. <i>Brother to Antelope</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	1	old, 9st. 8lb. ....	3
Mr. Braithwaite's b. h. Vanloo, 6 yrs	1	Mr. Walker's b. h. Langtonian, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. ....	2

FRIDAY, June 13.—The WORKINGHAM STAKES of 5*gs.* each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Last three-quarters of the New Mile.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Northey's b. f. Sprite, by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (S. Barnard) .....	1	Mr. Walker's b. h. Langtonian, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Edwards's b. h. Inferior, aged, 8st. 11lb.....	0	Mr. Davis's b. g. Antelope, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	0
Mr. Ramsbottom's br. h. Sir Huldibrand, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	0	Lord Darlington's b. c. Brother to Antonio, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	0
Mr. Wyndham's bl. g. Black-and-all-Black, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	0	Mr. West's ch. f. Angelica, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	0
Mr. Greville's ch. h. North Wester, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	0	Mr. Forth's Sister to Magnus Troll, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11b.....	0

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, the Old Mile.

Mr. Arnold's ch. h. <i>Bacchanal</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.....	1	2	1
Mr. Curteis's b. f. Mum, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11b.....	2	1	2

### BUXTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 11.—HUNTERS' STAKES of ten sovereigns each for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Platel's b. g. <i>Bogtrotter</i> , by Alonzo, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. (Mr. Platel) .....	1	Mr. Statham's b. g. No-go, by Sir Paul, aged, 12st. ....	3
Mr. White's ch. m. Beauty, by Norton, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. ....	2	Mr. Arkwright's b. c. The Haddon Lad, by Arun, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.....	0

Two to 1 on Bogtrotter. Won easy.

A PLATE value 50 sovs. for maiden horses, &c.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.—The owner of the second horse received 10 sovs.

Mr. Wright's b. m. <i>Mrs. Clarke</i> , by Marmion, 6 yrs. 8st. 11lb. (J. Moseley) .....	3	1	1
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. by Selim, 3 yrs. 7st. (received 10 sovs.) .....	1	2	2
Mr. Painter's ch. colt, by Selim, ditto .....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Brown's ch. f. <i>Agenorla</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	4	4	dr.
Mr. Platel's br. c. <i>Ulcimus</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	5	dr.	
Sir G. Sitwell's ch. g. <i>Portnoak</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. ....	6	dr.	

Even betting on Mr. Beardsworth's colt; after the first heat, 7 to 4 on her; after the second heat, the winner the favourite.

THURSDAY, June 12.—The CHATSWORTH STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Alecto</i> , by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (T. Lye) 1	9st. 11lb. ....	2
Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Coxcomb</i> , 5 yrs old	Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. <i>Rosini</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	3

Six to 4 on Coxcomb. A good race.

SIXTY SOVEREIGNS for all ages.—Heats twice round, and a distance.

Mr. Mytton's br. h. <i>Banker</i> , by Smo- lensko, aged, 9st. 5lb. ....	1	1	1
	Mr. Jones's b. g. <i>Henry</i> , Brother to William, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2	2

Won easy.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. <i>Rosini</i> , by Selim, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	1	1	1
	Mr. Hoyle's b. g. <i>Solicitor</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2	2

### GUILDFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 18.—His MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.: for four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 12st.; aged, 12st. 2lb.—The best of three four-mile heats.

Mr. Whiteside's ch. h. <i>Wouwermans</i> , aged. ....	2	2	1	1
Mr. E. F. Meynell's br. c. <i>Gulliver</i> , 4 yrs old .....	1	3	2	dr.
Mr. Graham's br. c. <i>Peter Finn</i> , 4 yrs old .....	4	1	dr.	
Lord Egremont's g. c. <i>Midas</i> , 4 yrs old .....	3	dr.		

Three capital heats. Peter Finn was lamed in pulling up after winning the second heat.

The MAIDEN PLATE of 50l. given by the Town: three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. by Comus, 3 yrs old .....	2	1	1
Mr. Coleman's b. h. Touch, by Whalebone, 6 yrs old .....	3	4	2
Mr. Hawkins's ch. c. by Haphazard, 4 yrs old .....	4	2	3
Mr. C. T. Jones's br. c. Elf, 3 yrs old .....	5	6	4
Mr. Green's b. g. by Wanderer, 3 yrs old .....	7	6	5
Mr. Pearce's b. f. by Phantom, 3 yrs old .....	1	3	6
Mr. E. F. Meynell's ch. f. The Odd Trick, by Quiz, 4 yrs old .....	6	5	7

Three excellent heats: the horses were all so close together on coming in that some disputes occurred in naming the winner.

The SWEEPSTAKES of seven sovereigns each, with 15l. added, did not fill.

THURSDAY, June 19.—The MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.: three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—A winner of a Cup, Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes this year, to carry 3lb. extra; two, 5lb.; three, 7lb.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Glew's ch. h. <i>Bacchanal</i> , 5 yrs... 1	1	4 yrs old. ....	5	3
Mr. D. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , 5 yrs 2	2	Ld. Egremont's br. f. <i>O'tis</i> , 3 yrs old	3	4
Mr. Pearce's br. f. <i>Miss Blucher</i> , .....		Mr. Bowles's ch. c. <i>Vapour</i> , 4 yrs old	4	5

The two SWEEPSTAKES did not fill.

## INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

## SALISBURY MEETING.

**NOMINATIONS** for the GOLD CUP.

Mr. Egerton names Flibbertigibbet, by Ashton, 4 yrs old.  
 Mr. W. Wyndham's c. by Granicus or Smolensko, out of Waltonia, 3 yrs old.  
 Mr. P. Bouverie names b. c. John, Brother to William, 3 yrs old.  
 Sir J. D. Astley names Surprise, 5 yrs old.  
 Mr. Bennett names Vertigo, 4 yrs old.  
 Mr. Goddard's ch. c. Brother to Moonraker, 3 yrs old.  
 Lord Ailesbury's Savernake, 6 yrs old.  
 Mr. H. Percy's Sir Huldibrand, 5 yrs old.  
 Mr. Willis's br. c. by Haphazard, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs old.  
 Mr. Thornhill's Swivel, 4 yrs old.  
 Mr. Scaith's Netherfield, 4 yrs old.  
 Mr. Warrenner is a subscriber, but did not name.

## NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1823.

**MONDAY**.—MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Exeter's Apparition, 3 yrs old, 8st.  
 Mr. Udney's Tarandus, 2 yrs old, 8st.

**TUESDAY**.—MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Duke of Grafton's Hampden, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.  
 Lord Exeter's Athenian, 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.

**THURSDAY**.—MATCH for 500, h. ft.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's Hampden, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.  
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Orville, out of Bizarre, 3 yrs old, 7st.

## NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1823.

**MONDAY**.—MATCH for 100, h. ft. : 8st. 4lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Udney's Tarandus.  
 Lord Verulam's c. by Orville, out of Vittoria.

## NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1823.

**MONDAY**.—MATCH for 100, h. ft.—D. M.

Mr. Rogers's Scratch, 3 yrs old, 9st.  
 General Grosvenor's Flaccus, 2 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.

## MATCH for 100, h. ft.—D. M.

Mr. Greville's Jane Shore, 3 yrs old, 9st.  
 General Grosvenor's Virgilius, 2 yrs old, 7st.

**THURSDAY**.—MATCH.—Both two years old.—T. Y. C.

General Grosvenor's Flaccus, 8st. 10lb.  
 Mr. Page's Sister to Louison, 8st.

## MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Greville's Jane Shore, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.  
 Duke of Grafton's Fluid, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.

## NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1824.

**MONDAY**.—SWEEPSTAKES of 300 each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—A. F.

Mr. R. Milnes's Tanced, by Selim, 8st. 5lb.  
 Mr. Greville's Premium, 7st. 10lb.  
 Mr. Wyndham's Elfried, 7st. 6lb.  
 Lord Exeter's Troy, 7st. 5lb.

## MATCH for 200, h. ft.—D. I.

Mr. J. Walker's Netherfield, 8st. 3lb.  
 Mr. Ramsbottom's Bay Burton, 8st.



## BIBURY MEETING.

**TUESDAY, June 24.**—The BIBURY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for all ages.—Two miles.

Major O'Gore's b. h. <i>Cuyp</i> , by Hap- hazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (S. Darling) 1	Mr. Jones's b. c. Champion, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb. 3
Mr. Farquharson's b. h. Surprise, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 2	Mr. Molony's b. m. Luss, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb. 4
Six to 4 agst Luss. Cuyp made severe play, having declared ft. by the time prescribed, and one who did not name, paid only 5 sovs. each.	Mr. Dundas's b. h. Chef d'Œuvre, aged, 8st. 9lb. .... 5

The PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—About three-quarters of a mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Dundas's gr. c. <i>Grey Robin</i> , by Robin Adair, out of Witch of Endor, 8st. 4lb. (T. Howard) ..... 1	Mr. Pryse's br. c. by Orville, out of Co- median's dam, 8st. 7lb. .... 2
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**WEDNESDAY, June 25.**—A HANDICAP PLATE of 50l.—Heats, the New Mile.

Mr. Dundas's br. h. <i>Chef d'Œuvre</i> , by Rubens, aged, 8st. 5lb. (Chapple)...	4	1	1
Mr. Pryse's gr. m. Undine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	1	3	2
Mr. Farquharson's b. h. Surprise, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	3	2	3
Mr. West's Opodeldoc, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. ....	2	dr.	

Seven to 4 on Surprise and Undine agst the other two, and after the first and second heats, Undine the favourite.

The WELTER STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. 12st. each.—The winner to be sold for 250gs. if demanded, &c.—Two miles.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Dundas's br. h. *Chef d'Œuvre*, aged ..... rec. ft.  
Mr. West's Angelica, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Mytton's Paradigm, 8st. 4lb. 50gs. h. ft.—  
Off by consent.

## STAMFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, June 24.**—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Platel's br. c. <i>Ultimus</i> , by Pericles, out of Hind, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3	1	1
Mr. Saile's b. f. by Blucher, dam by Juniper, out of Neva's dam, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Huthwaite's bl. f. Miss Fanny (late Attleboro'), by Seagrave, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb. ....	2	3	3

A well-contested race.

**WEDNESDAY, June 25.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Two-year-old Course.—Six subscribers.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Virgilius</i> , by Phantom, out of Blue Stockings. .... 1	Mr. Simmond's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Zodiac ..... 3
Marquis of Exeter's b. f. by Selim— Holbein's dam ..... 2	Mr. Platel's b. c. Contention, by Ash- ton, out of Hippodamia ..... 4

Two to 1 agst Virgilius, and 3 to 4 agst Lord Exeter's filly. Won easy.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by sixteen subscribers of 10gs. each, the sur-  
plus in specie, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Four miles.

Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Holbein</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... 1	Mr. Platel's br. c. <i>Ultimus</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 3
Dr. Willis's ch. h. Slouch, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. 2	Mr. Platel's br. g. Slug, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb. 4

Five to 4 on Holbein. Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st. that never won  
50l. in plate, match, sweepstakes, or subscription.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Platel's b. f. <i>Morea</i> , by Selim, dam by Sir David ..... 1	Juniper, out of Neva's dam ..... 2
Mr. Saile's b. f. by Blucher, dam by Three to 1 on Morea. Won easy.	Mr. Huthwaite's bl. f. Miss Fanny (Post entrance) ..... 3

**THURSDAY, June 26.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for horses, &c.  
not thorough bred: 12st. each.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Gentle-  
men riders.—Heats, twice round.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Platel's b. m. <i>Touchem Lass</i> , by Alonzo, 6 yrs old (Owner) ..... 1	aged ..... 3
Mr. Sprigg's gr. h. Pison, 5 yrs old... 2	Mr. W. Ullett's b. g. Random, by Young Sorcerer, 6 yrs old..... 4

Capt. Bailey's b. m. by Luck's-All,

## FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Lord Exeter's b. c. *Hobbs*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 1 1 | Mr. Osse's b. g. *Thursby*, by Dick Andrews, out of *Hare*, aged, 8st. 10lb. 2 2

The races this year excited less public interest than ever remembered: very few persons were on the Course on Tuesday, and the company on Wednesday and Thursday also was short of the expectation which might have been indulged, from the *celat* of Stamford races only three or four years ago.

## WOOLWICH GARRISON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, June 25.**—The HACK STAKES of three sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses the property of officers: 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, one mile.

Capt. Wyld's ch. g. *Quentin Durward*, 6 yrs old ..... 3 1 1  
Lieut. Trevillian's ch. m. *Columbine*, 6 yrs old ..... 1 2 2  
Lieut. Pester's ch. m. *Nobody*, 6 yrs old ..... 3 dr.

## FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, for horses, &amp;c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Pearce's b. f. by *Phantom*, out of *Miranda*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ... 1 1 | 6st. 7lb. .... 4 4  
Mr. Coleman's br. h. *Tom Tough*, 6 yrs old, 9st. .... 2 2 | Mr. Curteis's b. f. *Mum*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. .... 6 dr.  
Mr. Bowles's ch. s. *Malmsey*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. .... 3 3 | Lieut.-Col. Parker's b.m. *Miss Tiny*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 6 dr.  
Mr. T. Jones's br. c. *Elf*, 3 yrs old, Trick, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 7 dr.

Two excellent heats, the first won by only half a neck.

The WATERLOO STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles.

Lieut. Pearson's ch. m. *Amy*, aged, 12st. .... 2 1 1  
Mr. Cooke's br. g. *Playful*, aged, 12st. .... 1 4 2  
Mr. Lacy's b. g. *Dragman*, aged, 12st. .... 4 2 3  
Lieut.-Col. Pym's b. g. *Achilles*, aged, 12st. .... 3 3 dr.  
Mr. Taylor's ch. g. *Cocktail*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. .... dis.  
Amy the favourite. Three excellent heats.

**THURSDAY, June 26.**—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of four sovs. each, with 25gs. added.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Coleman's br. h. *Tom Tough*, by *Whalebone*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. 1 1 | old, 6st. 8lb. .... 2 dr.  
Mr. Bowles's ch. f. *Malmsey*, 3 yrs Tiny, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... dis.

## MATCH for 50gs.

Lieut. Otway's ro. p. *Klepper* ..... 1 | Lieut. Wynn's bl. p. *Dandy* ..... 2

## MATCH for 50gs. h. ft.

Capt. Price's br. p. *Wasy* ..... 1 | Mr. Heysham's *Lazarus* ..... 2  
The winner won with considerable difficulty by half a length.

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of four sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 added.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, one mile.

Capt. Wyld's ch. g. *Quentin Durward*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. .... 1 1 | aged, 11st. 11lb. .... 2 2  
Lieut.-Col. Pym's b. g. *Achilles*, bine, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. .... 3 dis.  
Quentin was rode well by Mr. Coleman, who won the first heat by two lengths, and the second by half a length.

## TENBURY MEETING, WORCESTERSHIRE.

**WEDNESDAY, June 25.**—MAIDEN PURSE of 30l. for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Beadsworth's b. c. *Birmingham*, by *Haphazard*, out of *Tristram*'s dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. (T. Farlow) ... 1 1 | Mr. Owen's b. f. by *Hedley*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. .... 4 3  
Lord Anson's b. c. by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 3 2 | Mr. Griffith's bl. f. *Vivacity*, by St. Domingo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 2 4

**SWEETSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 2s added, for all ages.—Two miles.

Three subscribers.

Mr. Painter's b. h. <i>The Main</i> , by Hap- azard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. .... 1	Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. <i>Rosini</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2
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**THURSDAY, June 26.**—**SWEETSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 10 added, for all ages.—Heats, two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Corcomb</i> , by Sir Oliver, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 1	1	old, 9st. .... 2	2
Mr. Hickman's b. h. <i>Mallard</i> , 5 yrs	1	Sir E. Blount's b. z. <i>Transilience</i> , by Aladdin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 3	3

A PURSE of SOVEREIGNS.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. C. Walker's gr. m. by <i>Ditto</i> ... 1	1	Mr. Patrick's b. m. .... 3	dr.
Mr. Pickering's b. m. .... 2	2		

**IPSWICH MEETING, SUFFOLK.**

**TUESDAY, July 1.**—**FIFTY GUINEAS**, for three-year-olds and upwards.

Lord Darlington's b. c. <i>Brother to</i> <i>Antonio</i> , by Octavian, 4 yrs old ..... 1	1	Mr. R. Wilson's b. c. <i>Buck</i> , by W.'s <i>Ditto</i> , 3 yrs old ..... 3	3
Major Wilson's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , 5 yrs 2	2	Mr. Barnard's b. f. by Muley, 4 yrs old 4	4

His MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. for three-year-olds, 7st 11lb.; four, 9st. 5lb.; fillies allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.

Major Wilson's b. c. by Juniper, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs old ..... 1	1	Mr. Wyndham's b. f. <i>Addy</i> , 3 yrs 3	dr.
Lord Darlington's b. c. 4 yrs old 6	2	Lord Stradbroke's sro. c. <i>Phasis</i> , 3 yrs 4	dr.
Duke of Grafton's b. c. by South- sayer, 3 yrs old ..... 2	dr.	Mr. Dodington's b. f. by Orville, 3 yrs old ..... 5	dr.
		Mr. R. Wilson's b. c. <i>Buck</i> , 3 yrs... dis.	

**HAMPTON MEETING, MIDDLESEX.**

**TUESDAY, July 1.**—**THE CLARENCE STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Heats, once round and a half.

Mr. A. Braithwaite's b. h. <i>Inferior</i> , by Waxy, aged, 9st. 2lb. (G. Dockery) ..... 1	1	Mr. Braithwaite's b. h. <i>Vanloo</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. .... 3	3
Mr. Friend's b. h. <i>Master John</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. .... 2	2	Mr. Glew's ch. h. <i>Bacchanal</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. .... 4	dr.

Six to 4 on *Bacchanal*, and 5 to 2 agst *Inferior*; after the first heat, 3 and 5 to 1 on *Inferior*. The first heat won by half a neck, the second cleverly.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50L for all ages.—Heats, once round and a half.

Mr. Forth's b. f. <i>Sister to Magnus</i> <i>Trot</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 1	1	old, 6st. 11lb. .... 3	3
Mr. Page's ch. f. <i>Prosody</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 2	2	Mr. A. Berkeley's b. f. <i>Little Mab</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 4	dr.
Mr. Mellish's b. f. <i>Miss Julia</i> , 3 yrs		Mr. G. F. Temple's b. m. <i>Ernestine</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 5	dr.

Six to 4 agst *Prosody*, 3 to 1 agst *Miss Julia*, and high odds agst Mr. Forth's filly; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on her. The first heat won by a length, and the second by two lengths.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Two miles.

Mr. Lawson's b. g. <i>Ethon</i> , aged, 10st. 7lb. .... 1	1	Major Phillips's b. g. <i>Singlepeeper</i> , aged, 10st. 10lb. .... 3	3
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The race won very easy, but the rider of *Singlepeeper* having dismounted before he came to the weighing chair, the race was adjudged to Mr. Lawson.

**WEDNESDAY, July 2.**—**THE COBBOURG STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, once round and a half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don Cossack, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (G. Tant) 1	1	6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 2	2
Mr. A. Braithwaite's b. h. <i>Vanloo</i> ,	1	Mr. Curteis's ch. g. <i>Touissant</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 3	dr.

Six to 4 on *Vanloo*, and 5 to 2 agst *Prosody*; after the first heat, even betting between *Prosody* and *Vanloo*. The first heat won by half a neck, and the second by a length.

The GOLD CUP, value 80 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c.—The winner to be sold for 300 sovereigns, if demanded, &c.—Three miles.

Mr. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don Cosack, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	1	Mr. Berkeley's gr. f. Miss Anne, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	3
Mr. Glew's ch. h. Bacchanal, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	Mr. Friend's br. h. Paintbrush, 6 yrs, 9st. 4	4
		Three to 1 on Bacchanal.	

The COCKED HAT STAKES of eight sovs. each, for horses, &c. 12st.—Gentlemen riders.—Those not wearing cocked hats, to carry 6lb. extra.—Heats, once round the course.

Mr. Price's br. h. <i>Muffs Jenkins</i> (late Domenicchino), 5 yrs old (Captain Price)	1	2	1
Mr. Braithwaite's b. h. Inferior, aged (Owner)	0	1	2
Mr. Coleman's b. h. Tom Tough, 6 yrs old (Mr. Porle)	2	3	3
Mr. A. Berkeley's b. m. Little Mab, 5 yrs old (Owner)	3	0	4
Mr. Shakell's ch. m. Amy, aged (Captain Berkeley)	3	0	dr.
Hon. W. Gage's b. g. Stonemason, aged (Mr. Husham)	0	dr.	

Six to 4 on Tom Tough and Inferior agst the field; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Muffs Jenkins; after the second heat, even betting on Inferior.—Considerable altercation took place prior to starting for this eccentric stakes, in consequence of Mr. Braithwaite being but half cocked, that is, his hat had a cock projecting only an inch, instead of the regular cock. The stewards, Sir George Berkeley and the Hon. G. Berkeley, interfered, and requested Mr. B. either to wear the proper hat, or carry the 6lb. extra; with which, after much conversation, he was compelled to comply. After the first heat, Mr. Braithwaite desired to be allowed to ride the remainder of the race in a cocked hat, being then enabled to procure one, but this the regulation would not permit. Much altercation ensued: the stewards refused to comply with Mr. B.'s request, but replied, if he pleased, lay the business before the Jockey Club; and thus the matter rests.

### LANCASTER MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 1.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Bretherton's ch. g. <i>Mercury</i> , by Hambletonian, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (W. Scott) .....	2	1	1
Mr. Ingleby's b. g. Charles, by Knowsley, 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Patrickson's ro. g. 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	3	3
Three to 1 on Mercury; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Charles. The first heat won by half a length, the second by nearly a length, and the third by half a length.			

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. <i>Sir Anthony</i> , by Octavian, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (T. Lye) .....	1	1	Mr. Edwards's b. f. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	2	4
Mr. Hutchinson's br. c. by Mac Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	4	2	Mr. Merrick's b. g. Highfield, by Uncle Dick, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 5 dis.	5	dis.
Mr. Franklin's ch. c. by Walton, 3 yrs					
Even betting on Sir Anthony. The first heat won by half a length, the second cleverly. Mr. Edwards's filly, in running the second heat, was stopped by the crowd, several of whom were knocked down, but sustained no serious injury.					

WEDNESDAY, July 2.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for all ages.—Three miles and a distance.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Wanton*, by Woful, 4 yrs old. .... walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. <i>Sir Anthony</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (T. Lye) .....	1	1	Mr. Kirby's b. c. Orator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	3
Mr. Kay's b. c. by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	4	2	Mr. Benson's b. c. Shuffler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	3	4
Six to 4 on Orator; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on Sir Anthony, who won both heats cleverly.					

THURSDAY, July 3.—HANDICAP STAKES of 7gs. each, with 15 sovs. added.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Edwards's b. f. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (T. Lye) ..... 1 1 | old, 7st. 10lb. .... 3 2  
 Mr. Simpson's b. m. Bonny Bess, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 2 3  
 Five to 4 on the Comus f., 2 to 1 agst Bonny Bess, and 3 to 1 agst Charles. Both heats won easy. Charles carried 7lb. above his weight.

SEVENTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Wanton*, by Woful, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (R. Johnson)..... 0 1 1  
 Mr. Hudson's b. g. Sir Henry, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. .... 0 2 2  
 Two to 1 on Wanton. Sir Henry made play, and after a severe-run race, it was decided a dead heat; second heat, 6 to 4 on Sir Henry, who again took the lead, and was beat at last, with much difficulty, nearly half a length; third heat, 2 to 1 on Wanton. This was an excellent heat, every inch was well contested, and won at last by about a length.

### BATH MEETING, SOMERSETSHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, July 2.—The SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES of 25gs. each 15gs. ft. with 100 sovs. added.—Two miles and a distance.—Thirty-three subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's b. h. *Atlas*, by Hedley, out of *Atalanta*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. .... 1 | by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Willis's br. c. by Haphazard, dam old, 8st. .... 3  
 The following also started, but were not placed:  
 Mr. Dodington's f. by Rubens, dam by old, 7st. 9lb. .... 0  
 Walton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. .... 0 | Mr. W. Hawkins's b. g. Goosoon, 6 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 0  
 Mr. J. Stevens's ch. h. Careless, 5 yrs Even betting on Netherfield. Fifteen paid forfeit, and twelve having declared by the time prescribed, paid only 5gs. each.

The KELSTON STAKES of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft.: three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 3lb.—One mile.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Bigge's br. c. *Bertram*, by Smolenko, out of *Lamia* (Day) ..... 1 | dener ..... 2  
 Mr. Nayler's b. c. *Triumph*, by Fyl- Mr. Day's ch. c. *Melampus* (late Ontario) ..... 3  
 The following also started, but were not placed:  
 Mr. Blathwayt's Encore, by W.'s Adair ..... 0  
 Ditto ..... 0 | Mr. Fleming's bl. c. *Augustin*, by Smolenko ..... 0  
 Mr. Dundas's Grey Robin, by Robin Bertram the favourite.

The BRISTOL STAKES of 10gs. each, with 50 sovs. added, for all ages. Heats, two miles and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Nayler's b. m. *Pastorella*, by Fyldener, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Howard) ..... 1 1 | Mr. Day's ch. f. *Rosa*, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 2 3  
 Mr. Day's b. m. *Victorine*, aged, 8st. 13lb. .... 4 2 | Mr. Pryce's ch. h. *Doctor Eady*, aged, 9st. 5lb. .... 3 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the City Members.—Heats, two miles.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Russell's b. c. *Flübertigibbet*, by Ashton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Day)..... 3 1 1  
 Mr. Farquharson's b. h. *Surprise*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 1 2 2  
 Mr. Stevens's br. g. by Poulton, out of *Fatima*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. .... 2 3 dr.  
 Mr. Dundas's Chef d'Œuvre, aged, 9st. 5lb. .... fell

### MATCH for 50l.

Mr. Bayly's br. m. .... 1 | Mr. Dunson's gr. m. .... 2

THURSDAY, July 3.—The Original 5gs. STAKES, with 50 sovs. added, for all ages.—Two miles and a distance.—Seventeen subscribers.

Mr. C. Day's ch. c. *Melampus* (late Ontario) by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Chapple) ..... 1 | Mr. Dodington's ro. f. by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 4  
 Mr. Willis's br. c. by Haphazard, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2 | Mr. Fleming's *Virginus*, by Blucher, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 5  
 Mr. Thorahill's ch. m. *Scarpa*, by Cria-

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5gs. each, with 25 sovs. added, for all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.—The winner to be sold for 120gs. if demanded, &c.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. m. <i>Scarpa</i> , by Crispin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Howard) ...	4	1	1
Mr. Pryse's gr. m. <i>Undine</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	1	4	2
Mr. Quantock's b. h. Swindon, aged, 9st. ....	3	2	3
Mr. J. Stevens's ch. m. <i>Leah</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb. ....	2	5	dr.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Members for the County, for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Russell's b. c. <i>Flibbertigibbet</i> , by Ashton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ...	1	1
Mr. Day's ch. f. <i>Rosa</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2	2

**The DYHAM STAKES**, a forced Handicap of 5gs. each, with 25 sovs. added. Heats, one mile.

Mr. Pryse's gr. m. <i>Undine</i> , by Gri- maldi, 5 yrs old (Day).....	1	1
Mr. Day's b. g. Swindon, by Lewes, aged .....	0	0
Mr. Dundas's br. h. <i>Chef d'Œuvre</i> , old .....	0	0
Mr. Stevens's ch. h. <i>Careless</i> , 5 yrs old .....	2	2

The following also started, but were not placed:

**MATCH** for 50l.

Mr. Bayley's b. m. ....	1
Mr. Dunson's g. m. ....	2

**FRIDAY, July 4.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Quantock's <i>Nimrod</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. ....	2	1	1
Mr. Borge's ch. c. by Poulton, 4 yrs old, 10st. 6lb. ....	1	2	dr.
Captain Bevan's <i>Flora</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. ....			fell lame.

### BRIDGNORTH MEETING, SALOP.

**THURSDAY, July 3.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10gs. each, with 10gs. added: for three-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Active</i> , by Partisan— Eleanor .....	1
Mr. Alderson's br. c. <i>The Tartar</i> , by Thunderbolt .....	2
M. Campbell's b. f. <i>Ace of Trumps</i> , by King of Diamonds, out of Streatham Lass .....	3

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Rogers's gr. c. <i>Sir Edward</i> , by Friend Ned, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ...	1	1
Mr. Patrick's b. f. by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	2	2

**FRIDAY, July 4.**—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Rogers's gr. c. <i>Sir Edward</i> , by Friend Ned, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ...	1	1
Mr. Patrick's b. f. by Blucher, 3 yrs old, a feather .....	2	dr.

### NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

**MONDAY, July 7.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New T. Y. C.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. <i>Scarborough</i> , by Catton (Barnard) .....	1
Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. <i>Mina</i> , by Orville—Barrosa .....	2
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. by Young Go- hanna, dam by Bobtail, out of Cathe- rine .....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Duke of Grafton's <i>Pedrillo</i> , by Sooth- sayer, bought at Mr. Tibbitt's sale ...	0
Mr. Greville's b. f. <i>Jane Shore</i> , by Woful	0
Lord Grosvenor's bl. c. <i>Bryn-yorkyn</i> , by Thunderbolt .....	0
Mr. Bloss's b. f. <i>Sister to Miracle</i> , by	0
Soothsayer .....	0
Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Comus—Gon- salvi's dam .....	0
Lord Verulam's b. c. <i>Vaurien</i> , by Whale- bone .....	0
Six to 5 against Scarborough. Won easy.	

**The JULY STAKES** of 50gs. each, 30gs. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New T. Y. C.—Twenty-seven subscribers.

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Whisker, out of Vourneen (W. Clift) .....	1	General Grosvenor's b. c. Virgilus, by Phantom, out of Blue Stockings .....	2
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Mr. Williamson's ch. c. The Scholar, by Bourbon, out of Waxy Lass .....	0	Mr. Rush's br. f. by Pioneer, out of Ringtail .....	0
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Skiff, by Partisan, out of Skipjack's dam .....	0	Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Blucher, dam by Election, out of Fair Helen .....	0
Duke of Portland's b. f. Sister to Guerilla, by Partisan .....	0	Mr. Greville's b. c. Brother to Amabel, by Election .....	0
Mr. Udny's b. c. Tarandus, by Sorcerer or Zodiac, out of Jerboa .....	0	Mr. Fox's ch. f. Double Entendre, by Comus .....	0
Six to 4 agst the Duke of Portland's filly, 9 to 2 agst Tarandus, 10 to 1 agst Virgilus, 12 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's filly, 14 to 1 agst The Scholar, 16 to 1 agst Double Entendre, 100 to 5 agst Mr. Wilson's colt, 100 to 4 agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's filly, and 100 to 3 agst Mr. Greville's colt. Won very easy.			

## MATCH for 100.—D. M.

Duke of Portland's ch. f. Gabrielle, 8st. 2lb. (W. Clift) .....	1	Mr. Wyndham's Vidette, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
Three to 1 agst Gabrielle. Won easy.			

## MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. The Stag, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Arnall) .....	1	Mr. Rogers's br. f. Scratch, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	2
Two to 1 on The Stag. Won easy.			

## MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Hunter's f. by Rubens, 7st. 12lb. (W. Clift) .....	1	Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Pioneer, 8st. 6lb. ....	2
Two to 1 agst the winner. Won easy.			

## MATCH for 100.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Posthuma, by Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Barnard) .....	1	Mr. Wyndham's b. h. Robin Hood, 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2
Two to 1 on Posthuma. Won by a head.			

**TUESDAY, July 8.**—Renewal of the SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 11lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. &c.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Comus, out of Gonsalvi's dam, 3 yrs old .....	1	Mr. Hunter's f. by Rubens—Sprightly, 3 yrs old .....	2
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Mr. Scott's Brother to Antonio, 4 yrs ...	0	Spitfire, 4 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. by Young Goshanna, dam by Bobtail, 3 yrs old .....	0	Mr. Prendergast's ch. f. by Rainbow, 4 yrs old .....	0
Lord Verulam's b. f. by Rubens, out of The judge placed but two.—Seven to 1 agst the winner, 2 to 1 agst Mr. Hunter's filly, 3 to 1 agst Brother to Antonio, and 3 to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham's colt.			

**FIFTY POUNDS:** for three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—D. I.

Mr. Wyndham's b. h. Centaur, by Canopus, 5 yrs old (Arnall) .....	1	Duke of Grafton's bl. c. Pedrillo, 3 yrs ...	2
Three to 1 on Centaur.			

**WEDNESDAY, July 9.**—The TOWN PLATE of 50l. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st.—Last mile and a distance of B. C.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. Scarborough, by Catton (Barnard) .....	1	cher, out of an Election mare .....	2
Mr. Batson's br. c. by Waterloo or Bluthree to 1 on Scarborough. Won easy.		Mr. R. Pettit's ch. c. Benevento, by Stamford, dam by Logic o' Buchan ...	3

## MATCH for 100gs. h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Major Wilson's ch. f. by Soothsayer—Tippitywitchet (Buckle) .....	1	Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Lisinka, by Smolenako, dam by Benningbrough .....	2
Four to 1 on the winner. Won easy.			

(Second Year.)—RENEWAL of the SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for two-year-olds, 6st. 11lb. and three, 9st.—The New T. Y. C.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c.—Fifteen subscribers.

Duke of Portland's ch. f. <i>Gabrielle</i> , by Partisan, 3 yrs old (W. Clift).....	1	Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Blucher, dam by Election, 2 yrs old.....	3
Lord Verulam's ro. c. by Orville—Victoria, 2 yrs old.....	2	Mr. Rogers's Scold, Sister to Scratch, 2 yrs old.....	4
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Mr. Rush's f. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old.....	0	2 yrs old.....	0
Mr. Udny named b. c. by Phantom—Zodiac, 2 yrs old.....	0	Mr. Crockford's f. by Selim, out of Sister to Remembrancer, 3 yrs old.....	0
Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Captain Candid—Folly, 2 yrs old.....	0	Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Whalebone, dam by Bobtail, out of Catherine, 2 yrs	0
Lord Foley's f. by Blucher—Soothsayer, 2 yrs old.....	0	Mr. Batson's br. c. by Waterloo or Blucher, dam by Election, out of Fair Helen, 3 yrs old.....	0
Mr. N. H. Smith's ch. c. The Scholar, Five to 2 agst Gabrielle, 3 to 1 agst Scold, and 3 to 1 agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. Won easy.			

## MATCH FOR 100, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Udny's b. c. Tarandus, by Sorcerer, 8st. 6lb. ....	1	Mr. Fox's ch. f. Double Entendre, by Comus, 8st. 4lb. ....	2
Five to 1 on Tarandus. Won by half a length.			

## HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Williamson's bl. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Pericles, 4 yrs old; 8st. 4lb. (Arnall) ...	1	Mr. Hunter's b. h. Tressilian, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	3
Mr. Crockford's br. h. by Selim, out of Palma, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2	Mr. Rogers's br. f. Scratch, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	4
Even betting on Tressilian, 2 to 1 agst Scratch, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Crockford's h. and 7 to 1 agst Harriet. Won by a neck.			

Lord Exeter's c. by Captain Candid, out of Folly, 8st. 7lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Greenville's f. by Blucher, out of Olivera, 8st. 3lb. T. Y. C. 50, h. ft.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's *The Stag*, 8st. 3lb. recd. 30gs. from Duke of Grafton's Posthuma, 8st. 7lb. T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.

## PRESTON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 8.**—The PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, for colts. 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Yates's ch. f. <i>Squib</i> , by Soothsayer, out of Nepenthe (W. Scott).....	1	sayer—Stella.....	3
Mr. Clifton's ch. c. by Comus—Red Riding Hood.....	2	Mr. James's b. f. by Whisker, dam by Sir David.....	4
Lord Stamford's b. f. Fury, by Soothsayer.....		Lord Derby's b. f. Sister to Eryx, by Milo.....	5
Five to 4 agst Mr. Clifton's c. 2 to 1 agst Squib, and 3 to 1 agst Mr. James's f. Easy.			

SEVENTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. T. Peirse's b. c. <i>Shuffler</i> , by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	1	Mr. Hutchinson's br. c. by Mac Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	2
Two to 1 on Shuffler; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on him. Won easy.			

**WEDNESDAY, July 9.**—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. added to a subscription of 10gs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Three miles and a distance.—Twenty-one subscribers.

Mr. Pierse's b. h. *Reveller*, by Comus, aged, 9st. ....walked over.

SEVENTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. four, 8st. 7lb.—Fillies allowed 3lb. and maiden horses 2lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. <i>Wanton</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs old (T. Lye).....	5	2	1
Mr. S. Reed's gr. c. Marsuder, 4 yrs old.....	1	4	2
Mr. Kirby's b. c. Orator, 4 yrs old.....	4	1	3
Mr. T. Hutchinson's ch. c. Landlord, 3 yrs old.....	3	3	4
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Lytham, 4 yrs old.....	2	dr.	
Six to 4 agst Lytham, 2 to 1 agst Wanton, and 4 to 1 agst Marsuder; after the first heat, 5 to 4 agst Wanton, and 7 to 4 agst Marsuder; after the second heat, Wanton			



still the favourite ; after the third, high odds on Wanton. The first heat a good race, the two last, easy.

**THURSDAY, July 10.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft.—One mile and a quarter.—Five subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's br. c. <i>Falcon</i> , by Bus-	Lord Grosvenor's Lady-Day, Sister to
tard, 8st. 4lb. (T. Nicholson) .....	<i>Falcon</i> , 8st. 11lb. ....
Two to 1 on <i>Falcon</i> .	Won cleverly.

**HUNTERS' STAKES** of 10gs. each.—Gentlemen riders, 12st. each.—Two miles. Six subscribers.

Mr. Bretherton's ch. g. <i>North Briton</i> ,	Mr. Seal's b. g. by Young Sorcerer .....
aged (Sir T. Sykes) .....	Two to 1 on <i>North Briton</i> . Very easy.

**MATCH** for 50gs. h. ft. 8st. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Molyneux Seal's b. f. by Milo	Mr. James's br. f. by Whisker, dam by
(W. Scott) .....	Sir David .....
Two to 1 on the Whisker filly.	Cleverly.

**SEVENTY POUNDS:** three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six, and aged, 9st.—A winner once, this year, 3lb. ; twice, 5lb. extra.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Heats, three miles, and a distance.

Mr. Clifton's b. h. <i>Peter Lely</i> , by Rubens, 5 yrs old (W. Scott) .....	2	1	1
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Sir Anthony, 3 yrs old .....	1	2	dr.

Two to 1 on *Peter Lely* ; after the heat, 6 to 4 on Sir Anthony, who fell lame the second heat. The first heat won by a head.

### LUDLOW MEETING, SHROPSHIRE.

**WEDNESDAY, July 9.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Mile and half.—Seven subscribers.

Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Active</i> , by Partisan	da Puta .....
(H. Arthur) .....	Mr. L. Charlton's br. f. by Filho da Puta,
Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Whittington</i> , by Filho	out of Spindle .....

**THE BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l. for maiden horses.—Heats, rather more than three miles.

Mr. Hutton's br. c. by Milo, 3 yrs	Mr. Painter's br. f. Polly Tipton, by
old, 6st. 12lb. (W. Lear) .....	Orville, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....

**THURSDAY, July 10.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 20l. added by the Town, for all ages.—Four miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Painter's b. h. <i>The Main</i> , by Hap-	7st. 11lb. ....
hazard, 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb. (Hayes) ...	Mr. Mytton's b. c. Transilience, 4 yrs
Mr. Mytton's ch. f. <i>Paradigm</i> , 4 yrs old,	old, 8st. ....

**THE BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, rather more than three miles.

Mr. Weaver's b. h. <i>Mallard</i> , by Weaver, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	1	2	1
Mr. Rogers's gr. c. Sir Edward, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	1	dr.
Mr. Painter's br. f. Polly Tipton, 4 yrs old .....	3	3	dr.

This race is disputed.—Weaver's rider was charged with crossing in the first heat, but the horse having been allowed to start for the second, he walked over for the third, and Mr. Weaver and Mr. Rogers both claim the Plate.

THE SOUTH SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY STAKES was won, at two heats, by Mr. Trench's ch. g. *Quictus*, 5 yrs old, beating two others.

### NEWCASTLE RACES, NORTHUMBERLAND.

**SATURDAY, July 12.**—Lord Queensberry's b. c. *Pilgarlick*, by Woful, rec. ft. from Lord Kelburne's b. c. Sir William, by Stamford, both 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. each.—Two miles.—200gs. h. ft.

**MONDAY, July 14.**—PRODUCE STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. : colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Sir A. Don's b. c. <i>Zerbino</i> , by X Y Z—out of Agnes Serrell (Garbutt) .....	1
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Mr. Lambton's b. c. Manuel, by Leopold—Petera ..... 2 | Sir M. W. Ridley's b. c. Ringlet, by Whisker..... 3  
Even betting on Ringlet. A good race.

PRODUCER STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C. Five subscribers.

Mr. T. O. Powllett's b. f. by Ebor, out of Marigold's dam (T. Lye) ..... 1 | Barbara Allan ..... 3  
Mr. J. Benson's b. c. Enville, by Ebor 2 | Mr. Riddell's b. f. by X Y Z—the Jugler's dam ..... 4  
Mr. Ederton's ch. c. by Osman, out of Enville the favourite, and 3 to 1 agst the winner.

Renewal of the GOSFORTH STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft.: three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Riddell's br. h. *Doctor Syntax*, by drossan, 4 yrs old..... 2  
Paynator, aged (R. Johnson) ..... 1 | Lord Queensberry's br. c. Prosody, by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old ..... 3  
Lord Kelburne's br. c. May Day, by Ar- Three to 1 on Doctor Syntax. Won easy.

The TYRO STAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. *Dolly*, by Comus, dam by Waxy (Jackson) ..... 1 | Rosalind ..... 2  
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Leopold, out of Comus ..... 3  
Dolly the favourite. A good race.

TUESDAY, July 15.—The X Y Z STAKES of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Riddell's br. c. *Comte d'Artots*, by Viscount ..... 2  
Bourbon, out of Sister to Sir Joshua (Johnson) ..... 1 | Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Cerberus—Momentilla ..... 3  
Sir W. Maxwell's ch. c. Ben Ledi, by

The FILLY STAKES of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-olds, 8st. each. One mile.—Five subscribers.

Sir W. Maxwell's br. *Brilliant*, by Remembrance ..... 2  
Viscount, out of *Brillante* (T. Lye) 1 | Lord Kelburne's br. Sister to May Day, by Ardrossan..... 3  
Mr. Salvin's ch. Princess, by Comus— Even betting on Princess, and 3 to 2 agst *Brillante*. Won easy.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs.: four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Four miles.

Mr. Riddell's ches. c. *Pity-me*, by Comus, 4 yrs old ..... 2  
Woful, dam by Precipitate, 4 yrs old 1 | Mr. Hudson's br. g. Sir Henry, by Comus, 4 yrs old ..... 3  
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Corinthian, by Mr. Armstrong's b. h. Packman, 5 yrs 4  
Even betting on Corinthian, and 5 to 1 agst *Pity-me*. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, July 16.—The SILVER CUP, value 60gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, and upwards, 8st. 10lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—The second to receive 20gs. out of the stakes.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Haworth's gr. f. *Minna*, by Camillus, 3 yrs old (T. Lye) ..... 5 1 1  
Mr. Lambton's ch. f. Verona, by Ardrossan or Whitworth, 4 yrs old ..... 1 2 2  
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. *Pity-me*, by Woful, 4 yrs old ..... 2 3 dr.  
Sir Charles Monck's ch. c. by X Y Z, 3 yrs old ..... 3 dr.  
Sir M. W. Ridley's b. c. Bright Star, 3 yrs old ..... 4 dr.  
Mr. Sherriff's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Walton, 3 yrs old ..... 6 dr.  
Even betting on Verona; after the first heat, 5 and 6 to 1 on her; after the second, 2 to 1 on Minna. The third heat Minna made play, and won by only half a head.

The CHANTER STAKES of 25gs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds and upwards.—One mile.—Fourteen subscribers.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded.

Mr. Hudson's br. g. *Sir Henry*, by Comus, out of Annabella, 4 yrs old...walked over.

**THURSDAY, July 17.**—The **GOLD CUP**, by subscription of 10gs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 7st. 11lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. *Corinthian*, by Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, 5 yrs  
Comus, 4 yrs old (M. Noble)..... 1 | old ..... 2

**MATCH for 100 sovs. each.**—Two miles.

Lord Queensberry's br. c. *Prosody*, Lord Kalburne's br. c. May Day, 8st.  
6st. 10lb..... 1 | 6lb. .... 2

**MATCH for 100 sovs. each, 8st. 3lb. each.**—Three quarters of a mile.

Sir W. Maxwell's ch. c. *Ben Ledi*, 3 yrs Lord Kalburne's ch. c. Caledonian, 3 yrs  
old (J. Jackson) ..... 1 | old ..... 2

**THE MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.**: three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 12lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles, and a distance.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. *Sir Henry*, 4 yrs old (T. Hardy) ..... 3 1 1  
Sir W. Maxwell's br. f. *Brillante*, 3 yrs old..... 1 2 2  
Mr. Lambton's gr. h. *Dunsinane*, 6 yrs old ..... 2 3 dr.  
Mr. Bell's ch. c. by Fitz Teazle, 3 yrs old ..... 4 4 dr.

Mr. Riddell's b. c. *Comte d'Artois*, rec. ft. from Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, 8st, each, 100gs. h. ft. once round.

**FRIDAY, July 18.**—The **MAIDEN PURSE** of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Smith's br. c. by *Walton*, dam by Remembrancer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ... 3 1 1  
Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. *Bright Star*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 1 2 2  
Sir C. Monck's ch. c. by X Y Z, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb..... 2 3 3  
Three to 1 on Mr. Smith's colt; after the first heat, the same; after the second heat, 4 and 5 to 1 on him. Won very easy.—Little or no betting took place for the Doncaster St. Leger, and the meeting very thinly attended.

### NOTTINGHAM MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 15.**—The **KING'S PURSE** of 100gs. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, four miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. g. *Cataline*, by Cerberus, 5 yrs, 11st. 6lb. (W. Scott) 3 1 1  
Mr. Wigfull's br. g. *Little Driver*, by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb..... 1 2 2  
Mr. Polhill's b. h. *Shamrock*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb..... 2 3 dr.  
Six to 4 on Cataline; after the first heat, 10 to 1 agst him; after the second heat, 10 to 1 on him. A severe-run race, but won easy at last.

**THE SHERWOOD STAKES** of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft.: three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Once round, and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's b. c. by Ambo, out of Sir J. Byng's ch. c. by Comus, out of  
Gipsy's dam (H. Arthur)..... 1 | Morgiana ..... 3  
Mr. Charlton's b. f. by Filho da Puta, Mr. Platel's b. f. Morea, by Selim, dam  
dam by Newcastle, out of Fair Forester..... 2 | by Sir David ..... 4

Six to four agst Morea; and 4 to 1 agst Sir W. Wynne's colt. An excellent race. Won by half a neck.

**SIXTY POUNDS**, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half. The owner of the second horse received 10l.

Mr. Howard's ch. c. *Hengist*, by entrance) ..... 4 2  
Henderskelf, 5 yrs (H. Arthur) 1 1 | Ld. Fitzwilliam's bl. c. by Amadis,  
M<sup>rs</sup>. Fisher's br. c. Filho da Puta, out of Platowna, 3 yrs old, 7st.... 2 3  
out of Glorvina, 3 yrs old (post Mr. Polhill's b. h. *Shamrock*, 5 yrs, 9st. 3 dr.  
Two to 1 agst Lord Fitzwilliam's colt, 5 to 2 agst Hengist, and 5 to 1 agst any other; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Hengist. Won by a length.

**WEDNESDAY, July 16.**—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. by fourteen subscribers of 10gs. each, the surplus in specie, for horses, &c. of all ages. Two miles and a half.

Mr. Heathcote's br. h. *Brother to Antelope*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (C. Norman) ..... 1

Mr. Ferguson's gr. h. Jonathan, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 2 | Sir W. Wynne's b. c. by Ambo, out of Gipsy's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. *Catherina*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. .... 0 | Mr. Foljambe's b. h. *Potemkin*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Charlton's b. f. by Filho da Puta, Four to 1 on Jonathan, and 8 to 1 agst the winner. *Catherina* made severe running. A very fine run race to the distance post, when Jonathan was collared, and the race was well contested by him and the winner. Won by half a length.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Farnfield*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Stamford (W. Scott) ..... 0 1 | dam by Moorcock ..... 0 2  
 Mr. Rastall's b. c. by Filho da Puta, Ashton ..... 0 3

Five to 2 on Farnfield.—Won by three quarters of a length.

**SIXTY POUNDS**, for three-year-olds.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—The second horse received 10l.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *The Agent*, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (W. Scott) ..... 1 1 | Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Birmingham, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 4 3  
 Mr. Perren's ch. f. *Lady Fulford*, 3 yrs old, 8st. .... 2 2 | Mr. Platell's b. f. *Morea*, 3 yrs, 8st. .... 5 4  
 Five to 4 agst *Lady Fulford*, and 6 to 4 agst *The Agent*.—Won easy.

**THURSDAY, July 17.**—The **MACARONI STAKES** of 20gs. each, h. ft. Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles and a half.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Foljambe's b. h. *Potemkin*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 13lb. (Mr. Lacey) ..... 1 1 | out of Hare, aged, 11st. 8lb. (Mr. Platell) ..... 2 2  
 Mr. Case's b. g. by Dick Andrews, Won very easy.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.—The owner of the second horse to receive 10l.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Alceste*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (H. Holmes) ..... 1 1 | Mr. C. A. Alderson's br. c. *The Tartar*, by Thunderbolt, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. .... 2 3  
 Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Gay Momus*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 3 2 | A fine race.

**HANDICAP STAKES** of 10gs. each, with 20l. added, for horses of all ages. Once round, and a distance.

Mr. Perren's ch. f. *Lady Fulford*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (H. Holmes) ..... 1 | Mr. Polhill's b. h. *Shamrock*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 3  
 Mr. Gisborn's br. c. by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 2 | Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. *Catherina*, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 4  
 Five to 4 on the field. Won by a length.

### CHELTENHAM MEETING, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

**WEDNESDAY, July 16.**—The **ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25gs. each: three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Three-year-old Course, about a mile.

Mr. W. West's bl. c. *Volomer*, by Smolensko, out of Pentagon's dam ..... 1 | Mr. Jones's br. f. *Caroline*, by Poulton Sorceress ..... 3  
 Major Gore's ch. c. *Achmet*, by Selim 2

The **GLOUCESTERSHIRE STAKES** of 25gs. each, 15 ft. and only 5gs. if declared, &c.—Two miles.—Fifty-six subscribers.

Mr. West's ch. f. *Angelica*, by Fyldener, dam by Rubens, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. 1 | 12lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Sadler's b. h. *Atlas*, 5 yrs old, 7st. Sir T. Stanley's b. h. *Tarragon*, aged, 9st. 2lb. .... 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Mytton's b. g. *Habberly*, aged, 8st. 3lb. .... 0 | Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. *Bay Burton*, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 0

Mr. R. Griffith's br. h. Broxash, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. .... 0  
Colonel Yates's Pantouffe, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 0  
Sir W. Wynn's b. c. Belmont, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. .... 0  
Twenty subscribers having declared forfeit by the 15th of June, and nine who did not name, paid only 5gs. each.—Five to 4 agst Atlas, 5 to 1 agst Tarragon, 5 to 1 agst Bay Burton, and 20 to 1 agst Angelica. A fine race, and won only by half a head.

THURSDAY, July 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 15gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—T. Y. C.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Day's ch. c. <i>Helene</i> , Brother to Melampus ..... 1	tard, out of Plaything ..... 2
Major O. Gore's b. f. Pheasant, by Bus-Three to 2 on <i>Helene</i> . A good race, and won by half a length.	Mr. West's br. c. by Crecy, out of Al-pha's dam ..... 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 15gs. each, five ft. for horses, &c. that have been regularly hunted.—Gentlemen riders.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's br. f. <i>Circe</i> , by Norton, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. .... 1	7lb. .... 2
Mr. F. Wynniatt's Alpha, aged, 11st. Three to 1 on Why Not (who bolted in running), 7 to 1 agst <i>Circe</i> , and 2 to 1 agst Alpha. A good race.	Mr. Lovesay's Why Not, by Woful, 5 yrs old, 10st. 13lb. .... 3

FRIDAY, July 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Three-year-old Course.—Four subscribers. Mr. Jones's b. f. *Caroline*, by Poulton..... walked over. The CHELTENHAM GOLD CUP, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, h. ft. for all ages.—Cup Course, about three miles.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. West's ch. f. <i>Angelica</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 1	Mr. Willis's br. c. by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 2
Four others also started, but were not placed.—Three to 1 agst <i>Angelica</i> , and high odds agst any other. Won easy.	

A FORCED HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. West's <i>Sharper</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1 1	8st. 7lb. .... 2 2
Major O. Gore's Cuypp, 5 yrs old, 1	Six to 4 on <i>Sharper</i> . A good race.

# CHELMSFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 22.—The OATLAND STAKES of 20gs. each, for all ages. Two miles.

Mr. Rush's ch. c. by Rubens, out of Rosabella, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	} compromised.
Lord Verulam's Vaurien, by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	
Two subscribers who did not name pay 10gs. each.	

The KING'S PURSE of 100gs. for mares of all ages.—Two-mile heats. Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Veil*, by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 1 1  
Mr. Page's ch. m. *Prosody*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 4 2  
Six to 4 agst *Veil*, and 7 to 4 agst *Norna*. After the first heat, even betting on *Veil*. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, July 23.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by 12 subscribers of 10gs. each, the surplus to the winner, in specie, for all ages.—Three miles.

Lord Verulam's b. c. <i>Vaurien</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 1	Mr. Græme's b. m. <i>Norna</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 4
Mr. Hunter's b. h. <i>Tressilian</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 2	Mr. Rush's ch. c. by Rubens, out of Rosabella, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 5
Duke of Grafton's b. f. <i>Veil</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 3	Mr. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (fell) ..... 0

**The Town Purse** of 60l. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.  
Two-mile heats.

Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord .....	1	1	0
Mr. R. Pettitt's ch. c. Benevento, by Stamford .....	2	3	1
Mr. Scaith's ch. c. Blunderer, by Comus, dam by Rubens .....	4	2	2
Mr. Brown's b. f. by Soothsayer, out of Effie Dean's dam .....	3	4	0

Benevento and Blunderer ran an extra heat for the entrance money.

**THURSDAY, July 24.—FIFTY POUNDS**, for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Reserve, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	1		Mr. Wilson's b. m. Electress, by Orville, dam by Hambletonian, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	3	dr.
Mr. Page's ch. m. Prosody, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2	2		Two to 1 on the winner. Won easy.		

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for all ages.—Heats, the New Mile.

Mr. Whiteside's b. c. Brother to Antonio, by Octavian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (G. Dockeray) .....	1	1		5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Williamson's bl. f. Harriet, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	1	1		Mr. Pettitt's ch. c. Benevento, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	3	dr.

Two to 1 on Harriet, and 4 to 1 agst the winner. After the heat, 3 to 1 on Brother to Antonio. The second heat was well contested.

### WENLOCK MEETING, SHROPSHIRE.

**TUESDAY, July 22.—SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Twice round, and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Rogers's gr. c. Sir Edward, by Friend Ned, 4 yrs, 8st. (S. Darling) ..	1			old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2	
Mr. Hickman's b. h. Mallard, 5 yrs old, 8st. ....				Mr. R. Benson's b. c. Picton, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	3	

Six to 4 on Picton.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, for hunters, &c. not thorough bred.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Walmaley br. m. by Lutwyche, aged, 11st. 11lb. ....	2	1	1
Mr. Pickernell's ch. g. Sylvanus, Brother to Sylvan, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Collins's ch. g. by Tityrus, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	3	4	dr.
Mr. R. Benson's ch. g. Fencer, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. ....	4	3	dr.

Owing to one person being objected to as a gentleman rider, the horses for this race were ridden by jockies.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, the gift of Belby Thompson, Esq. for maiden horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. by W.'s Ditto, 5 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	2	1	1
Mr. Patrick's b. f. by Blucher, out of Sister to Election, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Smith's b. c. Little Driver, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	3	3	3

Mr. Patrick's filly the favourite.

### STOCKBRIDGE MEETING, HANTS.

**WEDNESDAY, July 23.—The CORONATION STAKES** of 25gs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round the new course.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Goddard's ch. c. Wiscacre, Brother to Haldon (S. Day) .....	1			Mr. Shard's b. f. Codicil, by Smolensko (Legacy) .....	2	
---	---	--	--	--	---	--

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for maiden horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, to start at the half-mile post, and go once round the new course.

Mr. W. West's b. f. by Waterloo, out of Goodisson's Rose, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (Tryne) .....	2	1	1
Mr. Fellowes's br. g. by Colossus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. H. Jones's b. f. by Waterloo, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (bolted) .....			dis.

**THURSDAY, July 24.—SWEEPSTAKES** of 25gs. h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Last half mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. Presentiment, by Anticipation, out of Louisa, by Pegassus (S. Day) .....	1			Mr. Shand's ch. f. Charlotte, by Grani-cus (Lewina) .....	2	
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A CUP, given by C. Shard, Esq. for horses the property of and ridden by farmers in the district of his Hunt, 12st. each.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Judd's b. g. <i>Shaw</i> , aged .....	4	1	1
Mr. J. Judd's b. m. aged .....	1	2	3
Mr. Box's b. f. by Ashton, 4 yrs old .....	3	3	2
Mr. Compton's b. m. aged .....	2	dr.	

### SWANSEA MEETING.

THURSDAY, July 24.—FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, for horses, &c. of every denomination.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Morgan's ch. h. <i>Broomstick</i> , by Currycomb, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. ... 1	1	old, 9st. 11lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Bradley's br. h. <i>Valentine</i> , 5 yrs		Mr. P. Tombs's ch. h. <i>Polecat</i> , 7st. 9lb. ....	3	3

A good race.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. with 20 added.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Williams's <i>Meteorina</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Morgan's <i>Sweetbriar</i> , 8st. 9lb. ....	3	2
			Mr. B. Davis's gr. m. <i>Primrose</i> , 9st. 4lb	2	3

Five others started, but were distanced.

FRIDAY, July 25.—A HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 sovs. added.—Heats, two miles.—Two subscribers.

Mr. Tombs's ch. h. *Polecat*, 7st. 6lb. ....walked over.

THE TRADESMEN'S PLATE of 50 sovs. for horses, &c. not thorough bred.  
Heats, two miles.

Mr. Morgan's ch. h. <i>Broomstick</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Davies's br. m. <i>Maid of all Work</i> , 8st. 9lb. ....	3	3
Mr. Williams's br. m. <i>Meteorina</i> , aged, 8st. 13lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Lucas's gr. m. <i>Diana</i> , 9st. 4lb. ....	dis.	

A HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for hunters.

Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Bradley's br. h. <i>Valentine</i> , 11st. 6lb. ....	1	1	Captain Penrice names ch. g. <i>Hap-</i> <i>hazard</i> , 11st. ....	dis.	
Mr. Thomas names <i>Hope</i> , 10st. 7lb.	2	dr.			

### BECCLES MEETING, SUFFOLK.

MONDAY, July 28.—FIFTY SOVEREIGNS.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Major Wilson's bl. f. by <i>Juniper</i> , out of <i>Spotless</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ... 1	1	Rubens, out of <i>Sprightly</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	2	2
Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. <i>Helena</i> , by		Two to 1 on <i>Helena</i> .		

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, two miles and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Warne's ch. m. <i>Huntress</i> , by Muley, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Gould's ch. h. <i>Lounger</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	3	3
Mr. Coyte's b. m. <i>Countess</i> , 9st. 7lb.	2	2			

TUESDAY, July 29.—THE TOWN PURSE of 50L.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Major Wilson's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. ....	1	1	old, 9st. 8lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Gould's ch. h. <i>Lounger</i> , 6 yrs			Mr. Warne's ch. c. <i>Tom Thumb</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	3	3

### EDINBURGH MEETING.

(Musselburgh Course).

MONDAY, July 28.—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's br. c. <i>The Pirate</i> , by Comus, out of <i>Cutty Sark</i> (Garbutt)	1	Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. c. <i>Strathorne</i> , by Whisker .....	2	2
	G	2		

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. *Panmure*, by Cat-ton, out of *Lady Grey* ..... 3 | Sir A. Don's b. c. *Zerbino*, by X Y Z  
 —Agnes Sorrel ..... 4  
 Stratherns the favourite. A good race.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by subscribers of 10gs. each: for three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 5lb.—Three miles.—Eight subscribers.

Sir D. Moncrieffe's br. c. *Negotiator*, by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old (Jackson)... 1 | Mr. Bogue's ch. f. *Fennella*, by Cornus, 3 yrs old ..... 3  
 Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. m. *Fair Helen*, 6 yrs old ..... 2 | Sir W. Maxwell's ch. h. *Monreith*, 6 yrs old (fell lame)..... 4  
 Even betting on *Fair Helen*. Won in a canter.

TUESDAY, July 29.—FIFTY GUINEAS: for three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, two miles.

Sir D. Moncrieffe's br. c. *Baron Bows*, by Woful, 4 yrs (J. Shepherd) 1 1 | Mr. Dawson's b. c. by Viscount, 3 yrs 3 0  
 Sir J. Beresford's b. c. by Walton, 3 yrs old ..... 2 2 | Sir D. H. Blair's br. f. by Stamford, 3 yrs old ..... 4 dr.  
 Even betting on *Baron Bows*.

WEDNESDAY, July 30.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs.: for three-year-olds, 6st.; four, 7st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 2lb.; six, 8st. 10lb.; and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Heats, four miles.

Lord Tweedale's ch. h. *The Champion*, by Stamford, 5 yrs old (Jackson) ... 2 1 1  
 Mr. Johnston's b. h. Sir Thomas, 6 yrs old ..... 1 2 2  
 Lord Kennedy's b. h. *Eglinton*, aged ..... 3 3 dr.  
 Even betting on *The Champion*. Sir Thomas made severe play all the three heats, which were well contested.

THURSDAY, July 31.—FIFTY GUINEAS, given by the Right Hon. Wm. Dundas, M. P. for the City: three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 7st. 8lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 5lb.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Baird's br. c. *The Pirate*, by Stamford, 4 yrs old (Boynton) ..... 0 2 1 1  
 Mr. J. Leslie Cuming's b. m. *Hambletonia*, 6 yrs old ..... 3 3 2 2  
 Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. m. *Fair Helen*, 6 yrs old ..... 0 1 3 dr.  
 A good race, but won easy at last.

FRIDAY, August 1.—FIFTY GUINEAS, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Sir D. Moncrieffe's br. c. *Baron Bows*, 4 yrs, 8st. (Shepherd) ..... 1 1 | Mr. Farquharson's b. f. *Peggy Ramsay*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 2 2  
 Won in a canter.

The SCOTCH ST. LEGER of 25gs. each, by Scotch-bred three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Once round the course, and a distance.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. *Panmure*, by Cat-ton (Boynton) ..... 1 | Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Salvadora* ..... 4  
 Sir D. Moncrieffe's b. c. *Strathern*, by Whisker ..... 2 | Sir D. Hunter Blair names gr. f. *La Grizette* ..... 5  
 Sir A. Don's b. c. *Zerbino*, by X Y Z ... 3 | Mr. Baird names Mr. Bogue's ch. f. *Fennella* ..... 6  
 Won easy.

### BRIGHTON MEETING, SUSSEX.

MONDAY, July 28.—HIS MAJESTY'S GOLD CUP, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Egremont's b. f. *Elfried*, by Wanderer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. .... 1 | Duke of Richmond's gr. f. *Dandizette*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. .... 2  
 The following also started, but were not placed:  
 Duke of Richmond's gr. c. *Swap*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 0  
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. *Mina*, by Mr. Thornhill's b. c. *Swivel*, 4 yrs old, Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. .... 0  
 Five to 2 agst *Elfried*, 3 to 1 agst *Dandizette*, and 3 to 1 agst *Swap*.



**THE BRIGHTON STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 60 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles.

Duke of Richmond's gr. c. <i>Swap</i> , by Caston, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	1	1	of Niobe, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ...	2	2
Mr. Theobald's ch. g. by Juniper, out			Mr. Northey's b. h. Monk, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	3	dr.

The first heat won by a head, the second by half a length, and the third by a head.

**TUESDAY, July 29.**—The **TOWN PURSE** of 100 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Braithwaite's b. h. <i>Vanloo</i> , by Rubens, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (Macdonald)	3	1	1
Lord Egremont's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Forth's b. f. Sister to Magnus Troil, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	2	3	dr.
Mr. T. Jones's gr. h. Legal Tender, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Glew's ch. h. Bacchanal, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. ....	0	0	dr.

**WEDNESDAY, July 30.**—The **SUSSEX PURSE** of 60 sovs. for all ages.—

Heats, two miles.

Mr. Glew's ch. h. <i>Bacchanal</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (G. Dockeray)	1	0	1
Mr. Jones's gr. c. Legal Tender, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	2	1	2
Mr. Northey's b. c. Ascot, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	0	0	0
Mr. Braithwaite's b. h. Vanloo, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.....	0	3	3
Mr. Pearse's b. f. by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	0	0	0
Mr. Brown's gr. m. Gift, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	0	2	dr.

**MATCH** for 50 sovs.—Last three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Mellish's b. f. <i>Mum</i> , by Phantom, 8st. 3lb. (Arnold) .....	1	Mr. Braithwaite's Sister to Twatty, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
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### WINCHESTER MEETING, HANTS.

**TUESDAY, July 29.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5gs. each, with 25l. added, for three and four-year-olds.—The new straight mile.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Walker's gr. f. by Partisan, out of Jest, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	1	Mr. Willis's br. c. by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2
The following also started, but were not placed:			
Mr. Fleming's br. c. <i>Virginus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	0	old, 8st. 6lb.....	0
Mr. Hallett's f. Miss Plateon, by Cælebs, out of Miss Platoff's dam, 4 yrs		Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. Bay Burton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	0

The **KING'S PURSE** of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, four miles.

Mr. Bridge's (late Mr. Powlett's) b. c. by Woful, out of Momentilla, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	4	1	1
Mr. Willis's br. c. by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Friend's ch. f. Delusion, by Magic, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	5	3	dr.
Mr. Mills's b. g. Vertigo, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	3		dis.
Mr. Farquharson's b. h. Surprise, by Don Cossack, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb....	2		dr.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5gs. each, with 25l. added, for all ages.—Heats, the cup course.—Six subscribers.

Mr. W. West's br. f. by Waterloo, out of Goodisson's Rose, 3 yrs, 7st. 1	1	8st. 12lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Farquharson's b. m. by Haphazard, out of Spinetta, 5 yrs old,		Mr. H. Jones's b. f. by Waterloo, out of Carthage, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2	3
Mr. J. Walker's gr. f. by Partisan, out of Jest, 8st. 3lb. recd. 30gs. from Mr. Biggs's b. c. John, Brother to William, 8st. 7lb. New mile. 100gs. h. ft.				

**WEDNESDAY, July 30.**—The **ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25gs. each. 15gs. ft for three-years-old colts, 8st. 7lb.—Last mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Biggs's br. c. <i>Bertram</i> , by Smolensko .....	1	Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. Cephalus, by Blucher .....	2
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The **HAMPSHIRE STAKES** of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft. and only 5gs. if declared &c.—Two miles.

Colonel Latour's b. h. <i>Langtonian</i> , by Langton, 6 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (J. Day) 1		Mr. Dilly's b. c. Netherfield, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	3
Mr. H. Percy's br. h. Sir Huldibrand, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	Mr. Dundas's b. h. Chef d'Œuvre, aged, 8st. 9lb. ....	4

Three subscribers paid forfeit, and 10 others having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid 5*g*s. each.

**FIFTY POUNDS for all ages.—Two-mile heats.**

Mr. Farquharson's b. h. <i>Surprise</i> , by Don Cossack, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	1	1	old, 7st. 9lb. ....	2	dr.
Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Netherfield</i> , 4 yrs			Mr. Friend's ch. f. <i>Delusion</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	3	dr.

**The LADIES' PURSE of 50*l*. for maiden horses.—Two-mile heats.**

Mr. Friend's b. g. by Wanderer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	1	1	ys old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Hallett's b. f. <i>Miss Plateon</i> , 4			Mr. Jones's br. f. by Waterloo, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	2	3

**THURSDAY, July 31.—The GOLD CUP**, value 100*g*s. or upwards, by subscribers of 10*g*s. each.—The last mile and half.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. J. Walker's b. h. <i>Langtonian</i> , by Langton, 6 yrs old, 9st. (J. Day) ....	1	1	Jest, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	3	
Mr. Dundas's Grey Robin, by Robin Adair, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2		Mr. H. Percy's br. h. Sir Huldibrand, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	4	
Mr. Walker's b. f. by Partisan, out of			Mr. Willis's br. c. by Haphazard, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	5	

**The CHAWTON STAKES of 5*g*s. each**, with 25*g*s. added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Three-quarters of a mile.—Six subscribers.

Lord Palmerston's ch. f. <i>Blondetta</i> , by Rainbow, out of Janette, 4 yrs, 9st. 11lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Fleming's bl. c. Augustin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	3	
Mr. Davies's ch. f. <i>Hecuba</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2		Mr. Friend's ch. f. <i>Delusion</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	4	

**LEWES MEETING, SUSSEX.**

**THURSDAY, July 31.—The KING'S PLATE** of 100*g*s. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Egremont's b. h. *Centaur*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. .... walked over.

**The LADIES' PLATE** of 60 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, free for all horses, &c.—Heats, one mile.

Lord Egremont's b. f. <i>Elfrid</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	1	1	Lord G. Cavendish's br. c. Mina, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	2	3
Duke of Richmond's gr. f. <i>Dandizette</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	4	2	Mr. Mellish's b. f. Mum, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	3	dr.

**FRIDAY, August 1.—MATCH** for 100 sovs. h. ft.—Last mile.

Duke of Richmond's gr. c. <i>Swap</i> , by Catton, 8st. 6lb. (W. Wheatley) ....	1		Mr. Northey's b. f. Sprite, 8st. 3lb. ....	2	
			Won easy.		

**The MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs.—The winner to be sold for 100*l*. if demanded, &c.

Lord G. Lennox's b. h. <i>Monk</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	5	1	1		
Mr. Forth's Sister to Magnus Troil, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....				1	3
Mr. Brown's b. g. Marksman, aged, 9st. 11lb. ....				3	2
Mr. Pearce's b. f. by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....				2	4
Mr. Farrell's bl. f. <i>Chatham Lass</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....				4	5
Mr. Stuckburg's ch. m. <i>Venus</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....				6	dr.
Mr. Bradley's br. m. aged, 9st. 11lb. ....					dis.

**SATURDAY, August 2.—A FREE HANDICAP** of five sovs. each, with 35 sovs. added by the town.—One-mile heat.

Duke of Richmond's gr. f. <i>Dandizette</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 7st. 9lb. ....	1	1	7st. 9lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Northey's b. h. <i>Ascot</i> , 4 yrs old,			Mr. Theobald's ch. g. by Juniper, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	3	dr.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, the new course.

Mr. Brown's br. g. <i>Marksman</i> , aged, 9st. 11lb. the first heat, and 9st. 4lb. the second. ....	1	1	ys old, 6st. 11lb. ....	2	2
Mr. S. Pearce's b. f. by Phantom, 3			Mr. Theobald's ch. g. by Juniper, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3	dr.

## KENDAL MEETING, WESTMORLAND.

**MONDAY, August 4.**—MATCH for fifty sovereigns.—Two miles.

Mr. Hudson's ch. f. <i>White Rose</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old .....	1	Mr. Simpson's b. m. Bonny Bess, 5 yrs old .....	2
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**TUESDAY, August 5.**—The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Hudson's ch. f. <i>White Rose</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	6	1	1
Mr. Slater's b. f. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. ....	1	4	3
Sir P. Musgrave's br. c. by Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	4	5	2
Mr. Fielde's b. f. by Woful, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	5	2	4
Mr. Simpson's b. c. Brother to Bonny Bess, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	3	3	4
Mr. Goulden's br. c. Prince Lee Boo, by M'Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	2	dr.	

**WEDNESDAY, August 6.**—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by 10 subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. <i>Wanton</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs old, 8st. (R. Johnson) .....	1	Mr. Wadrop's ch. m. Eliza Leeds, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2
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Won in a canter.

SEVENTY POUNDS for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	1	1	Mr. T. Hutchinson's ch. c. Land- lord, by Bigot, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 2 dr.
Mr. Jaques's br. h. Speculation, aged, 8st. 12lb. ....	4	2	Mr. Wadrop's ch. m. Eliza Leeds, 6 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. .... 3 dr.

Won easy.

**THURSDAY, August 7.**—A PLATE of 50l. for three and four-year-olds. Two miles.Mr. Slater's b. f. Comus, and Mr. Hudson's b. g. *Sir Henry*, received 15l. Nine drawn. No race.**A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 7gs. each, with 20 sovs. added.—Two miles.

Mr. Kay's b. g. by Comus, 4 yrs old 1	1	Mr. Jacques's ch. f. by Marmion, 3	
Ms. Hudson's b. h. Little England, aged .....	2	2	3 dr.

**A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 3gs. each, with 30gs. added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Sir Henry</i> , by Comus, 4 yrs old .....	4	4	1	1
Mr. Kay's b. g. by Comus, 4 yrs old .....	5	1	2	dr.
Mr. Slater's b. f. by Comus, 3 yrs old .....	1	3	3	dr.
Mr. Goulden's br. c. Prince Lee Boo, 3 yrs old .....	3	5	4	dr.
Mr. Hudson's ch. f. <i>White Rose</i> , 4 yrs old .....	6	2	dr.	
Mr. Field's b. m. Miss Wortley, 5 yrs old .....	2	dr.		

## NEWCASTLE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

**TUESDAY, August 5.**—SWEEPSTAKES (in lieu of the Cup) for all ages.

Three miles.—Eight subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's gr. c. <i>Sir Edward</i> , by Friend Ned, 4 yrs, 8st. (H. Arthur) ...	1	Sir J. G. Egerton's b. g. Malgwyn, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	3
Mr. Yates's b. c. Adventurer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2	Sir T. Mostyn's b. h. Quicksilver, 6 yrs old, 8st. ....	4

No race for the MAIDEN PURSE.

**WEDNESDAY, August 6.**—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50gs. for three and four-year-olds.—Twice round, and a distance.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Hymettus</i> , by Thunderbolt, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (J. Spring) .....	1	8st. 7lb. ....	2
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Lytham, 4 yrs old, .....		Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Cognovit, by Ambo, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	3

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5gs. each, with 30gs. added, for three-year-olds.—Twice round, and a distance.—Nine subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. <i>Colchicum</i> , by Champion, 8st. 3lb. (W. Scott) .....	1	Thunderbolt, 8st. 6lb. ....	2
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Hymettus</i> , by .....		Sir J. G. Egerton's ch. c. Mendax, by Soothsayer, 8st. 3lb. ....	3

**THE POTTERY PURSE of 80gs. for all ages.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.**

Sir W. W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Belmont</i> , by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs (H. Arthur) 1 1	Mr. Massey's ch. f. <i>Ynysmaengwyn</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... 4 3
Sir T. Mostyn's b. g. <i>Malgwyn</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... 3 2	Lord Grosvenor's br. g. <i>Broxton</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... 3 4

### HUNTINGDON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 5.—The GOLD CUP**, by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—About four miles.

Major Wilson's ro. c. by Haphazard, out of Rivulet, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Ed- ward Wright) ..... 1 1	Mr. R. Pettitt's ch. c. <i>Benevento</i> , by Stamford, dam by Logic O'Buchan, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 3
Lord Verulam's b. c. <i>Vaurien</i> , 3 yrs 7st. 2	Three to 1 agst Major Wilson's colt.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds. Heats, once round.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 8st. 5lb. (Robinson) ..... 1 1	Mr. Gould's br. g. by Selim, dam by Stamford, 8st. 5lb. .... 3 3
Lord Grosvenor's bl. c. <i>Bryn-y-orkin</i> , 8st. 5lb. .... 2 2	Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Governess</i> , by Pioneer, 8st. 2lb. .... 4 4
Five to 4 agst Mr. Rush's filly; after the first heat, 4 to 1 on her.. Won by half a length.	

**WEDNESDAY, August 6.—SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. R. Pettitt's ch. c. <i>Benevento</i> , by Stamford, 3 yrs old, 7st. (E. Wright) 2 0 1 1	
Mr. Neal's b. f. <i>Venom</i> , by Rubens, out of Spitfire, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ... 1 0 2 2	
Mr. Fellows's b. f. <i>Sphinx</i> , by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. .... 3 3 dr.	
Won by half a length.	

**SIXTY POUNDS**, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Major Wilson's ro. c. by Haphazard, out of Rivulet, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. (E. Wright) ..... 1 1	Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 2 dr.
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**THURSDAY, August 7.—SIXTY POUNDS**, for all ages.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (Boggis) 1 1	cher, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. .... 3 2
Mr. Lumm's b. f. <i>Sphinx</i> , by Blu-	Major Wilson's b. h. by Juniper, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 2 3
Six to 4 on the winner, 4 to 1 agst <i>Sphinx</i> , and 2 to 1 agst Major Wilson's horse. Won easy.	

### ABINGDON MEETING, BERKS.

**TUESDAY, August 5.—The ABINGDON STAKES** of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft. for three and four-year-olds.—Abingdon Course.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's b. c. <i>Triumph</i> , Brother to Pastorella, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (Day) . 1 1	Mr. Fielde's b. c. <i>Netherfield</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2
Six to 4 on <i>Triumph</i> .	

**The GOLD CUP**, by 14 subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Sadler's b. h. <i>Atlas</i> , by Hedley, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (T. Howard) ..... 1	Mr. Fielde's b. c. <i>Netherfield</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. .... 3
Mr. Molony's b. m. <i>Luss</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 2	Mr. Pryse's b. h. <i>Doctor Eady</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb. .... 4

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 3gs. each, with 50l. added, for all ages.—Heats, the Abingdon Course.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. m. <i>Scarpa</i> , by Crispin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (T. Howard) 4 1 1	
Mr. Dundas's ch. h. <i>Chef d'Œuvre</i> , aged, 9st. 5lb. .... 1 2 3	
Mr. Day's b. m. <i>Victorine</i> , aged, 8st. 13lb. .... 5 3 2	
Mr. Pryse's gr. m. <i>Undine</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 2 dr.	
Mr. Stevens's ch. m. <i>Leal</i> , aged, 8st. 13lb. .... 4 3 dr.	

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 2gs. each, with 50l. added, by the Officers of the 1st Regiment of Berkshire Cavalry, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Heats, the Abingdon Course.

Mr. Griffin's b. h. <i>Balloon</i> , 6 yrs old	1	1	Mr. W. Pinnell's b. m. by Mountaineer, aged	2	0
Mr. Collingwood's b. h. <i>Careless</i> , 6 yrs old	0	2			

*Balloon's* qualification is disputed, and the Stakes are at present withheld.

**WEDNESDAY, August 6.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5gs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles.—Eighteen subscribers.

Mr. C. Day's b. g. <i>Swindon</i> , by Lewes, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (J. Chappel)	1	1	8st. 10lb.	2	
Mr. Thornhill's ch. m. <i>Scarpa</i> , 5 yrs old,			Mr. Sadler's b. h. <i>Atlas</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.	3	
Even betting on <i>Atlas</i> .					

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 15gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb. Last half mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. C. Day's ch. c. <i>Helenus</i> , Brother to Melampus (J. Day)	1	1	Mr. Haine's ch. c. by Sascagh	3	
Mr. Sadler's b. c. by Blucher, out of Lit-					

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft. for three-year-olds.—Last mile. Six subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's b. g. <i>Triumph</i> , Brother to Pastorella, 8st. 7lb. (T. Howard)	1	1	Soothsayer, 8st. 7lb.	2	
Mr. C. Day's ches. c. <i>Melampus</i> , by			Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. <i>Cephalus</i> , 8st. 7lb.	3	
Even betting on <i>Triumph</i> .					

**THE MAIDEN STAKES** of 5gs. each, with 50l. added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. C. Day's br. f. <i>Plover</i> , by Bustard, out of Matilda, by Camerton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	1	1	3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	3
Mr. Steven's br. g. by Poulton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	2	Mr. Falkner's b. f. by Doubtful, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	5	4
Mr. Hallatt's b. f. <i>Miss Plateon</i> , 4			Mr. H. Jones's br. f. by Waterloo, 3 yrs old	4	dr.

### BROMYARD MEETING, HEREFORDSHIRE.

**WEDNESDAY, August 6.**—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for maiden horses, of all ages.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

Mr. Devereux's b. f. by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	1	1	old, 8st. 11lb.	2	3
Mr. Painter's ch. c. by Selim, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	2	Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. <i>Gallivanter</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	4	4
Mr. Patrick's b. f. by Blucher, 3 yrs			Mr. A. Jones's br. c. by <i>Lismahago</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	5	5

**THURSDAY, August 7.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, for hunters not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Thomas named b. m. *Mary*, by Weaver, 6 yrs old .....walked over.

**A HANDICAP STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all denominations.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

Mr. Ousland's b. c. <i>Transillence</i> , by Aladdin, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	1	1	3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	2
Mr. Standford's gr. h. by Walton, 5			Mr. Devereux's b. f. by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2	dr.

### ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 6.**—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses, &c. of all ages. Heats, one mile, and a distance.

Mr. Farrall's br. c. <i>Rinaldo</i> , by Blucher or Waterloo, dam by Election, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.				0	1	1
Mr. A. Braithwaite's b. f. <i>Miss Julia</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.				0	2	2
Mr. Snood's b. c. by Selim, 4 yrs old, 8st.				0	3	3
Mr. Brown's b. f. by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.				4	4	5

Mr. Glew's br. c. by Scud, out of Historia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.....	5	5	4
Mr. Lomax's ch. m. Blue Bell, 5 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.....	5	6	4
Mr. Bowles's ches. f. Malmsey, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.....	7		dr.

SWEESTAKES of 10l. each, with 30l. added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.  
Four subscribers.

Mr. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don Cossack, 5 yrs old, 9st. 8lb.....	1	1		Mr. A. Braithwaite's b. h. Vanloo, 5 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. (went on the wrong side of a post) .....	dis.
Mr. Bowles's ch. c. Vapour, 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (withdrew his stake) ..	2		dr.		

SWEESTAKES of 5l. each, with 30l. added, for hunters, not thorough bred.  
Heats, two miles, and a distance.

Mr. Braithwaite's br. g. <i>Pat</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st .....	1	1	Mr. Reygate's b. g. Shamrock, aged, 12st.....	2	dr.
Mr. Ashenden's bl. g. Stafford, 6 yrs old, 11st .....	3	2	Mr. Howard's br. f. East Kent Lass, 4 yrs old, 9st .....	4	dr.

THURSDAY, August 7.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l.: three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes to carry 7lb.; of two, a stone extra.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. D. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don Cossack, 5 yrs old.....	1	1	Mr. Farral's bl. m. Chatham Lass, 5 yrs old .....	2	3
Mr. Howard's ch. c. <i>Regulus</i> , 4 yrs old .....	3	2	Mr. Woollett's b. h. Minister, 5 yrs old (fell) .....		dis.

The CITY PLATE of 50l.: all conditions the same as for the preceding Plate.

Mr. D. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , 5 yrs	1	1	Mr. Howard's br. c. Worthy, 3 yrs...	3	3
Mr. A. Braithwaite's b. h. Vanloo, 5 yrs old .....	4	2	Mr. Woollett's b. h. Minister, 5 yrs old .....	2	4

FRIDAY, August 8.—The TOWN PLATE of 50l.: all conditions the same as for the Members' Plate.

Mr. Brown's gr. m. <i>Gift</i> , by Young Gohanna, 5 yrs old.....	1	1	old .....	4	3
Mr. T. Colman's ches. f. Fortane- teller, 3 yrs old .....	2	2	Mr. A. Braithwaite's b. h. Vanloo, 6 yrs old .....	3	dr.
Mr. Bowles's ch. c. Vapour, 4 yrs			Mr. Snood's b. c. by Selim, 4 yrs old .....	5	dr.

SWEESTAKES of 5l. each, with 30l. added, for horses not thorough bred: three-year-olds, 8st.; four, 9st.; five, 10st. 6lb.; six, 11st.; and aged, 12st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes to carry 7lb.; of two, a stone extra.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Howard's br. g. <i>Playful</i> , aged .....	2	1	1
Mr. Friend's ch. h. Grasshopper, 6 yrs old .....	1	2	3
Mr. Queden's b. g. Jerry Hawthorn, 6 yrs old .....	3	3	2
Mr. Ashenden's bl. g. Stafford, 6 yrs old .....	4		dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of 5l. each, with 30l. added: 11st.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes to carry a stone extra.—Heats, two miles.—Four leaps to be taken in each heat.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Ryegate's b. g. <i>Shamrock</i> , aged	1	1	Mr. Hickman's br. h. George, 6 yrs old (bolted).....	dis.
Mr. Woollett's b. h. Fencer, aged ...	2	2		

### SALISBURY MEETING, WILTS.

WEDNESDAY, August 6.—The KING'S PURSE, value 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, four miles.

Lord Palmerston's ch. f. <i>Blondette</i> , by Rainbow, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. (W. Day)	4	1	1
Mr. Dilly's b. c. <i>Momentous</i> , by Woful, out of Masquerade, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Mills's b. c. <i>Vertigo</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	2		dr.
Mr. W. Hawkins's ch. c. by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	3		dr.

**The GOLD CUP**, by subscribers of 10 sovs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 8lb.—Two miles and a half.

Mr. Goddard's ch. c. <i>Wiseacre</i> , Brother to Moonraker, 5 yrs old (C. Day) .....	1	1	Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Swivel, 4 yrs old... 3
Mr. Percy's br. Sir Huldibrand, 6 yrs ... 2	2	2	Mr. Mills's bay c. Vertigo, 4 yrs old, (bolted) .....
			0

**TUESDAY, August 5.**—The CITY BOWL, with 30gs. in it, for four-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, Cup Course.

Mr. Iveson's b. h. <i>Sir William</i> , by W.'s Ditto, aged, 9st. 4lb. (J. Lees) 1	1	1	old, 8st. ....	4	3
Mr. Percy's br. h. Sir Huldibrand, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Farquharson's b. m. Spinette, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	5	4
Mr. Friend's ch. f. Delusion, 4 yrs			Mr. Smith's b. g. Gossoon, by Waxy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3	5

**The CITY MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, the Cup Course.  
Mr. Farquharson's b. m. *Spinette*, by Haphazard, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... walked over.

**FRIDAY, August 8.**—FIFTY GUINEAS, for all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a half.

Mr. Friend's <i>Evergreen</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (H. Arthur) .....	1	1	aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	3	2
Mr. W. Hawkins's b. h. <i>Sir William</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....			Mr. Farquharson's br. h. Surprise, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2	3

**The WILTSHIRE STAKES** of 75 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Cup Course.—Four subscribers.

Mr. N. Fellowes's b. m. <i>Escape</i> , by Colossus, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (J. Day) ...	1	1	8st. 6lb. ....	2
Mr. Mills's b. c. Vertigo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....			Mr. Farquharson's br. h. Surprise, 5 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3

# CHESTERFIELD MEETING, DERBYSHIRE.

**THURSDAY, August 7.**—The MAIDEN PURSE of 60gs. for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Wigfall's br. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (G. Wood) .....	1	1	Mr. Snibson's b. g. Slitas, by Black Sir Charles, aged, 9st. 11lb. ....	3	3
Sir G. Sitwell's ch. g. Portmoak, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	4	2	Mr. Smith's b. f. Pandora, by Wouldsmari, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. ....	2	4

**SWEETSTAKES** of 5gs. each, for all ages.—Once round the course.—Ten subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. <i>Leonella</i> , by Cervantes, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (J. Taylor) .....	1	1	Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Alectia, by Filho da Puta or Hetman, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2
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**FRIDAY, August 8.**—SIXTY SOVEREIGNS, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, about two miles and three quarters.

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. <i>Leonella</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	1	1	Marmion, 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Wood's b. m. Mrs. Clarke, by Marmion, 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....			Mr. Alderson's br. c. The Tartar, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. ....	3	2

**SWEETSTAKES** of three sovs. each, with 3s. added, for horses not thorough bred, that have hunted the last season with the Reinshaw hounds.—Heats, two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Sybray's b. c. <i>Haddon Lad</i> , by Arun, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. ....	1	1	Mr. White's b. h. John Bull, by John of Gaunt, aged, 12st. ....	2	3
Mr. Butler's b. m. Jessy, dam by North Star, aged, 12st. ....	3	2	Mr. Smith's br. m. Fair Phillis, by Jock, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. ....	4	dr.

# WORCESTER MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 12.**—SWEETSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, with five added, for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.

Major O. Gore's b. f. *Phedant*, by Bustard ..... walked over.

**THE CITY MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each: three-year-olds, 8st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 13lb.; and aged, 9st. 11lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles.  
 Mr. West's br. c. *Sharper*, by Octavius, 4 yrs old (Barnard) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Painter's br. h. *The Main*, 6 yrs 4 2 | Mr. Mytton's b. g. *Anti-Radical*, aged ..... 2 3  
 Mr. Patrick's b. f. by Blucher ..... 3 dr.  
 After the first heat, 6 to 4 on *Sharper*.

**THE WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES** of 10 sovs. each: for three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 13lb.; and aged, 9st. 11lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Ten subscribers.  
 Mr. West's ch. f. *Angelica*, by Fyde-ner, 4 yrs old (Barnard) ..... 1 | Ld. Warwick's b. c. *Cardinal Puff*, 3 yrs 2  
 Mr. Griffith's b. h. *Broxash*, 3 yrs ..... 3  
 Four to 1 on *Angelica*. A good race.

**WEDNESDAY, August 13.**—The PRODUCE STAKES of 25gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A mile and a quarter.—Five subscribers.

Mr. T. Sadler's br. c. *Triumph*, Bro-ther to *Pastorella* (Howard) ..... 1 | Lord Warwick's b. c. *Cardinal Puff*, by Phantom ..... 2  
 Two and 3 to 1 on *Triumph*. Won by a neck.

**MATCH** for 50l. h. ft.—One mile.

Mr. R. Gardiner's g. g. by Fitz-Teazle ..... .. walked over.  
**THE GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by 15 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie.—Four miles.  
 Mr. E. Foley's ch. g. *Euphrates*, by Quiz, aged, 9st. 4lb. (Whitehouse) ... 1 | Lord Deerhurst's ch. c. *Rossini*, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 3  
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. *Aimwell*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 2 | Sir E. Blount's b. h. *Broxash*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 4  
 Even betting on *Aimwell*, and 5 to 4 agst *Euphrates*. Won easy.

**THE HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 50l. added, for horses of all descriptions.—Heats, two miles.—Ten subscribers.  
 Mr. E. Foley's ch. g. *Deputy*, by President, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Barnard) ..... 1 1 | Clasher, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. .... 5 3  
 Mr. Lovesey's b. g. *Why Not*, 11st. 4lb. .... 2 2 | Mr. Trevor's b. g. *Hammer*, by Sorcerer, dam by *Revenge*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. .... 4 4  
 Mr. Turner's b. m. *Claudia*, by Deputy the favourite: after the first heat, 2 to 1 on him. Won cleverly. | Lord Deerhurst's b. m. *Mary*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. .... 3 5

**THURSDAY, August 14.**—SIXTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.  
 Mr. West's br. c. *Sharper*, by Octavius, 4 yrs old ..... 1 1 | yrs old ..... 4 3  
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. *Aimwell*, 5 yrs 2 2 | Colonel Yates's ch. m. *Pantoufle*, 5 yrs old ..... 2 4  
 Mr. Stephenson's b. f. by Poulton, 3 | Three to 1 on *Sharper*. A good race.

**FORCED HANDICAP STAKES** of five sovs. each, with the Ladies' Purse of 40l. added, for all ages.—Heats.  
 Mr. Williams's ch. m. *Leah*, by Election, aged, 9st. .... 1 1 | Mr. Morgan's ch. g. *Broomstick*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 3 dr.  
 Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. *Rossini*, 4 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. .... 2 dr. | Mr. Griffith's ch. g. *Plebeian*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 4 dr.

### GOODWOOD MEETING, SUSSEX.

**TUESDAY, August 12.**—The OLD GOODWIN CLUB STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 80 sovs. added by the Old Goodwood Club.—Two miles.  
 Lord Egremont's b. f. *Elfred*, by Wanderinger, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 1 | Lord W. Lennox's b. m. *Victorine*, aged, 8st. .... 2  
 Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and ten paid only five sovs. each.

**THE PURBROOK STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for hunters.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.  
 Mr. A. Berkeley's b. m. *Little Mab*, by Octavius, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. .... 1 | Captain Pechell's b. m. *Lady Catherine* (late *Cleophe*), aged, 11st. 11lb. .... 2



**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Four subscribers.

Lord Egremont's b. f. *Elfrid*, 8st. 7lb. 1 | D. of Richmond's gr. f. *Dandizette*, 8st. 2  
The SUSSEX SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added from the Racing Fund.—Two-mile heats.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Whitehead's b. c. *Brother to Antonio*, by Octavian, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. 1 | Duke of Richmond's gr. c. *Swap*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 2 dr.

The First Year of the GOODWOOD STAKES of 20 sovs. each, for all ages.—The winner to be sold for 250gs. if demanded, &c.—Two miles.—Three subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's gr. f. *Dandizette*, by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. ... 1 | Lord Egremont's gr. c. by Y. Gohanna, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. .... 2

**WEDNESDAY, August 13.**—The WATERLOO STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added: three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 8lb.—A winner in 1823, to carry 8lb. extra; twice, 5lb.; thrice, 7lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Scott's *Brother to Antonio*, by Octavian, 4 yrs old ..... 1 | Mr. T. Jones's ch. m. *Prosoody*, 5 yrs 2 3  
Mr. Day's b. m. *Victorine*, aged ... 4 2 | Colonel Wyndham's b. f. *Otis*, 3 yrs old ..... 3 dr.

The COCKED HAT STAKES of six sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages, 11st. 7lb. each.—Gentlemen riding in Cocked Hats allowed 5lb.—Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Day's b. g. *Swindon*, by Lewes, aged ..... 1 | Captain A. Berkeley's Little Mab, 5 yrs old ..... 2

**LADIES' PLATE** of 50l. for all ages: three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 9st.; six, and aged, 9st. 5lb.—The winner of a plate or sweepstakes, in 1823, to carry 3lb.; twice, 4lb.; thrice, 8lb. extra.—Maiden horses at the time of starting allowed 4lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—One-mile heats.

Duke of Richmond's gr. f. *Dandizette*, by Whalebone 3 yrs old ..... 1 | Captain Shirley's St. Lawrence, 6 yrs old ..... 3 dr.  
Mr. Scott's *Brother to Antonio*, 4 yrs 2 2 | Mr. Day's *Victorine*, aged ..... 4 dr.

**HANDICAP STAKES** of six sovs. each, with 20 added.—One mile.

Mr. T. Jones's ch. m. *Prosoody*, by Don Cossack, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 1 | Mr. Berkeley's Little Mab, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 3  
Mr. Day's *Swindon*, aged, 8st. 10lb. ... 2

## OXFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 12.**—The GOLD CUP, value 150gs. and 60gs. in specie: four-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Four miles.

Mr. C. Trevor's b. c. *Netherfield*, by Crispin, 4 yrs old (C. Day) ..... 1 | 6 yrs old ..... 2  
Mr. Molony's b. m. *Luss*, by Hedley, quebaugh, 4 yrs old ..... 3  
Five to 4 on *Netherfield*.

**FIFTY POUNDS:** for three-year-olds, 7st.; four 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Winner of one plate this year carrying 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; of three, 7lb. extra.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. m. *Scarpa*, by Crispin, 5 yrs old (C. Day) ..... 3 1 1  
Mr. Weatherill's Philip, aged ..... 1 3 2  
Mr. Fryse's Dr. Eady, aged ..... 2 2 dr.  
*Scarpa* the favourite.

**WEDNESDAY, August 13.**—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses not thorough bred; four-year-olds, 10st.; five, 11st.; six, 11st. 7lb.; and aged, 11st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 4lb.; and horses bred within the county, 5lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. D. Faulkner's *Unfortunate* ... 1 1 | Mr. Beech's Man-Friday ..... 3 3  
Mr. Weller's *Waverley* ..... 2 2 | Mr. Sheard's Emily ..... 4 4

## YORK AUGUST MEETING.

**MONDAY, August 18.**—The **KNAVESMIRE HANDICAP STAKES** of 30gs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds.—The last mile and a half.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by Leopold, 7st. 10lb. (M. Noble).....	1	ton, 7st. 10lb.....	2
Mr. Claridge's ch. c. <i>Akarius</i> , by Cat-Even betting on <i>Akarius</i> , 6 to 4 agst <i>Lorenzo</i> . Easy.		Lord Scarbrough's bl. f. <i>Ebony</i> , 7st. 9lb. 3	
		Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. <i>Rinaldo</i> , 7st. 7lb. 4	

The **STAPLETON STAKES** of 100gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Four subscribers.

Lord Milton's b. c. <i>Confederate</i> , by Comus, out of <i>Maritornes</i> (W. Clift) ...	1	Simolensko .....	2
Mr. Lambton's br. f. <i>Margravine</i> , by Six and 7 to 4 on the winner. Easy.		Mr. Petre's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Agatha .....	3

The **FITZWILLIAM HANDICAP STAKES** of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft.—Last mile and three quarters.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's ch. m. <i>Fortuna</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (M. Noble)...	1	Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. h. <i>Gambler</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. ....	4
Lord Scarbrough's b. h. <i>Coronation</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....	2	Mr. Gascoigne's b. m. <i>Cora</i> , by Waxy, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....	5
Mr. Armstrong's b. h. <i>Alexander</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....	3	Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. <i>Sandbeck</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. ....	6

Two to 1 agst *Fortuna*, 2 to 1 agst *Cora*, and 4 to 1 agst *Sandbeck*. Easy.

**PRODUCE STAKES** of 100gs. each, h. ft. for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—Four miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Watt's b. f. *Muta*, by Tramp, out of *Mandane* .....walked over.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last mile and half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Watt's b. c. <i>Abron</i> , by Whisker, out of <i>Altisidora</i> (J. Garbutt) .....	1	Sir E. Dodsworth's br. c. <i>Honest John</i> , by Comus .....	2
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Six to 5 on *Abron*.—Easy.

**HIS MAJESTY'S ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS:** four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Four miles.

Mr. Riddell's ch. c. <i>Pity Me</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs old (R. Johnson).....	1	Lord Scarbrough's bl. f. <i>Ebony</i> , 4 yrs 2	
		Mr. Ferguson's b. c. <i>Wanton</i> , 4 yrs old...	3

Two to 1 on *Wanton*. A fine race.

**MATCH** for 100gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 2lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Petre's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Benningbrough .....	walked over.
Mr. Fox's br. c. <i>Cadeau</i> , by Prime Minister .....	paid.

**TUESDAY, August 19.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20gs. each, two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>The Miller of Mansfield</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Selim or Soothsayer (W. Clift).....	1	Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Leopold, out of Rosalind .....	4
Mr. Wheatley's bl. c. <i>Streatham</i> , by Blacklock .....	2	Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. <i>Sister to Miss Fanny</i> .....	5
Mr. Jackson's b. c. by Welbeck, dam by Cerberus .....	3	Mr. Scarisbrick's b. c. <i>The Mate</i> , by Filho da Puta.....	6

Five to 4 agst *The Miller of Mansfield*, and 6 to 4 agst *Streatham*. A fine race, and won by half a neck.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, added to a Subscription Purse: five-year olds, 8st. 7lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's ch. m. <i>Fortuna</i> , by Comus, 5 yrs old (M. Noble).....	1	old .....	2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. m. <i>Amiable</i> , 5 yrs		Mr. Gascoigne's b. m. <i>Cora</i> , 5 yrs old...	3
		Lord Milton's ch. m. <i>Ursula</i> , 5 yrs old...	4

Five to 4 agst *Fortuna*, 6 to 4 agst *Amiable*, and 4 to 1 agst *Cora*. Very easy.

**FIFTY POUNDS:** three-year olds, 7st. 7lb. four, 8st. 8lb.—Maiden colts allowed 2lb. and fillies, 3lb.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters each.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Mowbray, 4 yrs old (J. Jackson) ..... 5 1 1.  
 Lord Milton's ch. f. Leonella, 4 yrs old ..... 2 3 2.  
 Mr. Atkinson's b. f. Vesta, by Raphael, 3 yrs old ..... 3 4 8.  
 Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Walton, 4 yrs old ..... 1 2 dr.  
 Mr. Gibbeson's ch. f. Miss Wentworth, 4 yrs old ..... 5 dr.  
 Even on Leonella; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on the Walton filly; after the second heat, 4 to 1 on the winner.

**WEDNESDAY, August 20.**—**PRODUCER STAKES** of 100gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—3lb. allowed to those got by untried stallions, &c.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Peirse's b. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne (B. Smith) ..... 1 | Bourbon (3lb.) ..... 2  
 Lord Milton's br. c. Bourdeaux, by (3lb.) ..... 3  
 Even betting on Bourdeaux, 7 to 4 agst Abron, and 7 to 2 agst the winner. Won easy.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, added to a Subscription Purse, for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Four miles.

Mr. Watt's b. c. Dupore, by Cerberus ..... walked over.

**THURSDAY, August 21.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a quarter.—Seventeen subscribers.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, Brother to Marion, by Tramp (J. Garbutt) ..... 1 | Nitre ..... 3  
 Mr. Richardson's br. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Whiskey ..... 2 | Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Isabella, by Comus, out of Shepherdess ..... 4  
 Lord Milton's ch. f. Nitrogen, by Comus ..... 5 | Mr. Peirse's ch. c. by Raphael—Sister to Rosette ..... 5  
 Even betting on Barefoot, and 7 to 4 agst Isabella. Very easy.

**First Year of a Subscription of 25gs. each:** three-year-old colts, 7st. 2lb.; fillies, 6st. 11lb.: four-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.: five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Figaro, by Haphazard, 4 yrs old (W. Scott) ..... 1 | 4 yrs old ..... 2  
 Lord Scarbrough's b. f. Fair Charlotte, Sir W. M. Milner's bl. c. Angler, 4 yrs ..... 3  
 Six to 4 on Figaro, 7 to 4 agst Angler, and 4 to 1 agst Fair Charlotte. Easy. | Mr. Lambton's ch. f. Verona, 4 yrs old ..... 4

**FIFTY POUNDS**, added to a Subscription Purse, for four-year-olds, 8st. five-year-olds, 8st. 11lb.—Four miles.

Mr. Watt's b. c. Dupore, by Cerberus, Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Regalia, 4 yrs 2  
 4 yrs old (J. Garbutt) ..... 1 | Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Lorenzo, 4 yrs old 3  
 Five to 4 on Dupore. Won in a canter.

**FRIDAY, August 22.**—**A GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. given by the innkeepers and their friends, free for any horse, &c.: three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 1lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—A winner once of Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, at any time, to carry 3lb. twice 5lb. thrice, 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Corinthian, by Comus, out of Louisa, 4 yrs (M. Noble) 4 2 1 1.  
 Mr. Claridge's ch. c. Akarius, 4 yrs old ..... 1 3 3 2  
 Mr. Richardson's br. c. by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old ..... 5 1 8 dr.  
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Mowbray, 4 yrs old ..... 3 5 2  
 Lord Scarbrough's b. h. Coronation, 5 yrs old ..... 6 6 4  
 Mr. Jolliff's b. c. Plumper, 3 yrs old ..... 2 4 6  
 Seven to 4 agst Coronation, 7 to 2 agst Corinthian, and 4 to 1 agst the Mowbray colt; after the first heat, the same; after the third heat, 7 to 4 on Corinthian. The first heat won easy, the second a fine race, the third cleverly, and the fourth easy.

**SATURDAY, August 23.**—**HANDICAP STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added by innkeepers and their friends.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Lorenzo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (Noble) ..... 1 1 | Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Regalia, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. .... 3 3  
 Mr. Heseltin's gr. m. by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 4 2 | Mr. Armstrong's b. g. Packman, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. .... 2 4  
 Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on Lorenzo; after the first heat, the same. Easy.

**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by Members for the City: three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of the value of 50l. 3lb. extra; if twice, 5lb.; and if thrice, 6lb. extra.—Heats, one mile and a half each.

Mr. Lambton's ch. f. *Verona*, 4 yrs old (Noble)..... 3 1 1  
 Lord Scarbrough's-b. f. Fair Charlotte, 4 yrs old ..... 1 2 2  
 Mr. Briggs's b. h. Lion or Lamb, 5 yrs old..... 2 3 dr.  
 Three to 1 on Fair Charlotte; after the first heat, even on Verona; after the second heat, high odds on Verona.—Won easy.

### BLANDFORD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 13.**—The SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, two miles and a distance, was won by Mr. Day's *Codicil*, beating two others.

A PLATE of 50l. was won by Mr. Day's *Wiseacre*, and the other 50l. Plate by Mr. Day's *Codicil*.

**THURSDAY, August 14.**—FIFTY POUNDS, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Colonel Lautour's b. h. <i>Langtonian</i> , by Langton, 6 yrs, 9st. 6lb. (J. Day) 1 1	Mr. Farquharson's b. m. <i>Spinette</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb..... 3 dr.
Mr. Friend's Evergreen ..... 2 2	

The LANGTON STAKES of 5gs. each, for horses that never won.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, the New Course.—The winner to be sold for 100gs. if demanded, &c.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Biggs's gr. g. by Swindy ..... 1 1	Mr. Peach's Miss Plateon..... 3 3
Mr. Grove named ch. by Haphazard 2 2	

A FREE HANDICAP of 5gs. each.—One-mile heats.

Col. Lautour's b. h. <i>Langtonian</i> , by Langton, 5 yrs old (J. Day) ..... 1 1	Mr. ———'s Champion..... 2 2 Mr. Farquharson's b.m. <i>Spinette</i> , 5 yrs 3 3
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### INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

#### NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1825.

**TUESDAY.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 90ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb. then rising three years old, out of mares which never produced a winner before the day of naming.—Receiving forfeit not deemed winning.—Ab. M.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Comus, dam by Sancho.—Vesta.  
 Mr. Batson's ch. c. Hogarth, by Rubens, out of Franks.  
 Mr. Williamson names c. by Pioneer, out of Discord.  
 General Grosvenor's ch. f. by The Flyer, out of Oleander.  
 Mr. W. Powlett's b. c. by Muley, out of Delenda.  
 Lord Exeter's f. by Ardrossan, out of Omphale.  
 Mr. Wortley's ch. f. by Comus, out of Octavian.  
 Mr. Villiers's c. by Comus, out of Lady Ern.

#### NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1825.

**WEDNESDAY.**—The BILDESTON STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st. purchased at Bildeston in July, 1823.—

T. Y. C.

General Grosvenor's by Smolensko—Skipjack's dam.

Mr. R. Wilson's ch. f. by Smolensko or Young Chilton, out of his Shuttle mare, her dam by Hambletonian.

Mr. H. Smith's br. f. by Smolensko, dam by Sir Peter, out of a Sister to Tickle Toby.

Mr. Williamson's b. c. by Smolensko, dam by Whiskey, out of Hoity Toity.

#### NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1827.

**THURSDAY.**—RENEWAL of the DINNER STAKES of 300 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1823: colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—

R. M.

Duke of York's dam of Moses, covered by Whalebone.

Duke of Grafton's Minuet ..... Partisan.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's Ridicule..... Partisan.

Mr. Thornhill's Shoveler ..... Merlin.

## CANTERBURY MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 19.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for all ages. Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. G. J. Milles's ch. f. <i>Pincushion</i> , by Sorcerer, or Williamson's Ditto, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. .... 1	Mr. Lushington's ch. c. <i>The Smoker</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 2
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The Second and Last Year of a SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for all ages. Four miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Lushington's ch. c. *The Smoker*, by Blucher, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... walked over.

The Second and Last Year of a SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for all ages. Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Lushington's b. c. <i>Repeater</i> , by W.'s Ditto, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 1	Mr. Howard's br. c. <i>Worthy</i> , by Whalebone, out of Catherine, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 2
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**WEDNESDAY, August 20.**—The KING'S PURSE of 100gs. for all ages. Four-mile heats.

Lord Egremont's b. h. <i>Centaur</i> , by Canopus, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. .... 1	Mr. Wollett's b. h. <i>Minister</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. .... 2 dr.
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FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Watson's ch. f. <i>Princess</i> , by Bourbon, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... 1	Mr. Howard's br. c. <i>Worthy</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. .... 2 dis.
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**THURSDAY, August 21.**—The CITY PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Milles's ch. f. <i>Pincushion</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 1	8st. 5lb. .... 2
Mr. Farrall's b. f. <i>Sprite</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. .... 1	Mr. Howard's ch. c. <i>Regulus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... dia.

HANDICAP PURSE of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Northey's b. c. <i>Ascot</i> , by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. .... 1	4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 2
Mr. Lushington's ch. c. <i>The Smoker</i> , 7st. 8lb. .... 3	Mr. Farrall's b. f. <i>Irene</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. .... 3

**FRIDAY, August 22.**—The COUNTY PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Watson's ch. f. *Princess*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... walked over.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for the beaten horses.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wollett's b. h. <i>Minister</i> , by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 1	Mr. Howard's ch. c. <i>Regulus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. .... 2
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## SOUTHAMPTON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 19.**—The TOWN PLATE of 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each.—Three-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's gr. c. <i>Swap</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (F. Boyce). 1	8st. 7lb. .... 2 dr.
Mr. Dilly's Momentous, 4 yrs old, 7st. .... 1	Mr. J. Mill's <i>Vertigo</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 3 dr.

The SOUTHAMPTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—Two miles.

Duke of Richmond's gr. f. <i>Dandatic</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (F. Boyce) .... 1	9st. 4lb. .... 2
Lord Ailesbury's Savernake, 6 yrs old, 7st. .... 1	Mr. Dundas's gr. c. <i>Grey Robin</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with thirty added, for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's gr. c. <i>Swap</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (F. Boyce) 1	2	1
Mr. Fleming's bl. c. <i>Augusta</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. .... 3	1	dr.
Lord Palmerston's <i>Biondetta</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. .... 2	dr.	

**WEDNESDAY, August 20.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Five subscribers.

Duke of Richmond's gr. f. <i>Dandizette</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (F. Boyce) .....	1	Mr. Walker's gr. f. by Partisan, out of Just, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
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SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50l. added, for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Duke of Richmond's gr. f. <i>Dandizette</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Fleming's bl. c. Augustin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	2	dr.
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The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dundas's gr. c. <i>Grey Robin</i> , by Robin Adair, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. ....	4	1	1
Lord G. Lennox's b. g. Swindon, aged, 9st. 11lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Bisbopp's b. f. Margaret Bruce, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Jones's br. g. Lancer, aged. ....	3	dis.	

**THURSDAY, August 21.**—A SILVER CUP, given by J. Fleming, Esq. M.P. for horses, &c. the property of Farmers and Tradesmen in the county of Hants, catch weights, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Hooper's br. g. beating three others.

The YEOMANRY CUP, given also by J. Fleming, Esq. M.P. for horses belonging to the South Hants Yeomanry Cavalry, catch weights, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Priddle's bl. m. beating three others.

### YARMOUTH MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 19.**—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. the surplus in specie, by nine subscribers of 10gs. each, with 30gs. added, for all ages. Heats, two miles and a distance.—The second horse saved his stake.

Lord Verulam's b. c. <i>Vaurien</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	1	Mr. Jay's ch. h. Counsellor, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	3	3
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	2	2	Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Helena, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	4	dr.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, two miles, and a distance.

Major Wilson's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Jay's ch. h. Lounger, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	3	3
Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Helena, 3 yrs					

**WEDNESDAY, August 20.**—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for all ages. Heats, two miles, and a distance.

Major Wilson's bl. f. <i>Sister to Sche- dam</i> , by Juniper, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 1	1	1	Mr. Rush's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	2	2
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HUNTERS' SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, for horses, 11st. each, and to leap over three rows of hurdles, 4ft. 6in. in height. Any horse displacing a hurdle to be considered distanced.—Heats, one mile, and a distance.

Mr. Warne's ch. m. <i>Huntress</i> , by Muley, 5 yrs old .....	1	1	Mr. Davy's gr. h. Hue and Cry ...	2	dis.
			Mr. Jay's ch. h. Lounger, 5 yrs ...	3	dis.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10gs. each, with 25gs. added.—Heats, one mile, and a distance.

Mr. Cay's ch. gelding, <i>Woodman</i> , 10st. 13lb. ....	1	1	11st. 13lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Jay's ch. h. Lounger, 5 yrs old,			Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Helena, 3 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. ....	3	dr.

### BURTON-UPON-TRENT MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 19.**—The BURTON GOLD CUP, of 100gs. in specie, by subscribers of 10gs. each.—Twice round, and a distance.—Fourteen subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's br. c. <i>Belmont</i> , by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs, 8st. (H. Arthur) 1	1	Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. Doge of Venice, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. ....	3
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Birmingham, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. ....	2	Mr. Mytton's Euphrates, aged, 9st. 1lb.-4	

Two to 1 on the Doge, and high odds agst the winner. Easy.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-olds.—About one mile, and a distance.—Nine subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. *General Mina*, by Camillus, 8st. 2lb. (Nicholson)...walked over.

The **ANGLESEY PLATE** of 50l. for maiden horses, &c.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. <i>Hero</i> , by W.'s Ditto, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (J. Chetsworth) .....	1	1	Mr. Tomes's b.f. Fair Phillis, 4 yrs, 8st. 4	3
Mr. Platel's b. g. Thirby, aged, 8st. 11lb. ....	2	2	Mr. Mytton's b. c. Clansman, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (came in second the first heat, but ran on the wrong side of a post) .....	dia.

The winner the favourite. A good race.

**WEDNESDAY, August 20.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25gs. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C. about half a mile.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>Sir Grey</i> , by Rubens, out of Duplicate's dam (T. Nicholson) .....	0	1	Lord Anson's br. f. Cheshire Lass, by Sir Oliver, dam by Waxy .....	0	2
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Mytton's br. c. by Bustard—Petrionilla .....	0	by Walton, Aglia .....	0
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. by a Son of Young Sorcerer .....	0	Colonel Yates's gr. f. Fille de Joie, by Filho da Puta, dam by Paynator .....	0
Mr. Platel's ch. c. Gap, by Seagrave ...	0	Mr. R. Benson's b. f. Ittypet, by Blucher, dam by Rubens .....	0

Mr. Wightwick's b.f. by Fyldener, dam. Two to 1 agst Cheshire Lass, and 5 to 1 agst the winner: after the dead heat, the filly the favourite. Easy.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5gs. each, with 40gs. added, for horses, &c. of all ages.

Two-mile heats.—Eleven subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's br. c. <i>Balmont</i> , by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (H. Arthur) .....	1	1	old, 9st. 5lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Painter's b. h. The Main, 6 yrs			Mr. E. Yates's br. c. Adventurer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2	3

Two to 1 on Belmont. Easy.

**LADIES' PLATE** of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Birmingham</i> , by Haphazard, 3 yrs, 7st. (Farlow) .....	4	3	1	1
Mr. R. Benson's br. c. Picton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	0	1	2	4
Mr. Mytton's b. c. Whittington, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	2	3	3
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Cognovit, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	4	4	2

After the dead heat, Birmingham the favourite. Four fine heats.

## BRIDGEWATER MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 19.**—A **SWEEPSTAKES** of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added.

Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Fellowes's b. m. <i>Escape</i> , by Colossus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (C. Day) ...	1	1	old, 7st. ....	2
Mr. C. Tynte's br. g. by Colossus, 3 yrs			Mr. West's br. f. by Pioneer, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3

The **COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. West's br. f. by Pioneer, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	1	3lb. (bolted) .....	dia.
Mr. Shard's b. f. Codicil, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....			Mr. C. I. K. Tynte's ch. c. 3 yrs old, 7st. (bolted) .....	dia.

**WEDNESDAY, August 20.**—The **BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. Fellowes's b. m. <i>Escape</i> , by Colossus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (C. Day) ..	1	1	Mr. C. I. K. Tynte's ch. c. 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2	2
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**HANDICAP PLATE** of 50l.—Heats.

Col. Tynte's gr. g. <i>Grinace</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	1	1	Mr. Melon's ch. h. Cottager, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	2	3
Mr. Fellowes's br. c. by Colossus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	3	2	Mr. West's br. f. by Pioneer, 3 yrs old, 6st. (bolted) .....	dia.	

## MONTROSE MEETING, SCOTLAND.

**WEDNESDAY, August 20.**—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Twice round the Course.

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. <i>Negotiator</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs, 8st. (T. Shepherd) 1	Sir A. Ramsay's br. f. <i>Eolias</i> , Sister to Evadne, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. .... 2
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The LADIES' SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. W. Maule's ch. h. <i>Ledstone</i> , by Cardinal York, or Langton, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Wakefield) ..... 1 1	Sir A. Ramsay's br. c. Baron Bowes, 4 yrs old, 6st. 1lb. .... 2 2
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Mr. Carnegie's b. g. *Uquesbaugh*, received ft. from Lord Kennedy's b. g. *Crossbow*, 12st. each, three miles, 100gs. 20gs. ft.

**THURSDAY, August 21.**—The PRODUCE STAKES of 30gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 9lb. fillies, 8st. 7lb.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. W. Maule's b. c. <i>Peasmere</i> , by Catton, out of Lady Gray (Boynnton) ..... 1	Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. Strathorne, by Whisker ..... 2
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FIFTY GUINEAS for all ages.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Marshal Blucher</i> , by Watson, 3 yrs old, 9st. (Boynnton) ..... 1 1	Sir D. Moncrieff's gr. g. Ben Nevis, 8 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. .... 2 dr.
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MATCH for 150gs. each, h. ft. 12st. 7lb. each.—Six miles.

Mr. Carnegie's b. g. <i>Opposition</i> (Boynnton) 1	Lord Kennedy's ch. g. Jeremy Diddler 2
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Sir A. Ramsay's br. f. *Eolias*, by Haphazard, out of Dodona, received ft. from Mr. Maule's br. f. *Gaylass*, by Blucher, 8st. 4lb. each, two miles, 100gs. each, h. ft.

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. *Strathorne*, by Whisker, received ft. from Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. Frank, both 8 yrs old, 8st. each, two miles, 100gs. each, h. ft.

## HEREFORD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 20.**—THE HEREFORDSHIRE STAKES of five sovs each, with 50 added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Day's b. f. <i>Plover</i> , by Bustard, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Chappel) ..... 1 1	Mr. Davies's b. h. Valentine, 5 yrs old, 9st. .... 3 3
Mr. Williams's ch. m. Leah, aged, 9st. 4lb ..... 4 2	Mr. West's ch. f. Angelica, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 2 dr.

Three to 1 on Angelica. The first heat was won by half a head, the second by half a length.

**THURSDAY, August 21.**—The CITY and COUNTY GOLD CUP, value 100gs. in addition to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Four miles.—Nine subscribers.

Lord Harley's b. g. <i>Gas</i> , by Fykenaz, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Williams) ..... 1	Mr. West's ch. f. Angelica, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. .... 2
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Three and 4 to 1 on Angelica. This was one of the severest races ever witnessed; a sheet would have covered both, the four miles. Won by half a length.

The FOLEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20gs. added.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Patrick's b. f. by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (Chappel) ..... 1 1	Mr. Humphries's ch. c. by Fouchet, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... 3 8
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Mr. Stevens's b. f. by Poniton, 3 yrs

A good race.

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Day's b. f. <i>Plover</i> , by Bustard, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (Chappel) ..... 1 1	Mr. West's ch. f. Angelica, 4 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 4 3
Mr. Davies's b. h. Valentine, 5 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 2 2	Mr. Oseland's b. c. Transilience, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. .... 6 4
Mr. Devereux's b. f. by Sir Oliver, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 3 dr.	

Six to 4 on Plover.



**FRIDAY, August 22.—FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.**

Mr. Williams's ch. m. <i>Leah</i> , by Rubens, aged, 9st. 4lb. (Cordwell) .....	1	3	3	1
Mr. C. Day's b. m. Victorine, aged, 9st. ....	3	2	1	3
Lord Harley's b. g. Gas, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	1	2	3

A better race has seldom been recorded in the history of sporting. The first was considered by many a dead heat, and it was won merely by the tip of the nose; the second heat by half a head; the third heat by only half a head; the fourth heat was a desperate one by the whole three, and only won by half a length with difficulty.

**HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Two-mile heats.**

Four subscribers.

Mr. Williams's ch. m. <i>Leah</i> , by Rubens, aged, 9st. (Cordwell) .....	1	1
Mr. Day's b. f. Plover, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	2	dr.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 3gs. each, with 25gs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, belonging to the Herefordshire Cavalry.—Two-mile heats.**

Mr. J. Walker's bl. m. <i>Tenbury Lass</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. ....	1	1
Mr. Benbow's ch. g. Trooper, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. ....	2	2
Mr. C. Walker's gr. m. Charming Molly, 5 yrs old, 12st. ....	3	3
Mr. T. Voyce's br. h. Pickpocket, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. ....	4	4

**WEYMOUTH MEETING.**

**THURSDAY, August 21.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a half.**

Col. Lantour's b. h. <i>Langtonian</i> , by Langton, 6 yrs, 9st. 7lb. (J. Day) 1 1	5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2 2
Mr. Percy's br. h. Sir Huldibrand,	Mr. Hawkins's ch. c. by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	3 3

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a half.

Mr. Friend's b. g. <i>Evergreen</i> , by Wanderer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. ....	1	1
Mr. Farquharson's b. m. Spinette, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2	2

**FRIDAY, August 22.—SIXTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a half.**

Mr. W. West's b. f. by Waterloo, out of Carthage, 3 yrs old, 7st. (C. Day) .....	1	1
Mr. Percy's br. h. Sir Huldibrand, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	4	2
Mr. Hawkins's b. g. Gossoon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	2	3
Mr. Friend's ch. f. Delusion, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	3	4

The first heat won easy; but the second well contested.

**The LADIES' PLATE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 3gs. each, being a handicap.—Heats.**

Mr. Jones's br. c. <i>Champion</i> , by Poulton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (H. Edwards) .....	1	1
Mr. W. West's b. f. by Waterloo, out of Carthage, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. ....	4	2
Mr. Friend's b. g. <i>Evergreen</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. ....	2	3
Mr. Hawkins's ch. c. by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	3	4
Mr. Groves's d. g. Pherenicus, 6st. 6lb. (fell) .....	dis.	

**WELLS MEETING, SOMERSETSHIRE.**

**TUESDAY, August 26.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 25 sovs. added. Twice round the Course.—Nine subscribers.**

Mr. Hawkins's b. h. <i>Sir William</i> , by W.'s Ditto, aged, 9st. ....	1	1
Mr. Friend's ch. f. Delusion, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2	2
Mr. Farquharson's b. m. Spinette, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	3	3
Mr. Davis's br. h. Valentine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	4	4

The WELLS CUP, added to a Sweepstakes of 2gs. each, for horses not thorough bred.—Heats, twice round.—Fifteen subscribers.

Mr. Margerum's b. g. <i>Stickler</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb. ....	1	2	1
Mr. King's b. m. Whynot, by Poulton .....	5	1	2

Mr. Jeffrey's b. g. Interloper, 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.....	3	3	3
Mr. Davis's b. g. by Camerton .....	6	4	4
Mr. Neale's b. g. Earth Stopper, by Bobtail, aged, 11st. 13lb.....	2	dr.	

Seven others also started, but were drawn after the first heat.

**WEDNESDAY, August 27.—FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, twice round.**

Mr. West's b. f. by Waterloo, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	1	1	Mr. Davis's b. h. Valentine, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.....	3	3
Mr. Friend's b. g. Evergreen, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.....	4	2	Mr. Hawkins's b. h. Sir William, aged, 9st. 7lb. ....	2	4

**HANDICAP STAKES of 5gs. each, with five sovs. added.—Heats.**

Mr. West's b. f. by Waterloo, 3 yrs old, 8st.....	1	1	Mr. Friend's b. g. Evergreen, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	2	dr.
Mr. Davis's b. h. Valentine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	4	2	Mr. Hawkins's b. h. Sir William, aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	3	dr.

### BEDFORD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 27.—The WOBURN STAKES of 10gs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.**

Mr. D. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don Cossack, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb .....	2	1	1
Mr. Heathcote's br. h. Rein Deer, 5 yrs old, 9st.....	1	2	4
Mr. Glew's ch. h. Bacchanal, 5 yrs old, 9st.....	3	5	2
Mr. Gould's br. g. by Selim, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	5	4	3
Major Wilson's b. h. by Juniper, 5 yrs old, 9st.....	4	3	dr.
Mr. Heathcote's br. h. Antelope, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. ....	6	dr.	

**FIFTY POUNDS: three-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Heats, once round.**

Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. <i>Phasis</i> , by Quiz .....	1	4	1
Mr. Doddington's b. f. by Orville, dam by Walton.....	2	0	2
Mr. Coleman's ch. f. Fortune-teller .....	3	0	4
Mr. R. Pettitt's ch. c. Benevento, by Stamford .....	4	3	3
Mr. Pitt's b. f. Brendel.....	5	dr.	

**SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, for horses not thorough bred, the property of Members of the Oakley Hunt: 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round, and a distance.—Seventeen subscribers.**

Mr. T. C. Higgins's b. h. <i>Knickerbocker</i> , by Poppinjay, 5 yrs old ...	1	1	die, aged .....	2	2
Mr. Fletcher's b. h. Highland Lad.....			Mr. W. Higgins's b. m. Trinket, by Young Trumpator, aged .....	3	3

**THURSDAY, August 28.—The HARROLD YEOMANRY CUP, with 20 sovs. added, and 20 sovs. for the second horse.—Heats; once round.**

Mr. T. Walton's b. m. <i>Haidée</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	0	1	1
Mr. H. Bolton's Slug, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	4	3	2
Mr. Hipswell's bl. c. Mungo, by Gum Guaiacum, 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.....	0	2	dr.

Two others also started.

**FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Four-mile heats.**

Mr. D. Page's ch. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Don Cossack, 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.....	0	1	1
Mr. Coleman's b. h. Vanloo, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.....	3	2	2
Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. <i>Phasis</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. ....	0	3	3
Mr. Higgins's b. h. Knickerbocker, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.....	4	dr.	
Mr. Vicker's b. g. Tally-ho, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.....	dis.		

**SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 10gs. added.—Heats, twice round.**

Major Wilson's b. h. by Juniper, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	1	1	old, 8st. 12lb.....	2	4
Mr. Pettitt's ch. c. Benevento, 3 yrs, 7st. 6 2	6	2	Mr. Coleman's ch. f. Fortune-teller, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	dr.
Mr. White's Tom Tough, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. 5 3	5	3	Mr. Glew's b. c. by Scud, out of Historia, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	4	dr.
Mr. Arnall's ch. h. by Comus, 5 yrs					

## SWAFFHAM MEETING, NORFOLK.

**WEDNESDAY, August 27.**—A HANDICAP STAKES of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added.—Heats.

Mr. Warne's ch. h. <i>Lounger</i> , by Scud, 6 yrs old, 9st.....	1	1	6st. 9lb.....	2	2
Mr. Smith's Tom Thumb, 3 yrs old,			8st. 10lb. ....	3	3
The TOWN PLATE of 50l. : for three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb. ; four, 8st. 11lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six, 9st. ; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Heats, two miles.					
Mr. Rash's b. f. by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old .....				1	2
Major Wilson's b. h. Lawrence, 5 yrs old .....				2	1
Mr. Sober's b. g. Sir John, 5 yrs old .....				3	dr.

**THURSDAY, August 28.**—The 'COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, four miles.

Major Wilson's bl. f. by Juniper, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	2	1	1
Lord Verulam's b. c. Vaurien, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	1	2	2

**HANDICAP STAKES of 10gs. each, with 25 added.**—One mile, and a distance.

Mr. Warne's ch. h. <i>Lounger</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	1	Mr. Smith's Tom Thumb, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2
		Mr. Gibb's ch. m. Huntress, 5 yrs, 8st... 3

The FARMERS' HUNTERS' STAKES of 2gs. each, with 20gs. added, was won in two heats by Mr. Utting's brown mare, beating Mr. Gould's mare Frances, Mr. Batterbee's Maid of the Mill, and a grey mare.

## BODMIN MEETING, CORNWALL.

**WEDNESDAY, August 27.**—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for all ages. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Shard's b. f. <i>Codicil</i> , by Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 8st.....	1	1	Mr. Day's br. f. Eglantine.....	2	dr.
			Mr. Wreford's ch. m. Patience.....	3	dr.

**SWEESTAKES of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.**—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Day's br. f. <i>Eglantine</i> .....	walked over.
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The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Trelawny's b. m. <i>Barbara</i> , by Bucephalus, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	1	1	Mr. Wreford's ch. m. Patience ...	3	2
			Mr. Trelawny's gr. g. Cardinal ...	2	dr.

**THURSDAY, August 28.**—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by subscribers of 10gs. each.—Four miles.

Mr. Sharp's b. f. <i>Codicil</i> , by Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. ....	1	Mr. Trelawny's b. m. Barbara, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	3
Mr. Day's b. f. Eglantine .....	2	Mr. Carpenter's b. g. Ditto, by W.'s Ditto 4	

**HANDICAP PLATE of 50l.—Heats.**

Mr. Trelawny's gr. g. <i>Cardinal</i> .....	1	1	Ditto .....	2	2
Mr. Carpenter's b. g. Ditto, by W.'s			Mr. Wreford's ch. m. Patience.....	3	dr.

## EXETER MEETING, DEVONSHIRE.

**THURSDAY, August 28.**—A SWEESTAKES of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, once round the Course, and a distance.

Mr. N. Fellowes's ch. c. by Quiz.

The GOLD CUP did not fill.

**FRIDAY, August 29.**—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the County: four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb. ; five, 11st. 5lb. ; six, 12st. ; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Horses bred in either of the four Western counties allowed 5lb. Heats, once round, and a distance.

Mr. King's b. h. <i>Moss Rose</i> , Brother to Red Rose, 5 yrs old .....	1	1	Mr. Stephenson's gr. g. Grimace, by Swinley, 6 yrs old .....	2	dr.
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**FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the City, for all ages.**—Heats, once round, and a distance.

Sir A. Chichester's ch. c. 3 yrs old.....	2	0	1
Mr. King's b. h. <i>Moss Rose</i> , 5 yrs old .....	1	0	dr.

## ABERDEEN MEETING.

**SATURDAY, August 30.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 11lb.—Two miles.—Three subscribers.

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. <i>Strathern</i> , by Whisker (T. Shepherd) .....	1	Lord Kelburne's b. c. <i>Pirate</i> , by Comus 2	
		Two to 1 on <i>The Pirate</i> . Easy.	

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. *Negotiator*, by Prime Minister, read. ft. from Lord Kelburne's b. c. Sir William, both 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. two miles, 200 sovs. h. ft.

Sir A. Don's bl. m. *Morphisa*, aged, read. ft. from Lord Kelburne's br. h. Albany, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. two miles, 100 sovs. each, h. ft.

**MONDAY, September 1.**—The ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT ST. LEGER STAKES of 25gs. each, with 100 sovs. added: three-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Eight subscribers.

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. <i>Strathern</i> , by Whisker (T. Shepherd) .....	1	Lord Kelburne's br. c. <i>Pirate</i> , by Comus 3	
Mr. Farquharson's br. c. Nid Gow, by Muley, out of Black Beauty .....	2	Sir A. Ramsay's b. f. Eoina, by Haphazard .....	4

Even betting between *Strathern* and *The Pirate*. Easy.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs. granted to the Hunt, for three-year-olds, and upwards.—Four miles.

Mr. Baird's br. c. <i>The Pirate</i> , by Stamford, out of Orange Boven, 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (T. Lye) .....	1	Sir A. Ramsay's Marshal Blucher, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	2
		Five to 2 on <i>The Pirate</i> . Easy.	

MATCH for 300gs. each, p. p. 13st.—Two miles.

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. g. <i>Harlequin</i> , by Brainworm, aged (John Howe) .....	1	Lord Kelburne's Jock the Laird's Brother, 5 yrs old .....	2
		Six to 4 on <i>Jock</i> . Easy.	

**TUESDAY, Sept. 2.**—The TRIAL STAKES of 10gs. each, for two-year-olds, and upwards.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Maule's ch. h. <i>Ledstone</i> , by Cardinal York, or Langton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Wakefield) .....	1	Mr. G. F. Carnegie's b. h. Middleton, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	3
Lord Kelburne's b. h. Albany, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	2	Sir A. Don's ch. m. <i>Gondola</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	4
		Two to 1 on <i>Ledstone</i> . Won easy.	

A PLATE of 100gs. given by the Hunt, for three-year-olds and upwards. Four miles.

Lord Tweeddale's ch. h. <i>The Champion</i> , by Stamford, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (T. Lye) 1	8st. 5lb. ....	2
Mr. Maule's ch. h. <i>Ledstone</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	Mr. Johnstone's b. h. Sir Thomas, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	3
	Six to 4 on <i>The Champion</i> . Won easy.	

A GOLD CUP of 100gs. for horses bred in the counties of Aberdeen, Forfar, Kincardine, or Banff.—Two miles.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Pannure</i> , by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (W. Boynton) ...	1	Mr. Farquharson's b. f. Meeta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2
		Six to 5 on <i>Pannure</i> . Won easy.	

Sir A. Don's ch. m. *Gondola*, by X Y Z, 5 yrs old, received forfeit from Lord Kelburne's b. c. Sir William, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—One mile and a half.

**WEDNESDAY, Sept. 3.**—The CONVIVIAL STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for all ages.—Two miles.—Fifteen subscribers.

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. <i>Negotiator</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (T. Shepherd) .....	1	old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2
Lord Tweeddale's <i>The Champion</i> , 5 yrs		Lord Kelburne's gr. h. <i>Jock the Laird's</i> Brother, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	3
		Two to 1 on <i>Negotiator</i> . Won easy.	

The CALEDONIAN WELTER STAKES of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for all ages. Two miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. <i>Negotiator</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. 1	Mr. Baird's b. c. <i>The Pirate</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. ....	2
	Six to 4 on <i>Negotiator</i> . Won easy.	

**FIFTY GUINEAS**, added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. f. <i>Edina</i> , by Haphazard, 3 yrs old, 8st. (W. Boynton) ... 1	Mr. Farquharson's b. c. <i>Niel Gow</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 2
Ten to 1 on <i>Niel Gow</i> .	Won by half a neck.

**THURSDAY, Sept. 4.**—The CALEDONIAN CUP, value 100gs. added to a subscription of 10gs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Three miles.—Five subscribers.

Lord Tweeddale's ch. h. <i>The Champion</i> , by Stamford, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (T. Lye) 1	old, 6st. 10lb. .... 2
Sir A. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Pannure</i> , 3 yrs	Mr. J. Leslie Cumming's b. m. <i>Hambletonia</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 3

The QATLAND STAKES of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. with 30gs. added.—Two miles.

Mr. Farquharson's b. <i>Meeta</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (T. Lye) 1	Sir A. Ramsay's Marshal <i>Blucher</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 2
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**FIFTY GUINEAS**, given by the Members of the Counties of Aberdeen and Kincardine, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Farquharson's b. f. <i>Meeta</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 1	1	Mr. Johnstone's b. h. Sir Thomas, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 2	2
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**FRIDAY, Sept. 5.**—A MACARONI STAKE of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for all ages.—Gentlemen riders.—Four miles.—Five subscribers.

Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. *Negotiator*, by Prime Minister, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb. walked over.

**FIFTY GUINEAS**, given by the Marquis of Huntley, added to a Subscription of 10gs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Once round, and a distance.

Mr. Baird's br. c. <i>The Pirate</i> , by Stamford, out of Orange Boven, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (T. Lye) .... 1	6 yrs old, 9st. .... 2
Mr. G. F. Carnegie's b. h. <i>Middleton</i> ,	Mr. Farquharson's b. f. <i>Meeta</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. .... 3

MATCH for 200 sovs. each, p. p. 8st.—Half a mile.

Mr. Farquharson's br. c. <i>Niel Gow</i> , by Muley (Lye) .... 1	Lord Kelburne's b. c. <i>Pirate</i> , by Comus 2
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Sir D. Moncrieff's b. g. *Harlequin*, aged, received ft. from Mr. Cunningham's John Dhu, 13st. each.—Two miles.—200gs. each, h. ft.

**SATURDAY, Sept. 6.**—**FIFTY GUINEAS**, given by the Caledonian Hunt, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Tweeddale's ch. h. <i>The Champion</i> , by Stamford, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (T. Lye) .... 1	1	say, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. .... 3	2
Mr. Farquharson's b. f. <i>Peg a Ram</i> ,	Mr. Maule's ch. h. <i>Ledstone</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 2	dr.	

**FIFTY GUINEAS**, given by the Citizens of Aberdeen, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Baird's br. c. <i>The Pirate</i> , by Stamford, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (T. Lye) 1	1	6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. .... 3	2
Mr. J. L. Cumming's <i>Hambletonia</i> ,	Mr. Baillie's b. f. by Raphael, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 2	3	

### WARWICK MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 2.**—His MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Holbein</i> , by Rubens, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb. (Robinson) 1	1	12st. .... 3	2
Mr. Molony's b. m. <i>Lass</i> , 6 yrs old,	Mr. Clifton's b. c. <i>Lytham</i> , 4 yrs old, 18st. 4lb. .... 2	3	
Two to 1 on <i>Lytham</i> : after the first heat, 2 to 1 on <i>Holbein</i> .			

The GUY STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Sixteen subscribers.

Lord Warwick's b. c. <i>Cardinal Puff</i> , by Phantom, 8st. 4lb. (J. Day) .... 1	Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Adroit</i> , 8st. 3lb. 2
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Yates's ch. f. Squib, by Soothsayer, 8st. 4lb. ....	0	Mr. West's gr. c. by Poulton or Brams-hill, 8st. 7lb. ....	0
Mr. Day's ch. c. Melampus, by Soothsayer, 8st. 4lb. ....	0	Lord Stamford's b. f. Ostrich, by Bustard, 8st. ....	0

Two to 1 agst Melampus, 3 to 1 agst Cardinal Puff, and 4 to 1 agst Ostrich.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.—Three subscribers.—One mile.  
Mr. Farquharson's br. c. *Champion*, by Poulton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Edwards) 1 | Mr. Mytton's Sir William, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. 2  
The winner the favourite.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-olds.—Four subscribers.—The St. Leger Course—about two miles.

Lord Grosvenor's ch. c. <i>Adroit</i> , by The Flyer, 8st. 5lb. (S. Day) ....	1	Mr. Naylor's b. c. Triumph, 8st. 5lb. ....	2
		Mr. Beardsworth's Birmingham, 8st. 5lb. 3	

Six and 7 to 4 on Triumph.

A HUNTERS' SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Platel's b. g. <i>Thurby</i> , by Dick Andrews, aged, 11st. 12lb. (Owner) ...	3	1	1
Mr. C. Percy's ch. g. Deputy, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. ....	1	2	2
Lord Plymouth's b. m. <i>Claudia</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. ....	4	3	dr.
Mr. Whitehead's b. g. Young Sir Peter, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. ....	2	4	dr.

Six to 4 on Deputy: after the first heat, 2 to 1 on him.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 50l. added.—Two-mile heats.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. f. <i>Ostrich</i> , by Bustard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (T. Whitehouse) ....	1	1	Mr. Stevens's b. c. Bertram, 3 yrs, 8st. 3	2
			Mr. Day's ch. c. Melampus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2

Two to 1 on Bertram: after the first heat, the same. Bertram ran on the wrong side of a post the first heat, but returned in time to save his distance.

WEDNESDAY, September 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Twelve subscribers.

Lord Warwick's b. c. <i>Cardinal Puff</i> , by Phantom, 8st. 8lb. (J. Day) ....	1	Mr. Day's ch. c. Melampus, 8st. 8lb. ....	2
		Mr. Naylor's b. c. Triumph, 8st. 8lb. ....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>Felix</i> , 8st. 8lb. ....	0	Mr. Charlton's br. f. by Filho da Puta, 8st. 5lb. ....	0
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Birmingham, 8st. 8lb. ....	0	Mr. E. Yates's ch. c. Mendax, 8st. 8lb. ....	0

Two to 1 agst Triumph, and 5 to 2 agst Cardinal Puff.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15gs. each: two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>Sir Grey</i> , by Rubens (Arnold) ....	1	Major O'Gore's b. f. Pheasant, by Bustard ....	2
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The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. West's br. c. by Crecy, out of Alpha's dam ....	0	Pastorella's dam ....	0
Mr. Sadler's b. c. by Blücher, out of Two to 1 on the field. Sir Grey the favourite.		Mr. Platel's ch. c. Gap, by Seagrave ...	0

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. the surplus in specie, by twenty subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Four miles.

Lord Warwick's b. c. <i>Cardinal Puff</i> , by Phantom, 3 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Chappel) 1	1	old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
Sir C. Greville's br. c. <i>Champion</i> , 4 yrs		Mr. Clifton's b. h. Peter Lely, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (broke down) ....	3

Five to 2 on Peter Lely.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Yates's ch. c. <i>Mendax</i> , by Soothsayer, 3 yrs old, 7st. (J. Spring) ...	1	1	Mr. Sedgley's b. m. by Grimaldi, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	3	0
Lord Anson's br. c. by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	2	Mr. Griffith's b. f. by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0	0
Mr. Williams's b. g. Tripoli, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0	3	Mr. Tomes's b. f. Fair Phillis, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	2	dr.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Molony's b. m. <i>Luss</i> , by Hedley, 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb. ....	3	1	1
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Mr. Percy's br. h. Sir Haldibrand, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb..... 1 2 2  
 Mr. Glasborne's br. c. by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... 4 3 dr.  
 Mr. Devereaux's b. f. by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... 2 4 dr.

**THURSDAY, September 4.**—The **LEAMINGTON STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 60 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Three subscribers.  
 Mr. Naylor's b. c. *Triumph*, by Fyldener, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (T. Howard) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Tomes's b. f. Fair Phillis, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb..... 2 2

### PONTEFRACT MEETING.

**TUESDAY, September 2.**—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20gs. each, with 20l. added, for all ages.—Two miles and seven furlongs.—Four subscribers.  
 Mr. Lambton's ch. m. *Fortuna*, by Co-mus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (M. Noble) 1 | Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. m. Ursula, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 2  
 Five to 1 on *Fortuna*. Very easy.

**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft.: three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and three-quarters.—Ten subscribers.  
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. *Barefoot*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond (M. Noble)..... 1 | Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. by Filho da Puta..... 2  
 Ten to 1 on *Barefoot*. Easy.

**THE CORPORATION PURSE** of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.  
 Mr. Lambton's ch. f. *Verona*, by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 8st. (M. Noble) 1 | Mr. Jones's ch. c. Bob, by Caliban, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 3 3  
 Lord Scarbrough's bl. f. *Ebony*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb..... 2 2 | Lord Milton's br. c. by Amadis, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb..... 2 dr.  
 Seven to 4 on *Verona*: after the first heat, 10 to 1 on her. Very easy.  
 Mr. Wyvill's b. h. by Neptune, dam by Hambletonian, reed. st. from Mr. Buckle's b. m. *White Rose*, 6 yrs old, 10st. each, one mile, 50gs.

### BASINGSTOKE MEETING.

**THURSDAY, September 4.**—The **WELLINGTON STAKES** of 10gs. each, with 50l. added.—Heats, once round, and a distance.—Twelve subscribers.  
 Mr. Whiteside's b. c. *Brother to Antonio*, by Octavian, 4 yrs old, 9st. (G. Dockeray) ..... 1 1 | old, 8st. 7lb..... 5 3  
 Mr. Willis's br. c. by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 4 2 | Mr. Fleming's bl. c. Augustin, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 2 dr.  
 Mr. Dilly's b. c. *Momentous*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 3 3 | Mr. Greenwood's br. c. *Chatham*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 3 dr.  
 The last heat won by half a neck.

**The VINE STAKES** of 50gs. with 25l. added, for all ages.—Heats, twice round. Seven subscribers.  
 Mr. Brown's br. g. *Marksmen*, by Paynator, aged, 9st. 1lb..... 6 1 1  
 Mr. Farquharson's b. m. *Spinetta*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 2 4 2  
 Mr. Friend's ch. f. *Delusion*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb..... 0 3 3  
 Mr. H. Jones's b. f. by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb..... 0 5 4  
 Lord G. Lennox's Swinden, aged, 9st. 1lb..... 1 2 dr.  
 Mr. Flemming's b. h. Blandford, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb..... 3 dr.  
 Mr. Dilly's b. f. *Margaret Bruce*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb..... 7 dr.  
 High odds agst *Marksmen*: after the second heat, 3 to 1 on him. Won cleverly.

**FRIDAY, September 5.**—The **HACKWOOD STAKES** of 5gs. each, with 30l. added, for all ages.—Heats, once round, and a distance.—Eleven subscribers.  
 Col. Latour's b. h. *Langtonian*, by Langton, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb..... 1 3 1  
 Mr. Pearce's ch. g. *Liberty*, aged, 9st..... 0 1 2  
 Mr. Dilly's b. c. *Momentous*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... 2 0 0  
 Mr. Friend's b. g. *Evergreen*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 0 4 0  
 Mr. Fleming's bl. c. Augustin, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb..... 2 dr.  
 Mr. Farquharson's *Surprise*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 3 dr.  
 Mr. Forth's b. f. *Sister to Magnus Troil*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 18lb..... dis.  
 The first heat was a good race; the second won by a length.

The HANDICAP STAKES of 50g. each, with 30l. added.—Heats, once round.  
Four subscribers.

Mr. Fleming's bl. c. <i>Augusta</i> , by Smolenako, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	1	1	3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	2	2
Mr. Forth's Sister to Magnus Troil, dam, 8st.....			Mr. Wise's br. h. Lancer, by Sir Peter, aged, 8st.....	3	3

### LICHFIELD MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 9.—The KING'S PURSE of 100g. for all ages.  
Four-mile heats.

Lord Exeter's b. h. *Holbein*, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. (S. Barnes)...walked over.

SWEKPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—Last half mile.

Col. Yates's gr. f. <i>Fille de Joie</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Little Gimcrack's dam, 8st.....	1	1	by Waxy, 8st.....	2	2
Lord Anson's br. f. by Sir Oliver, dam			Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Bustard, out of Petronilla, 8st. 2lb. ....	3	3

SWEKPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for three-year-olds.

Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Hymettus</i> , by Thunderbolt, 8st. 4lb. ....	1	1	8st. 4lb. ....	2	2
Lord Anson's br. c. by Sir Oliver,			Mr. Mytton's b. c. Whittington, 8st. 4lb. ....	3	3

WEDNESDAY, September 10.—SIXTY GUINEAS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Yates's br. h. <i>Adventurer</i> , by Cervantes, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	2	1	1
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Hymettus</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.....	1	2	2

The GOLD CUP, value 100g. by fifteen subscribers of 10g. each, the surplus to the winner in specie, for all ages.—Three miles.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Tarragon</i> , by Haphazard, aged, 9st. (T. Nicholson)	1	1	9st. ....	2	2
Mr. Mytton's ch. g. <i>Euphrates</i> , aged, Four to 1 on Tarragon. A good race.			Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Birmingham, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	3	3

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50g. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Beardsworth's ch. c. <i>Hero</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	1	1	Mr. Mytton's ch. c. Paradigm, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	2	2
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### DONCASTER MEETING.

SATURDAY, September 13.—The CHAMPAIGNE STAKES of 50g. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Red House In.—Eighteen subscribers.—The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Club.

Mr. Cradock's br. c. <i>Swiss</i> , by Whisker, (W. Scott) .....	1	1	tion, by Catton .....	2	2
Mr. Bland's ch. c. Brother to Corona			Mr. R. S. Keating's b. c. Canteen, by the Sligo Waxy .....	3	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

General Grosvenor's re. or b. c. <i>Flaccus</i> , by the Flyer .....	0	0	Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. by Comus, out of Maritornes .....	0	0
General Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Virgilus</i> , by Phantom .....	0	0	Mr. Fox's ch. f. Double Entendre, by Comus—Trictrac .....	0	0
Sir P. Musgrave's ch. f. <i>Dolly</i> , by Comus .....	0	0	Mr. R. Milnes names Mr. Petre's c. by Tramp .....	0	0
Even betting on Swiss, 6 to 1 agst Canteen, 7 to 1 agst Confederate, and 4 to 1 agst General Grosvenor's two.					

MATCH for 300 sovs. h. ft. 8st. each.—Mile and a half.

Lord Kelburne's b. c. <i>May Day</i> , by Ardrossan .....	walked over.
Lord Queensberry's b. c. Pilgaldick, by Woful.....	paid.

MONDAY, September 15.—The FITZWILLIAM STAKES of 10g. each, with 20g. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages: two-year-olds, 6st.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 1lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mile and a half.—Nine subscribers.

Lord Kelburne's br. c. <i>May Day</i> , 4 yrs old (J. Garbutt) .....	1
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Sir W. Milner's bl. c. Angler, by Walton, 4 yrs old.....	2	Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Lorenzo, by Leopold, 4 yrs old.....	5
Mr. Riddell's br. h. Doctor Syntax, by Paynator, aged.....	3	Lord Foley's ch. f. by Walton, 3 yrs old.....	6
Mr. J. R. West's br. c. Sharper, by Octavius, 4 yrs old.....	4	Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Sandbeck, by Catton, 5 yrs old.....	7
		Two to 1 on Doctor Syntax. Cleverly.	

**SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Red House In.—Eight subscribers.**

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. <i>Confédéré</i> , by Comus (Clift).....	1	by Smolensko.....	3
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. by Ebor—Swinton's dam.....	2	Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. by Blacklock, dam by Ruler.....	4
Mr. Wilson's br. c. Brother to Antelope, Six and 7 to 4 on Mr. Houldsworth's filly. A good race.		Mr. Fox's ch. f. Double Entendre, by Comus—Trictrac.....	5

**HANDICAP STAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft.—St. Leger Course.—Four subscribers.**

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Regalia, by Catton, 8st. ....	1	8st. 8lb. ....	2
Mr. Petre's b. c. Theodore, by Woful, Six to 4 agst Theodore, and 7 to 4 agst Evens. Won easy.		Mr. Ferguson's ch. f. Evens, by Walton, 7st. 12lb. ....	3

**The ST. LEGER STAKES, of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—Eighty-four subscribers.**

Mr. Watt's ch. c. <i>Barefoot</i> , by Tramp, out of Rosamond (Goodisson).....	1	Filho da Puta (Scott).....	3
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by The following also started, but were not placed:		Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois (R. Johnson).....	3

Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne.....	0	Whisker.....	0
Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville.....	0	Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford.....	0
Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens.....	0	Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville—L'Huile de Venus.....	0
Mr. Rogers's b. c. Tancred, Brother to Pacha, by Selim.....	0	Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley.....	0
Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Note—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppley's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Leisette filly, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royal, Brillante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus colt, went off without being started by the Clerk of the Course, leaving at the post Caledonian, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards, and the Gentlemen appointed from the Club, to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above.— <i>False Start</i> —Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head: Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in three minutes and 28 seconds.— <i>The Start</i> —The Comte made severe play until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in three minutes and 23 seconds.— <i>Before the False Start</i> —Seven to 4 agst Tinker, 3 to 1 agst Sherwood, 7 to 1 agst Rosanne, 12 to 1 agst Tancred, 18 to 1 agst Palais Royal, 20 to 1 agst Barefoot, 25 to 1 agst Claude Lorraine, and 30 to 1 agst Comte d'Artois.— <i>After the False Start</i> —Two to 1 agst Rosanne, 5 to 1 agst Barefoot, 7 to 1 agst Comte d'Artois, 10 to 1 agst Claude Lorraine, and 16 to 1 agst Etiquette. After the false start, there was so much confusion as to render it difficult to give the betting with perfect accuracy.	0	Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian.....	0

**PRODUCE STAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Four miles.—Nine subscribers.**

Mr. Watt's b. f. <i>Mute</i> , by Tramp (J. Garbutt).....	1	Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Mowbray—Dick Andrews.....	3
Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Walton, dam by Wizard.....	2	Sir W. Milner's b. f. by Amadis, out of Banshee.....	4

**HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs.: four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Four miles.**

Mr. Wian's br. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , 4 yrs old (W. Clift).....	1
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Lord Exeter's b. c. Holbein, 4 yrs old... 3 | Lord Scarbrough's bl. f. Ebony, 4 yrs old 4  
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. Fity Me, 4 yrs old... 3 | Six and 7 to 4 on Fity Me. A fine race.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—Red House In.

Lord Milton's b. c. *Confederate*, by Comus, out of Marthorne..... recd. ft.  
Mr. Lambton's br. f. Margravine, by Smolensko ..... paid.

**TUESDAY, September 16.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 10gs. each, with 23gs. added: three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 12lb.—St. Leger Course.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Kirby's b. c. *Orator*, 4 yrs old ..... 1 | Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Corinthian, 4 yrs 3  
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Mowbray, 4 yrs 2 | Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Alecto, 3 yrs old 4  
Even betting on Orator. A most beautiful race, and won by only half a head.

The RENEWED DONCASTER STAKES of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages, *bona fide* the property of the subscriber or his confederate; three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Two miles.

Mr. Powlett's b. c. *Figaro*, 4 yrs old ..... 1 | Lord Scarbrough's b. h. Coronation, 5 yrs 2  
(W. Scott)..... 1 | Four and 5 to 1 on Figaro. Won very easy.

Maiden for 200 sovs. h. ft.—Gentlemen riders.—Mile and half.

Mr. White's b. g. *Hopeful*, aged, 12st. .... recd. ft.  
Mr. Gishborne's b. m. Pat's Wife, 12st. .... paid.

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c.: three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Humble's bl. h. <i>Pluto</i> , 5 yrs old .....	1	7	1
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Corinthian, 4 yrs old .....	2	1	4
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. The Agent, 5 yrs old .....	7	3	3
Mr. Uppleby's b. c. by Proselyte, 3 yrs old .....	5	5	5
Mr. Armstrong's b. g. Packman, 5 yrs old .....	6	6	2
Mr. Hunter's b. h. Tressilian, 5 yrs old .....	4	4	dr.
Sir E. Nelthorpe's b. c. Sawby, 4 yrs old .....	3	2	dr.
Mr. Gibbeson's ch. f. Miss Wentworth, 4 yrs old .....	5		

Five to 4 agst The Agent, and 5 to 2 agst Pluto; after the first heat, 5 to 4 agst Pluto; after the second the same, and 13 to 8 agst Corinthian. Won easy.

**WEDNESDAY, September 17.**—SWEEPSTAKES of 200gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—St. Leger Course.—Three subscribers.

Lord Milton's br. c. *Bourdeaux*, by Bourbon ..... walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each, 20gs. ft. for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Maiden horses, &c. at the time of naming, allowed 4lb.—St. Leger Course.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's b. f. <i>Fair Charlotte</i> , by Catton ..... 1	drossan ..... 3
Mr. Watt's b. f. Muta, by Tramp, out of Mandane ..... 2	Sir J. Byng's b. c. Morisco, by Muley, out of Aquilina ..... 4
Mr. Lambton's ch. f. Verona, by Ar- lotte. A well-contested race, but won cleverly at last.	Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. Violet, by Comus —Thomasina..... 5

Two to 1 agst Morisco, 5 to 2 agst Muta, 7 to 4 agst Violet, and 15 to 1 agst Fair Charlotte.

The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100gs. each, 30gs. ft. for colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—St. Leger Course.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Sherwood*, by Filho da Puta (W. Scott)..... walked over.

The FOALS' STAKES of 100gs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. Mile and a half.

Mr. Wilson's ch. c. <i>Fearnought</i> , by Co- mus, out of Gonsalvi's dam (B. Smith) 1	Lord Queensberry's gr. c. Hussar, by Whisker ..... 3
Mr. Lambton's b. c. Manuel, by Leo- pold, out of Peterex ..... 2	Mr. Powlett's ch. c. by Comus, out of Orphan ..... 4

Five to 4 agst Fearnought, and 3 to 1 agst Manuel. An excellent race, and won by half a head.

**The GOLD CUP**, free for any horse, &c.: three-year-olds, 8st.; four, 7st. 7lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.: and aged, 9st.—The winner of any subscription purse at York this year, to carry 4lb. extra; or two subscription purses at York this year, 7lb.—Four miles.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. <i>Figaro</i> , by Haphazard (Lye).....	1	Lord Kelburne's br. c. <i>May Day</i> , 4 yrs old.....	3
Mr. Watt's b. f. <i>Muta</i> , 4 yrs old.....	2	Mr. Riddell's br. h. <i>Doctor Syntax</i> , aged 4	

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Lambton's ch. m. <i>Fortuna</i> , 5 yrs old 0	0	ton, 4 yrs old.....	0
Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Heibeln</i> , 4 yrs old... 0	0	Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Walton, 4 yrs old. 0	0
Mr. Peirse's ch. c. <i>Crab</i> , 3 yrs old..... 0	0	Mr. Winn's br. g. <i>Little Driver</i> , by Ar-	
Sir W. Milner's bl. c. <i>Angler</i> , by Wal-		drossan, 4 yrs old.....	0
Six to 4 agst <i>Figaro</i> , 7 to 2 agst <i>May Day</i> , 4 to 1 agst <i>Doctor Syntax</i> , and 7 to 1 agst <i>Crab</i> . A most beautiful race, and won by half a neck. Run in 7 min. 40 sec.			

**MATCH for 50gs.—Two miles.**

Lord Queensberry's br. c. <i>Prosody</i> , 8st. 3lb. (Smith) .....	1	Mr. Wilson's ch. c. <i>Fearnought</i> , by Comus, 8st. 3lb.....	2
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Five to 2 on *Prosody*. Won very easy.

**MATCH for 100 sovs.—St. Leger Course.**

Lord Queensberry's br. c. <i>Prosody</i> , 8st. 3lb. (B. Smith).....	1	Lord Kelburne's b. f. <i>Sister to May Day</i> , 8st.....	2
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Two to 1 on *Prosody*. Won easy.

**THURSDAY, September 18.—The DONCASTER CLUB STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft.—Two miles.—Three subscribers.**

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. <i>Sandbeck</i> , by Catton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (W. Clift) 1	1	old, 8st. 5lb. ....	2
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , 4 yrs		Mr. Petre's b. c. <i>Theodore</i> , by Woful, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	3

Two to 1 on *Theodore*. Won cleverly.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft.: colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—The winner of the St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra.—Last mile.—Seventeen subscribers.**

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Sherwood</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of <i>Lampedosa</i> (W. Scott).....	1	Bourbon .....	2
Mr. Riddell's br. c. <i>Comte d'Artois</i> , by		Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. <i>Ringlet</i> , by Whisker .....	3

Six to 4 on *Sherwood*, 13 to 8 agst *Comte d'Artois*. A good race.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—St. Leger Course.—Eleven subscribers.**

Sir W. Maxwell's br. <i>Brillante</i> , by Viscount (T. Lye) .....	1	Lord Milton's ch. f. <i>Nitrogen</i> , by Comus, out of <i>Nitre</i> .....	5
Mr. Peirse's grey, by Comus, out of <i>Lisette</i> .....	2	Sir T. Mostyn's b. <i>Mercandotti</i> , by Muley .....	6
Mr. Lambton's b. <i>Beresina</i> , by Leopold 3	3	Mr. Gascoigne's b. by Comus, dam by Shuttle .....	7

Seven to 4 agst *Palais Royal*, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's filly, and 4 to 1 agst *Mercandotti*. Won easy.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each: two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st. Red House In.—Sixteen subscribers.**

Lord Scarbrough's ch. c. <i>Diadem</i> , Brother to Coronation, by Catton (G. Nelson).....	1	Blacklock .....	2
Mr. Wheatley's bl. c. <i>Streatham</i> , by		Mr. Fowler's ch. c. by Comus— <i>Califa caratadaddera</i> .....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. by Whisker, out of <i>Minstrel</i> .....	0	— <i>Delpini</i> .....	0
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Filho da Puta		Mr. Armstrong's br. c. <i>Alfred</i> , by Filho da Puta .....	0

Two to 1 on *Streatham*, and 4 to 1 agst *Diadem*. A beautiful race, and won by half a neck.

**SWEEPSTAKES of 25gs. each, for horses, &c.: four-year-olds, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Four-year-old fillies allowed 4lb.—Four miles.**

Lord Milton's ch. f. <i>Leonella</i> , by Cer- vantes, 4 yrs old (Lye) .....	1	5 yrs old .....	2
Mr. Houldsworth's bay m. Amiable, Six to 4 on Amiable. Won easy.		Mr. Lambton's ch. m. <i>Fortuna</i> , by Co- mus; 5 yrs old .....	3

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS PURSE, for three and four-year-olds: three,  
7st. 5lb. and four, 8st. 7lb.—Maiden colts allowed 2lb. and fillies, 3lb.  
—Two-mile heats.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. <i>Regalia</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs old (G. Nels on).....	4	1	2	1
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Mowbray, 4 yrs old (received 51g. the entrance- money) .....		3	3	1 2
Mr. Lambton's ch. f. <i>Verona</i> , 4 yrs old .....	1	2	3	3
Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. Bourdeaux, 3 yrs old .....			2	4 dr.

Six to 4 agst Bourdeaux, 2 to 1 agst *Regalia*; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on *Verona*; after  
the second heat, 7 to 4 on *Regalia*, and 4 to 1 agst the Duke of Leeds's colt; after the  
third heat, 5 to 2 on the Duke of Leeds's colt. Each well contested.

### ROTHERAM MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 10.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with  
20 added.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Kirby's b. c. <i>Orator</i> , by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Jackson) .....	1	old, 8st. ....	2
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. <i>Leonella</i> , 4 yrs		Mr. Haworth's gr. f. by <i>Camillus</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 30 added: two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.;  
fillies, 8st.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Scaife's br. f. <i>Hannah</i> , by Smolen- sko, out of <i>Gadabout</i> (Clift) .....	1	Young Woodpecker's dam .....	2
Mr. Carter's ch. c. by Bigot, out of		Mr. Kirby's b. f. <i>Lezinko</i> , by Walton ...	3

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Humble's bl. h. <i>Pluto</i> , by Smo- lensko, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (B. Smith) .....	1	1	old, 8st. 7lb. ....	3	3
Lord Milton's bl. c. by <i>Amadis</i> , out of <i>Platowna</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ....	4	2	Mr. Bell's ch. c. by <i>Fitz-Teazle</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	2	4
Sir T. Sykes's b. c. by Tramp, 4 yrs			Mr. Chadburn's br. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by Equator, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	5	dr.

THE SOUTH-WEST YORKSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY STAKES of five sovs.,  
each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Brown's ch. g. <i>Woodpecker</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. Griffith) .....	1	1	Mr. Carr's bl. m. <i>The Village Girl</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. ....	2	4
Mr. Butler's brown m. <i>Jessy</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb. ....	5	2	Mr. Haywood's br. g. <i>Sly Robin</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	4	5
Mr. Hudson's b. m. <i>The Duchess</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	6	3	Mr. R. Haywood's b. m. <i>Maid of the</i> Mill, 5 yrs old, 11st. ....	3	dr.

THURSDAY, September 11.—THE BROOM HILL STAKES of five sovs.  
each, with 20 sovs. added.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Brown's ch. g. <i>Woodpecker</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb. (Mr. Griffith) .....	1	4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. ....	3
Mr. R. Haywood's b. m. <i>Maid of the</i> Mill, 5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. ....	2	Mr. Hudson's b. m. <i>The Duchess</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. ....	4
Mr. Goodbrand's b. m. <i>Creeping Kate</i> ,		Mr. G. Haywood's b. g. <i>Sly Robin</i> , ditto	5

FIFTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bell's ch. c. by <i>Fitz-Teazle</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (T. Lye) .....	0	1	1
Mr. Brown's ch. f. <i>Comedy</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	2	dr.

### MATCH.

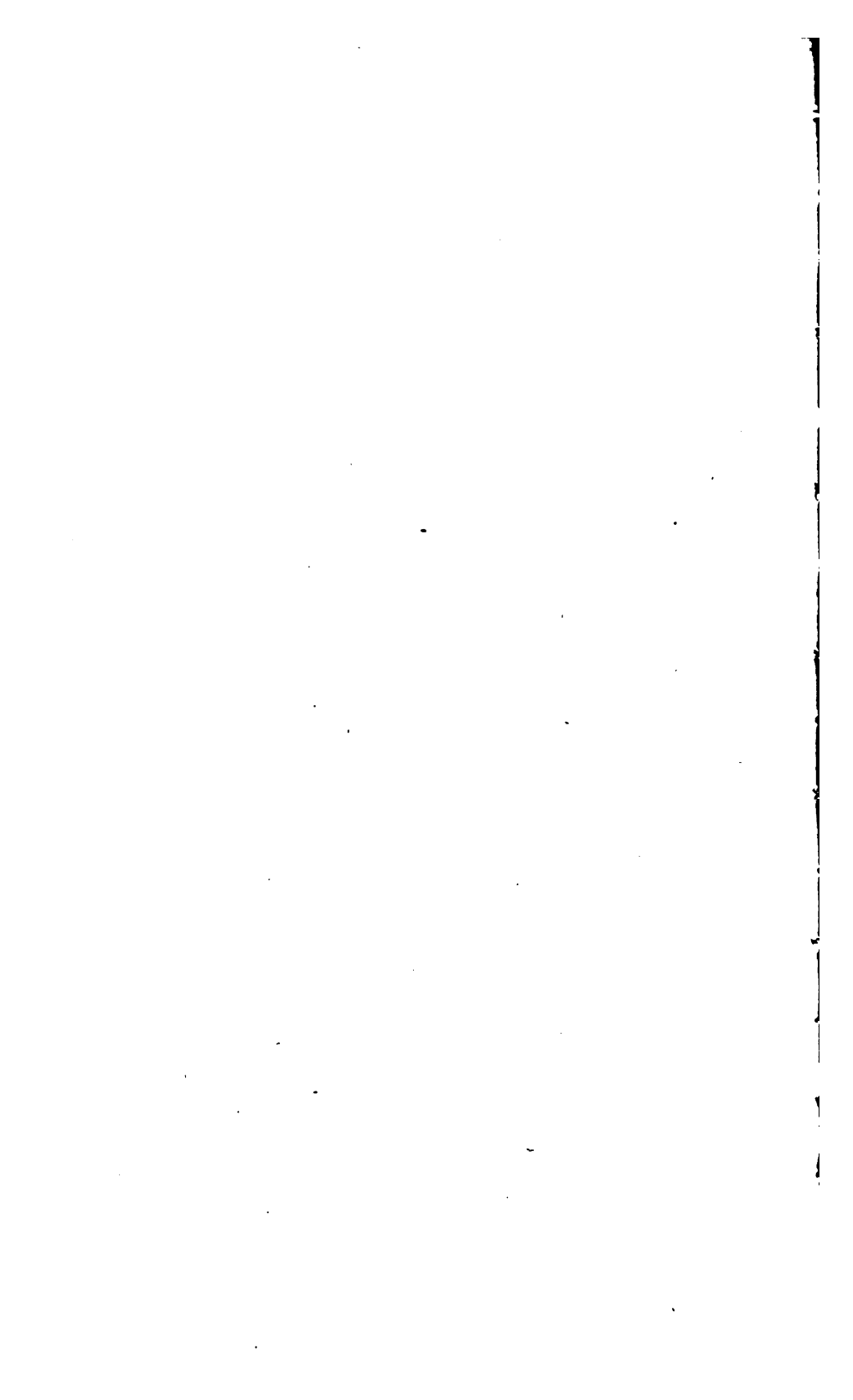
Mr. Ashmore's br. h. <i>Jack Spigot</i> , 6 yrs 1	Mr. Brown's ch. g. <i>Woodpecker</i> , aged... 2
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The races in general, at this meeting, were most admirably contested. The course  
was in excellent order, and the concourse of people assembled was estimated at nearly  
20,000.







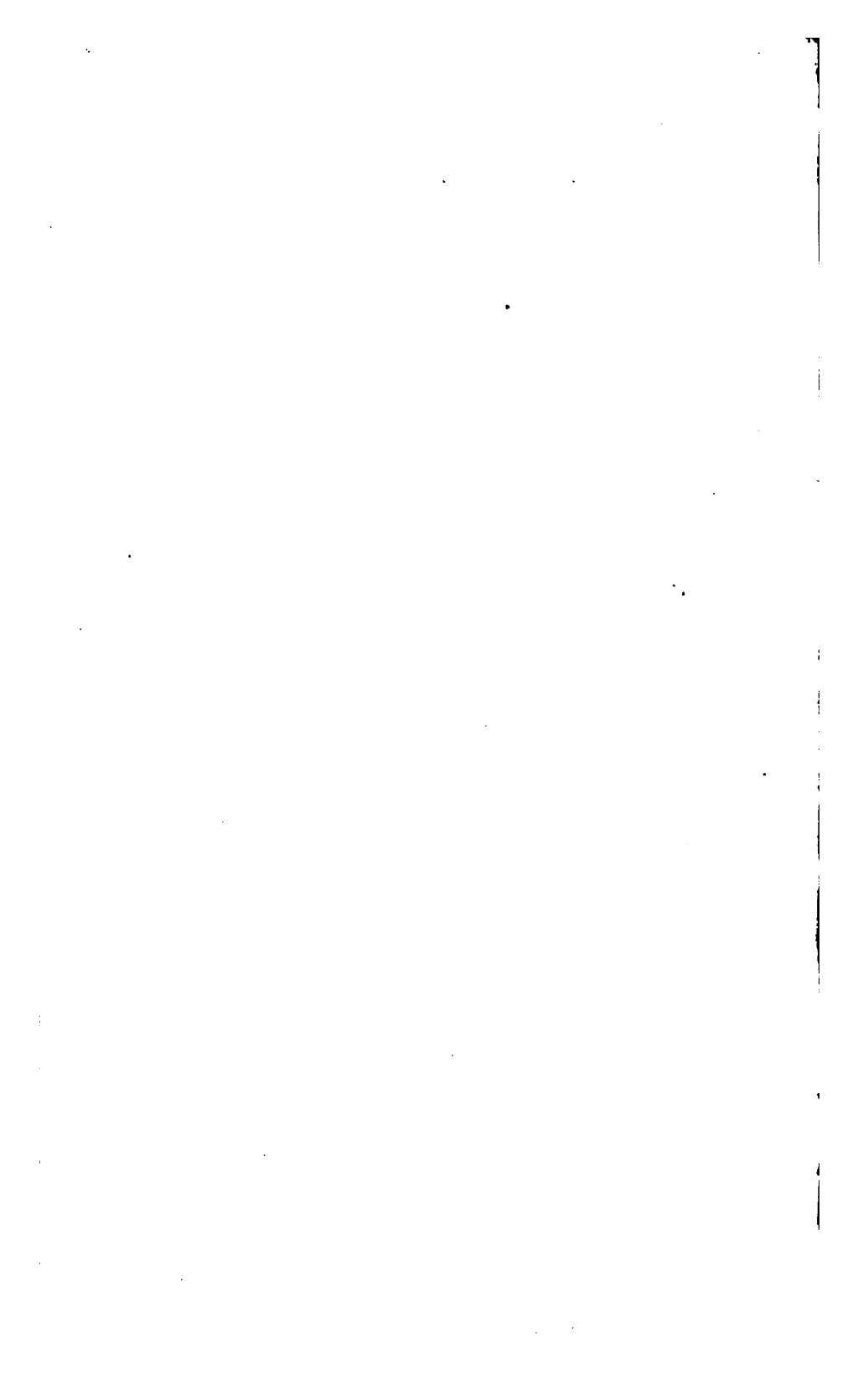


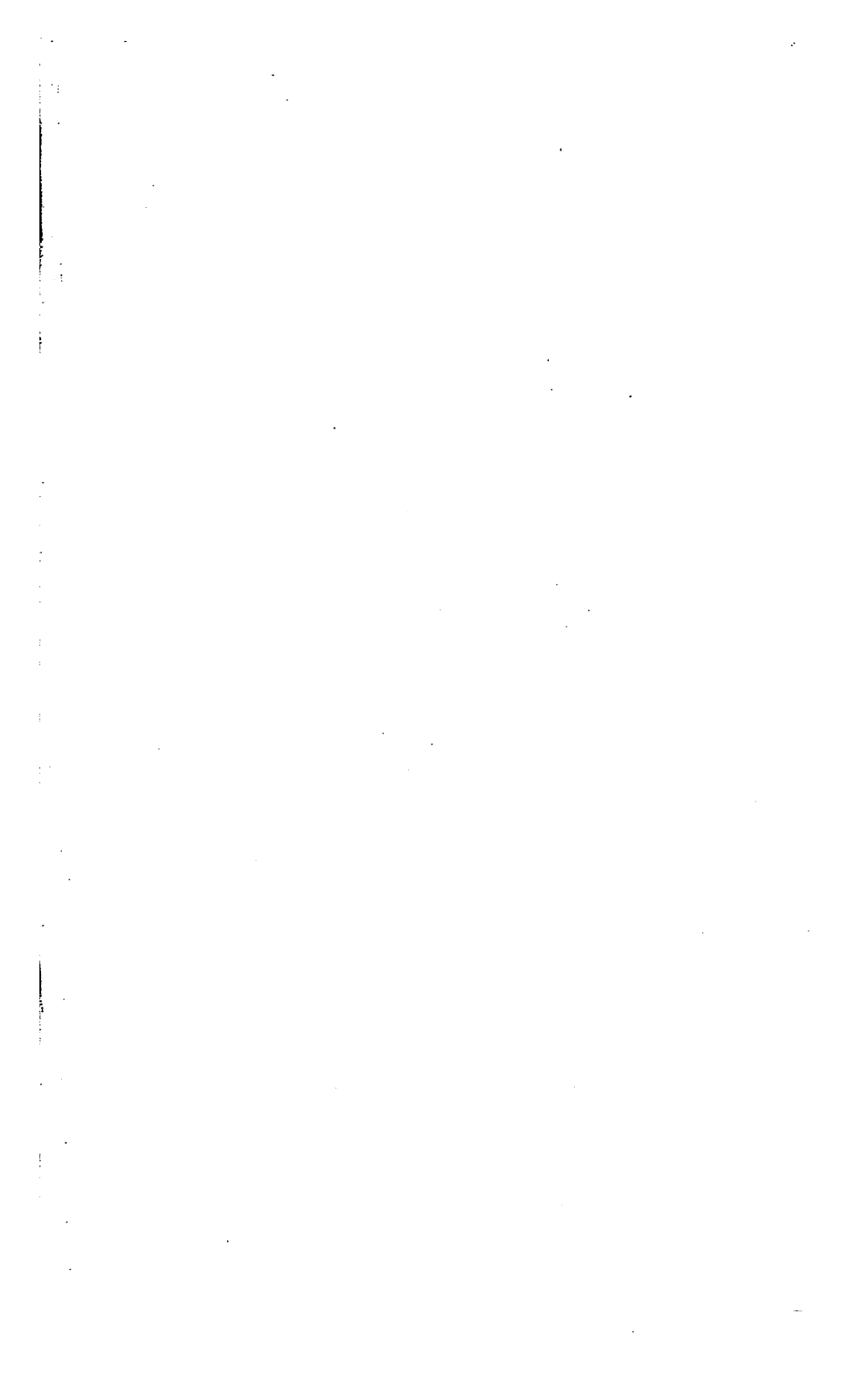




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B'D AUG 16 1915

